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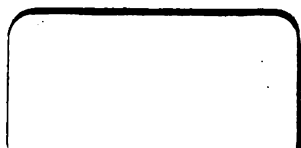
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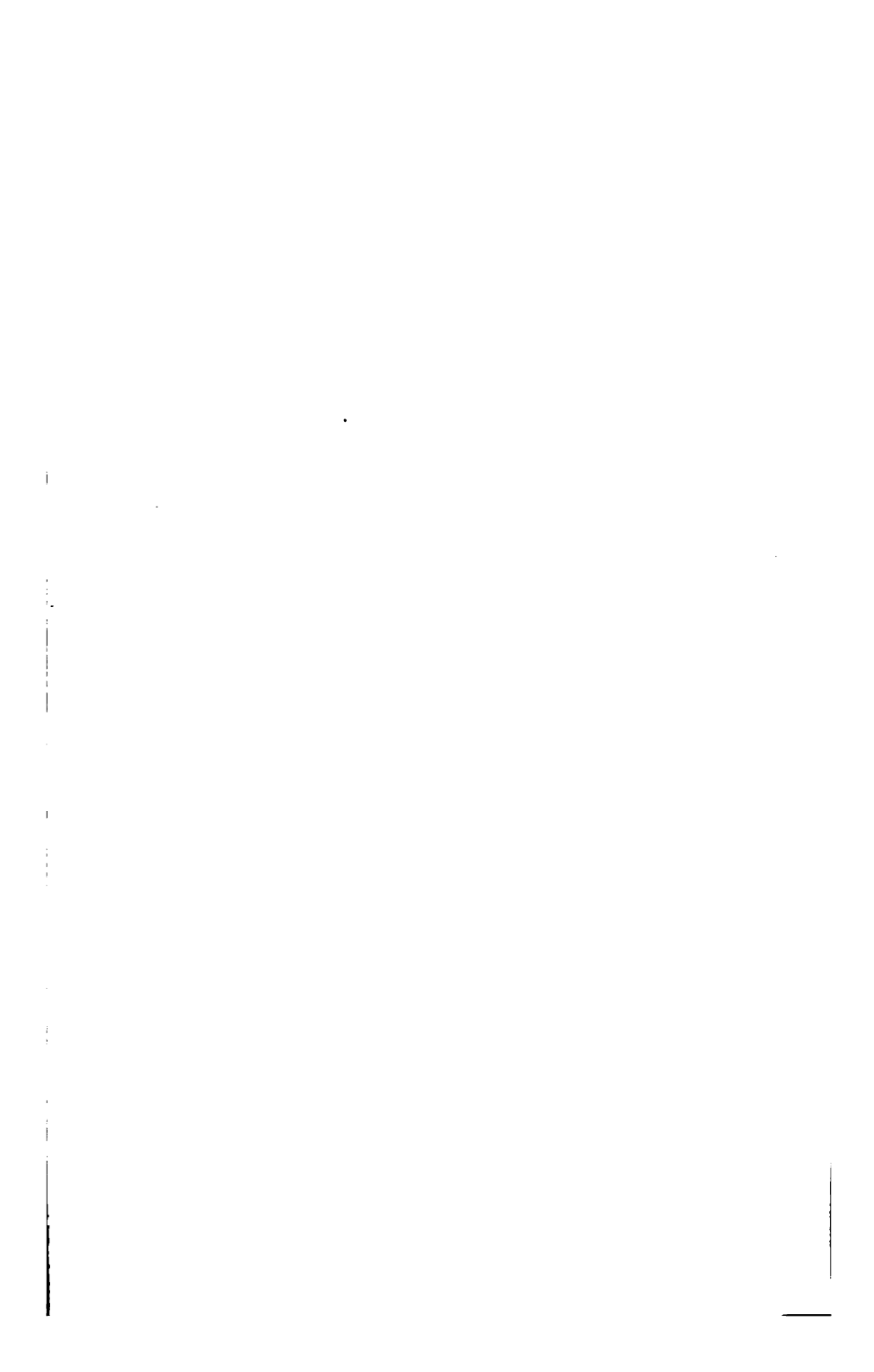
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16

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW,

FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

3
1837.

VOL. III.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

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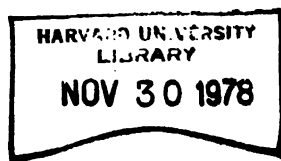
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CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR SEPTEMBER.

Vol. III. (1837) No. I.

	Page
ART. I. —The Basque Provinces : their Political State, Scenery, and Inhabitants ; with Adventures amongst the Carlists and Christinos. By Edward Bell Stephens, Esq.....	1
II. —Narrative of an Expedition to the East Coast of Greenland, sent by order of the King of Denmark, in search of the Lost Colonists, under the command of Captain W. A. Graah, of the Danish Royal Navy. Translated by G. Gordon Macdougall, F.R.S., N.A.	13
III. —Country Stories. By Mary Russell Mitford, Authoress of " Our Village, Belford Regis, Rienzi, &c".....	22
IV. —The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London	39
V. —The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels. By Andrews Norton.....	46
VI. —London As It Is : being a Series of Observations on the Health, Habits, and Amusements of the People. By John Hogg, M.D.,	56
VII. —An Examination of Phrenology ; in Two Lectures, Delivered to the Students of the Columbian College, District of Columbia, February, 1837. By Thomas Sewall, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology..	72
VIII. —The Spas of Germany. By the Author of " St. Petersburg.....	81
IX. —Chapters on Early English Literature. By J. H. Hippley, Esq., M.A.....	97

CONTENTS.

	Page
X.—Abstract of Proceedings relative to the Trade and Navigation of the Indus, since the settlement of the last Treaty regarding that River.....	106
XI.—Views of the Architecture of the Heavens, in a Series of Letters to a Lady. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow.....	118
XII.—1. American Prosperity. By Edward Clibborn. 2. Monetary System. By J. M. C.....	127
XIII.—Lectures on European Civilization. By M. Guizot, Late Minister of Public Instruction. Translated by Priscilla Maria Beckwith.....	129
XIV.—The Churches of London: a History and Description of the Ecclesiastical Edifices of the Metropolis. No. VII. By George Godwin, Jun. Architect, Assisted by John Britton, Esq.....	142
XV.—Sequel of the Policy of England towards Spain, in Answer to the Earl of Carnarvon's Work, entitled "Portugal and Gallicia," to which is prefixed an Answer to an Article in the Quarterly Review, No. CXV.....	143
XVI.—Sketches from Life, Lyrics from the Pentateuch and other Poems. By Th. Ragg.....	144
XVII.—Saunders' Portraits and Memoirs of the most Eminent Living Political Reformers. Part I.....	146
XVIII.—1. Earl Harold: a Tragedy. In Five Acts. 2. Wallace: a Historical Tragedy.....	147

CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

Vol. III. (1837) No. II.

	Page
ART. I.—Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land. By an American.	149
II.—Lectures on English Poetry, prior to the time of Milton. By Stanhope Busby, Esq.	166
III.—1. The Honours of the Table; with Hints on Carving. By Trussler Redivivus.	
2. Female Beauty, as preserved and improved by Regimen, Cleanliness, and Dress, &c. &c. By Mrs. A. Walker.	
3. My Book; or, The Anatomy of Conduct. By John H. Skelton.	181
IV.—The Tribute: a Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems. By various Authors. Edited by Lord Northampton.	194
V.—The Prison-House Unmasked: in a Letter to Her Most Gracious Majesty, shewing that Arrest and Imprisonment for Debt are Violations of Magna Charta, and therefore Illegal; and also the Cruelty and Inutility of the Present System. Second Edition. By Runnymede Secundus.	208
VI.—The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. By James Seaton Reid, D.D., M.R.I.A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Carrickfergus.	221
VII.—Don Quixote de la Mancha. By Charles Jarvis, Esq. ...	230
VIII.—The School for Statesmen, or, the Public Man's Manual; being a Complete Guide to the Constitution since the Reform Bill. By an Old M.P.	240
IX.—Schools for the Industrious Classes: or, the Present State of Education among the Working People of England. Published under the Superintendence of the Central Society of Education.	249

CONTENTS.

	Page
X.—Memoirs de Jacques Casanova de Steingalt. Ecrit par lui-même.....	266
XI.—The Life and Reign of William the Fourth. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A.	291
XII.—Lectures on Entomology. By John Barlow Burton.	300
XIII.—The Present State of the Controversy between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches. By Hunter Gordon, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.....	301
XIV.—Hebrew and English Spelling Book, adapted for the Use of Schools and Private Tuition. To which is affixed an Abridgment of the Hebrew Grammar. By J. L. Lyon.....	301
XV.—A Hand-Book for Travellers in Southern Germany, being a Guide to Bavaria, Austria, Tyrol, &c., the Austrian and Bavarian Alps, and the Danube from Ulm to the Black Sea.	302
XVI.—Questions on the History of Europe; a Sequel to Miss Mangnall's Historical Questions. By Julia Corner. ...	303
XVII.—Case on the 43rd Elizabeth for the Relief of the Poor. For the Opinion of Mr. Serjeant Snigge. By Gawdy, Attorney.....	304
XVIII.—Observations on the Preservation of Health, in Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age, &c. By J. H. Curtis, Esq.	304
XIX.—Three Experiments of Living.	305
XX.—Peter Parley's Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky. Edited by the Rev. T. Wilson.....	305
XXI.—The History of the Borough of Preston, in the County Palatine of Lancaster. By P. Whittle, F.A.S.	306
XXII.—On the extent of the Atonement, in its relation to God and the Universe. By the Rev. Th. Jenkyn.....	306
XXIII.—A Key to the Statutes affected by the Enactments of the Reigns of George IV. and William IV. By George Farren, Jun. Esq., Chancery Barrister.	306

CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR NOVEMBER.

Vol. III. (1837) No. III.

	Page
ART. I.—1. The Hunters of the Prairie, or the Hawk Chief. A Tale of the Indian Country. By John Treat Irving, Jun.	
2. Uncle Horace. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.	
3. The Old Commodore. By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer."	
4. The Vicar of Wrexhill. By Mrs. Trollope.	
5. Kindness in Women : a Novel. By T. Haines Bayley.	
6. Stokeshill Place ; or, the Man of Business, By the Authoress of " Mrs. Armytage," &c.	
7. Ethel Churchill ; or, the Two Brides. By Miss Landon.	
8. Ernest Maltravers. By the Author of " Pelham," &c.	307
II.—Seventh Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.....	327
III.—Voyages up the Mediterranean and in the Indian Seas : with Memoirs, compiled from the Logs and Letters of a Midshipman. By John A. Heraud.....	337
IV.—On the Diagnosis of Diseases of the Chest; based upon a Comparison of their Physical and General Signs. By W. W. Gerhard, M.D.....	344
V.—On the Geology and Mineralogy of Nova Scotia, with an Introduction to the study of those Sciences. By Abraham Geaner, Esq., Surgeon.....	353
VI.—Edinburgh Portraits. By John Kay, Caricaturist.....	362
VII.—Stories of Spanish Life. From the German of Huber. Edited by Lieut. Col. Crawford.....	374
VIII.—Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.	396
IX.—The Life of Sir Edward Coke. By W. Cuthbert Johnson.	392
X.—Cinco Propositiones sobre los grandes males que causa la Ley de Aranceles a la Nacion en general. Par Don Pablo de Pebrer.....	402
XI.—The Love-Chase. By James Sheridan Knowles.....	411
XII.—The Alcestis of Euripides. Edited by the Rev. J. R. Major.	416
XIII.—1. Ireland, Picturesque and Romantic. By Leitch Ritchie.	
2. The Christmas Library. By Mary Howitt.	
3. Friendship's Offering, and Winter Wreath.	
4. The Oriental Annual. By the Rev. Hobart Caunter.	
5. Forget Me Not. Edited by Frederic Shoberl.	
6. Gems of Beauty, for 1838. By E. T. Parris.....	421
XIV.—The Life and Times of the Reverend George Whitefield, M.A. By Robert Philip.....	439

CONTENTS.

	Page
XV.—Original Geographical Illustrations; or the Book of Lines, Squares, Circles, Triangles, Polygons, &c. By John Bennet, Engineer	447
XVI.—The Historical Antiquities of the Greeks. Translated by W. E. Woolrych, Esq.....	447
XVII.—Egypt as it is, in 1837. By Thomas Waghorn.	447
XVIII.—Cambridge Crepuscular Diversions, and Broodings before the Time	448
XIX.—The Churches of London. Part X. By George Godwin.	448
XX.—Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Kook, for 1838. Edited by Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton.....	448
XXI.—The Christian Keepsake. Edited by the Rev. W. Ellis. .	449
XXII.—Syria, Holy Land, &c. By W. H. Bartlett, &c.	450
XXIII.—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book. By L. E. L.	450
XXIV.—Letters to Brother John on Life, Health, and Disease. By Edward Johnson, Surgeon.	452
XXV.—The Sketcher's Manual: or the Whole Art of Picture Making reduced to the Simplest Principles. By Frank Howard.	453
XXVI.—The Little Conchologist; an Introduction to the Classification of Shells. By the Rev. T. Wilson.	453
XXVII.—Conversations on the Human Frame and the Five Senses.	454
XXVIII.—Fragments and Fancies. By Lady E. Stuart Wortley. .	454
XXIX.—Tilt's Almanacks for 1838.....	455
XXX.—The Poetical Works of Robert Southey. Collected by Himself	456
XXXI.—Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge.	460
XXXII.—Third Report of the Glasgow Educational Society's Normal Seminary. Read at a Public Meeting, 13th April, 1837	461
XXXIII.—Rev. David Simpson's Plea for Religion. Edited by his Son.	462

CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR DECEMBER.

Vol. III. (1837) No. IV.

	Page
ART. I.—Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education : being a Supplement to " Hampden in the Nineteenth Century."	461
II.—A Residence in Greece and Turkey; with Notes of the Journey through Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, and the Balkan. By Francis Hervé, Esq.....	478
III.—Chelsea Hospital, and its Traditions. By the Author of " The Country Curate," &c.....	486
IV.—Nouveau Système de Chimie Organique, fondé sur des Methodes nouvelles d'Observation. Par F. V. Raspail.	494
V.—Du Choléra-Morbus en Russie, en Prussie et en Autriche, pendant les Années 1831 et 1832. Par MM. Auguste Gerardin et Paul Gaimard.....	505
VI.—A Home Tour through various Parts of the United Kingdom; being a Continuation of the " Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts." Also Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-General. By Sir George Head.	521
VII.—Rudiments of a Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics. By Samuel Sharpe	530
VIII.—Rise and Progress of the British Power in India. By Peter Auber, M.R.A.S. Vol. II.....	537
IX.—Tales about Wales, with a Catechism of Welsh History. By A Lady of the Principality. Edited by Captain Basil Hall.....	546
X.—A Letter on the Annexation of Texas to the United States. By William E. Channing, D.D.....	559
XI.—The Life of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland. By Lieut.-Colonel J. Mitchell, H. P.....	571

CONTENTS.

	Page
XII.—Elements of Mental and Moral Sciences. By R. Blakey.	584
XIII.—Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote. By the late H. D. Inglis, Author of "Spain," &c. &c.	599
XIV.—First Report of the Metropolis Churches Fund	611
XV.—Considerations on the Vital Principle ; with a Description of Mr. Crosse's Experiments. By J. Murray, F.S.A..	611
XVI.—A Descriptive Account of the Palo de Vaca, or Cow-tree of the Caraccas. By John Murray, F.S.A., &c.	612
XVII.—The Students' Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts. Nos. 23, 26, & 27.	613
XVIII.—The Biblical Cabinet ; or Hermeneutical, Exegetical, and Philological Library. Vol. XXI.	614
XIX.—The Authors of England. A Series of Medallion Portraits of Modern Literary Characters, engraved from the Works of British Artists. By Achille Collas. With Illustrative Notices, by H. F. Chorley.	615
XX.—Chemistry of Nature. By Hugo Reid	617
XXI.—The Chess-Board Companion ; containing the Laws of the Game, &c. Written expressly for the use of Begin- ners, &c. By W. Lewis	617
XXII.—Gems of Beauty, &c. By E. T. Parris.	617
XXIII.—Bathurst's Notes on Nets	619

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1837.

ART. I.—*The Basque Provinces : their Political State, Scenery, and Inhabitants ; with Adventures amongst the Carlists and Christinos.*
By EDWARD BELL STEPHENS, Esq. 2 Vols. London : Whittaker and Co. 1837.

IT is far from our present purpose to enter into the merits of the civil war that distracts Spain, and the adjoining provinces subject to the Spanish crown. The topic is not only so stale, but it has become the arena of such conflicting opinions, that no satisfaction could be derived by the readers of the "Monthly Review," were our pages wasted on its discussion. To any publication, however, which addresses itself principally to politics, or which strenuously upholds party views, the volumes now before us offer abundant materials, either to be combatted or brought forward as supports, according to the side of the question advocated. The author announces at the very outset, that he proceeded to the seat of war between the Carlists and Christinos, the professed correspondent of the "Morning Post," and certainly every one of his chapters breathes an *animus* which is in perfect conformity with the politics of that ultra Tory paper. Very many of his sketches here produced have previously appeared in nearly a similar shape, we believe, in that journal. This must be enough to convince any impartial individual that strong one-sided views will prevail throughout the work, which we have no inclination to consider. One extract which we leave without a single word of comment, will sufficiently illustrate our statement.

"As I approached Fuentarabia and saw the defenceless condition of the place from which Evans had retreated so shamefully, I was struck with surprise. I could scarcely believe that any one with such pretensions to skill in the military art, and supported by a force of 6,000 men, had shrunk from the attack of such a heap of ruins as it presents. The town is built on a rocky cliff, at the side of the bay, and was once magnificently fortified, as may be perceived by the remaining curtain of cut stone which faces the

VOL. III. (1837.) NO. I. B

approach from Irun, and serves the little garrison for a ball-alley, but which Evans did not face as he descended from the hills in his march from Passages. In fact he could not see any thing but ruins from his position. There is not a single bastion left standing round the town. The crumbled walls are overthrown, in many places to their very foundations;—sad memorials of the result of French and English interference in the affairs of the Peninsula. Notwithstanding the great care formerly bestowed on the water-defences of the town, nothing now remain of them but the marshy traces of ditches, and the town is approachable at all sides dry-shod. There is scarcely as much of its ancient upper works left as would serve to shelter a marksman. The destroyers did not spare even the parapet wall of the ball-alley. The only outwork, as Evans saw plainly enough, consists of a slight wall, recently built on the ruins of the old ramparts, pierced with holes for musketry; and this is of so rough, yet unsubstantial a construction, that many a farmer in England would not think it good enough for his haggard. The side at which Evans appeared is the most accessible of all. Where the fosse is not filled up with the fallen curtain, it is peaceably planted with maize,—maize is also planted on what remains of the rampart promenade above; and any of the Westminster heroes who ever had the slightest treadmill practice, might have marched step by step up the rubbish, without breaking rank, till they came to vault over the wall at the top, (and the most serious danger then would be, that, if a dozen of them laid hold of it together, they would pull it down upon themselves); but at the angles, where the great bastions have fallen abroad at an angle of forty-five degrees, even Ducrow's troop of horse could have gone up and over all at a stage gallop. The real defence of the little ruined town was—first, the presence of 250 soldier peasants within, ready to stand by each other and the cause of Don Carlos to the death; and secondly, the sympathetic cowardice of 6,000 mercenaries without, who well knew their General's want of ability to lead, and their own state of demoralization and disinclination to follow. His excuses of want of scaling ladders and breaching cannon, and his military foresight, or far-sight, of the danger of being taken in flank by 300 men two miles off, at Irun, are, to any one on the spot, thoroughly ridiculous."

It is with the sketches which Mr. Stephens gives of the manners, the condition, and resources of the inhabitants of the Basque Provinces, as well as of the scenery he viewed, and the adventures in which he shared, that we have to do; and in respect of these matters we are happy in having it to say, that his volumes contain a fuller and more satisfactory account than most of those which have been written by tourists in these regions since the present civil war commenced. He is, besides, a lively and spirited writer, everywhere betraying an active turn, both of body and mind, which is particularly necessary in the case of one who has to *rough* it in a country disturbed by war. We must add, however, that there seems frequently in his narrative a tendency to strive after an exaggerated effect which becomes doubly offensive on account of the feeble and forced sort of wit that is introduced on many occasions, and which appears to us to have been more generally employed with the design of

exciting a laugh or admiration of the author, than from an anxiety to convey a precise and faithful picture. Having thrown out these few general observations which, as we believe, will be found in accordance with the opinion of every one who may skim over the pages of this light and sketchy work, it remains for us to accompany the writer in some of his most interesting details relative to the points already mentioned as suitable to our review.

It was in September, 1836, that we are told Mr. Stephens crossed the frontier between France and Spain, which was an enterprise not free from danger and many difficulties, and of which there is an amusing description given—having been performed at night and in disguise. He is in raptures with almost everything that appears after having set foot on ground the occupants of which profess allegiance to Don Carlos. The valleys of Navarre in respect of splendid scenery are scarcely to be rivalled—the hatred of the inhabitants in reference to the Christinos, especially Rodil, is unquenchable and unutterable—the activity and merits of these same haters unrivalled. Here is a spirited sketch of them, in certain capacities.

“The Navarrese seem made for their mountains. Clad and armed in the lightest and simplest manner, they skip along the rocks like deer. They wore blue cloth bonnets, (similar to that of the French Basques which our guides wore, but extended trencher-wise by a hoop of willow,) short jackets, with linen trowsers in summer. The *voluntario*, who accompanied our mules as a guard of honour, seemed rather to prefer running than walking. His pace excited my admiration, for he got over the staircases, up or down hill, as if his legs were springs and the rocks Indian rubber; but nearly all whom we met seemed to possess the same happy elasticity of step. Several *facciosos* passed us at this courier trot, going and coming, carrying their coats over one shoulder, and their guns club fashion, over the other; the bayonet (which has a useful slide ring to secure it on the muzzle) is worn at the right side in a broad strap round the waist. Twenty cartridge tubes of tin are borne in front, attached to the same waist belt, and secured from all danger of wet or explosion by a falling flap of leather. This was the arrangement of Zumalacarregui, and I could easily believe that one soldier so accoutred is as effective for mountaineer warfare as two burthened in the style of the French troops of the line, with knapsack and lengthy cross belts, cartouche boxes and bayonets, swords which they never use, and stocks which really deserve the name. As I observed in my ride the two species of soldiers at opposite sides of the river, it struck me what a vast saving of weight it would be to the latter, if their belts were made a little longer, and their swords, bayonets and cartouche boxes allowed to trail on duty and parade. A heavy knapsack would hang a Basque or Navarrese mountaineer, and a stock would choke him or be burst open by the free play of the muscles and veins in his neck, which experience the full benefit of sun, wind and rain all the year round. A small bag or net slung over his shoulder carries all he wants or cares for. His great superiority of movement, however, appeared to be the result of the simple and judi-

ous way in which his feet were attired in slight canvas sandals with hempen soles that just protected the toes and heels, loosely tied over the instep and ankle,—thus leaving the whole powerful and complex organ to play with all the efficiency which nature conferred on its beautiful organization."

The richness and culture of the soil are described as being attested by the most evident tokens both as regards the luxuriance of crops, and the industry of the people. The superiority of the male population as soldiers and as husbandmen is frequently pronounced—we may add the same thing even of the female portion of the community. Maize is a crop extensively cultivated in the Basque Provinces we are told, and more for the fodder than for the sake of the grain. Where the natural capabilities of the soil are deficient, the farmers add to it manure and lime, even when these articles have, on account of the difficulty of access, to be borne on the backs of mules, or of the people themselves, and every patch is cultivated in certain districts which can bear an artificial crop. Such facts as these are incontrovertible evidences of industry, hardihood, and intelligence. They are also inseparable from a noble independence of mind and of a patriotism which nothing short of extermination can subdue, and which nothing but a long period of oppression and misgovernment is likely to corrupt. How deplorable then is it, that a contest of parties whose ambition may on either side be selfish, should offer violence to all these features of character?—how much is it to be lamented that at this late period of Christian civilization there should yet be a contest of principles maintained in the most enlightened countries of Europe, which goes to throw fuel upon the flames that consume the peace, the comfort, the liberty, and life of such people as we have just been reading of? Such one-sided publications as the present, therefore, in certain senses ought to be regarded in a far more serious view than merely as a species of light literature, that satisfies the appetite for information concerning neighbouring or distant countries, or that amuses by the accounts of curious adventure. If every Englishman that has lately visited the Basque Provinces, and written about them, had closely put it to himself—how much may my representations contribute to propagate or prolong error which will necessarily be felt in all the direful practical results which the contest in the Peninsula at this moment exhibits, can it be thought that regard for the benefit of mankind and the dearest interests of humanity would not have been more consulted, and the sale of certain newspapers less, than has hitherto marked the labours of several of the gentlemen alluded to. Without entering into the causes of the war, or of the merits of the parties engaged in it, we cannot avoid mentioning that Mr. Stephens is strongly of opinion, that the conflict will be greatly prolonged, and that, indeed, it will have an indefinite continuance, affecting the character of distant governments, even of those that are free, and,

perhaps, the peace of Europe in general. These are grave considerations, showing how awful is the reckoning which every one will have to give, who has in any shape aided in throwing brands among the combatants. We quote one passage, which is eminently descriptive of the excellent traits of character and the only comforts which the Navarrese are celebrated for.

"Navarre is indeed the vineyard of the Carlists, and they contend manfully with the stubborn hills for spots of earth to stick the fruitful twigs in. In riding amongst the vineyards near Estella, it was truly delightful to witness the results and to contemplate the energy and perseverance that led to them.

"The rocks have first to be rolled hither and thither, and piled up out of the way; then the gritty subsoil has to be loosened by picks and forks; afterwards loads of manure have to be carried up flights of rocky stairs in double panniers formed of matting, resembling immense pairs of breeches tide at the knees, as they sit astride the poor mules. The task of unpaving the Strand in front of Somerset House and cultivating the under stratum, would be child's play compared to what I daily found the Navarrese cheerfully accomplishing, and beating off an enemy into the bargain. Around Estella the wheat and barley grounds spread widely also, and the olive cultivation begins. The fruit is small compared with what is to be found in the south of Spain and Portugal, but it is not for want of industry and attention. Corn, wine and oil culture are to be seen for miles about the town lying in patches at all elevations on the steep sides of the immense horseshoe range of the Amescoas, which bounds the horizon in nearly twenty points of the compass, forming with the tracts of native heath, furze and fern, a garment of as many colours as are painted in Jacob's coat;—the summit, composed of one mass of naked perpendicular rock (on which Valdes' army marched for two days and a night before they could reach a safe road to descend), presenting a whimsical resemblance to a standing collar. The wheat fallows beneath are beautifully clean, all root weeds being carefully hoed up by hand and burned in heaps, on the field. In short, the interior presents an admirable picture of order, peace and comfort, far beyond what I had been taught to give the people of any part of Spain credit for. The frontier presents a very different picture."

With this picture ought to be contrasted that of a part of the country that had been the seat of war, or was in the vicinity of the "red land," such as near Oteiza, where, our author says, the fallow fields bore thick crops of thistles, the farmers either having fled from the horrors of civil strife, or more probably having been cut off in battle or otherwise. Few inhabitants were to be seen in that neighbourhood, and these few consisted of some old women. In stopping at the residence of a medical person, who is a man of great consideration in a Spanish village, his house being frequently the very best in the place, the author declares that there was not a chair, table, bed, plate, or napkin left—the door and windows being broken,

and even every pill-box destroyed. So much for the lesser signs of desolation occasioned by civil warfare.

Mr. Stephens states, in contradiction to sundry alarming reports which he had often heard repeated, that during the four months which he spent in Navarre and the adjoining districts, he never in the course of all his travels met with the slightest injury or insult. He thinks that an Englishman may travel very safely through these provinces, provided he keeps his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut, and does not impertinently set himself up to contradict the popular opinion that the male natives of John Bull's land are all drunkards, who sell their shirts, &c., for wine, or that the females will not dispose of their children for two pence three farthings apiece, showing, certainly to what purpose, and how far the schoolmaster has travelled in the Basque Provinces. Some of the higher classes, it would appear, take a somewhat different view of the matter, Don Carlos especially, whom "nothing would please more than to see English gentlemen freely travelling through the country and judging for themselves" of the people and their sentiments. But we are on the verge of disputed points, and have only as regards intelligence to notice farther that our author, after all, estimates at a very high rate the mental light of the Navarrese peasantry; at least when compared with those of England, he thought them superior in this particular, while "it is probable," he adds, "they do not set so high a value on their lives," meaning thereby to convey one of those compliments at the expense of his countrymen which is by no means a favourable symptom of his impartiality or his good feeling. It will be seen from the following account that the superior qualities of the Biscayans are neither few nor slight, if Mr. Stephens is to be believed.

"The Biscayans are indeed a highly intelligent, sociable, and amiable people. They possess all the natural active politeness of the Irish peasantry, without any alloy of servility—the sagacity of the Scotch, without a symptom of its degeneracy into 'cuteness'—and the steady self-respect which characterises the upper classes of England quite free from the leaven of Saxon stupidity. I have seen them frown vengefully when talking, or rather thinking, about the Christinos; but I have never yet heard an angry word amongst them,—except, indeed, by a sentinel, towards myself one night, at Durango, when I was very near being shot at; not being aware that any one was challenging me, as I have already narrated. They differ however so much in one material respect from the Irish, than I can scarcely believe the latter have any fair claim to a common origin, (although it is politely conceded by the Biscayans, and natives of Ireland are by a virtue of their birth-right free of the corporation of Bilbao, being entitled to trade, settle and open shop in that capital,—a privilege they do not enjoy in the *soi-disant* liberal metropolis of England), viz. their remarkable sobriety, notwithstanding the abundance

of wine and aguardiente in the country. Every where I experienced the greatest consideration and kindness—much more, indeed, than I expected, bearing as I did the inimical name of Englishman, associated as it was to their sad experience with everything ferocious and dastardly. We only appeared on their shores to pillage and destroy,—our only apparent motive—

“The daily shilling which makes warriors tough.”

I could have forgiven them if they hooted me as I rode along; but they are a people of more reflection, discrimination and generosity than Englishmen are inclined to believe; and they showed far more consideration for us than we did for them. In their self-possessed dispassionate conduct they bear a strong resemblance to those native gentlemen the North American Indians, who never allow themselves to betray surprise or vexation, and in this respect the Biscayans stand at the moral antipodes of their neighbours at the other side of the Pyrenees. They may be recognised at once as men and gentlemen, although clad as the mountain iron-millers were, in little more than long linen shirts reaching to their shoes, to shield them from the sparks.”

Mr. Stephens says that the Biscayans, warlike as they are, have few martial sports amongst them. They have no boxing, single-stick combats, fencing or target shooting. One exercise, however, prevails with them, of a martial gymnastic character in some of its forms, which the author describes at length, and from which we extract some particulars. The specimen will convey an idea of the sort of straining after effect, already charged against our tourist's manner of writing, which defeats to a certain extent its own purpose, by enfeebling and confusing the picture. The scene described took place on a Sunday within half a mile of Durango, and was superintended by the Alcalde of the village.

“The music struck up, and crowds of men, woman, and children poured into the Plaza, an irregular pentagon, (or quæangle) environed with houses adorned with balconies and a grand raised portico which extended the length of the church. These were soon filled with the beauty and fashion of the court and its vicinity, who thought it more suitable to their sex or age or dignity to look on, than to take an active part in the athletic evolutions which the peasantry were about to engage in. Groups of officers and civilians, secretaries, chamberlains, and the whole *ayuntamiento* loitered on the sod below as if to brave the dangers of the scene, or gallantly conversed with the ladies in the balconies, calming their fears and assuring them it was not half so dangerous or cruel as a bull-bait, &c. A dense crowd of young peasant soldiers stood in one angle of the Plaza, apparently in expectation of opponents of some kind; the barriers were withdrawn from the stone pillars at each angle, and the centre of the arena was thrown open for combat.

“The drum and tabor (I beg their pardon for this delay) repeated the point of war emphatically; and the first demonstration of active operations was made by a long file of young women who marched upon the green hand-in-hand, the file leader acting as fuge-woman, and conducting

her band of heroines with a kind of saltatory motion resembling that which Le Brun and others have preserved to us in their pictorial descriptions of the tactics of the Priestesses of Bacchus and Cybele. At times it was nearly identical with the inspired movement of Orpheus, depicted in Barry's famous series of paintings which adorn the chief saloon of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, and which their *catalogue raisonné* justly terms 'an attitude of singular energy.' As the line of rustic beautyswept round the Plaza, I could almost imagine that I beheld the maidens of Sparta going through their warlike exercises and daring their lovers to the combat. They were all clad in strict national uniform,—neat black shoes, snow-white stockings, rather short petticoats, small shawls of various colours, and white pocket handkerchiefs! but no caps, hats, bonnets or artificial head-dress of any kind, the hair being universally gathered backward and plaited in one or two tails, which hung down at full length behind, and switched about most cavalierly. After a few circumvolutions of these Spartan damsels in the Plaza, the crowd of men who stood in close column evinced a degree of restlessness to accept the challenge of the parading heroines. *Voluntarios* started out one after another and broke into the line, seizing an opponent with each hand till all were fairly engaged and a marching file of double length attained, in which so equally were the parties matched that it was a difficult point to predict to whom the victory would fall. The combined yet rival forces now made another solemn perambulation to the same measure; when the Alcalde, apparently quite satisfied that a firm line of battle was formed and all ready for action, gave a signal to the little band with his javelin, when instantly the drum and tabor struck up a brisk quick step which set the whole string of life (or lives) whirling with fearful rapidity round a young ash tree in the centre. Now the engagement began in earnest, and the secret of the tactics, acted on by the 'natural born enemies' on the plain, began to develope itself."

The author not having at his command diagrams, labours by means of definitions to explain the elevations, prostrations, and evolutions of the performers.

"Each hero and heroine was reciprocally placed between two enemies of the opposite sex, and obliged in turn, to encounter both. All were at war with their neighbours in turn, and each proximate couple became, at every opportunity,

"A pair of rustic foes, who sought renown,

While dancing round to bump each other down;"

as Goldsmith would have sung if he had travelled to the Basque provinces.

"But, hark—the tune is changed; the fife and tabor have struck up a quicker and livelier strain,—the drum beats time more loudly and imperatively. All the links of the immense circle are severed in an instant; the combatants throw aloft their hands, and whirl about separately like mad! 'Tis now

"——the mirth and fun grow fast and furious."

Some face their partners sternly in a jig, or, melting into a waltz, cruize

about the Plaza at random, like Herschell's double stars in free space, deranging other symptoms and set-tos with a whisk of their tail, which cuts like a lash in a rapid twirl, and whips fire out of Spanish eyes in a twinkling.

"Others dance in a round, cutting capers and ramping—
A mercy the ground did not burst with their stamping."

"What shouts of merriment! The young ash tree is shaking with laughter to its very roots, and all its leaves are dancing sympathetically in the whirlwind. There's one tall fellow cutting a hornpipe through the crowd and using his knees—That's not fair—call the Alcalde! The dumpy girl replies with her broad shoulder. All's right again. See the poor little man escaping from that Amazon—a triton of the minnows! The child crosses his path and upsets him! There goes my pretty patrona and her grandmother, careering in their waltz like a double shot against the *Commandete de armas*, and see the cigar is shot out of his lips! What excellent time they keep with their fingers: 'Tis a pity they have not castanets to mark it more merrily. How many hundreds in motion! The vortex makes my head reel with the attempt to reckon. See a dozen of the King's *garde du corps* swept into the centre of the whirlpool. The cavaliers can't waltz for their spurs, and the women are charging them like Cossacks and Pandours. There's a young officer carried off in the current! The rest hold on by the ash tree and each other, till it is nearly uprooted! The lasses will next storm the steps of the sanctuary!

"The Alcalde who 'saw the madness rise' gave a sign to the piper—

"And while they heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked their pride."

The slow movement was recommenced, the loud mirth of the crowd was subdued, the ball opened with the same solemn movement as at first, with the addition of a file of male gladiators, who marched in separately, preceded by a very expert fugleman. By this time additional crowds had strolled down from Durango, attracted by the laughter that echoed from the rocks, till there were as many spectators as performers grouped around the Plaza, although the King's band was performing in the town, and more courtly waltzing was in progress before the windows of the Palacio. Several officers of the court and army—Spanish, French, British, German, Italian and Portuguese—stood near, cavalierly discussing the personal points and merits of the light-hearted skirmishers, and the national advantages of such a weekly parade, affording as it did, such excellent practical opportunities to the *voluntarios* of judging correctly of the steadiness or levity, the substance or poverty, the firmness or feebleness of understanding, and the native capacity or littleness of their comrades, before they committed themselves by enlisting for life in their company."

Mr. Stephens has thrown a good deal of picturesque colouring into his Sketches of Bilbao during its siege, of which he was an eyewitness, and frequently so much exposed as could not fail to impress him with very lively emotions. We can understand him when he says he had both the *pleasure* and the *sorrow* of beholding such a

spectacle, and which he describes as if it, at certain times, displayed the stratagems and the adroitness of a grand game. Having stated that the valley where the siege took place is a splendid stage, forming an immense amphitheatre for display, while the circling heights afford the amateur spectator admirable points from which to view the strife below, every day being crowded with spectators, he adds,

"What bursts of applause from the lynx-eyed peasant spectators in the upper gallery, when their sons and brothers, in similar homely garb, chased the dashing and gallantly equipped Lancers of the Queen's Royal Guard before them! What shouts of laughter when the experienced guerillas, rounding the hills to windward over Castrejana, set fire to the fern and heather, and then safely blazed away at the smoked and blinded Christinos! I never knew before that human beings had such excellent sight—but the fact was, that the telescopes of the Senores generally played second fiddle to the eyes of the *paysanos*. An exclamation, a laugh, or a hearty curse of the *soldado*, generally awakened and directed the attention of the telescopic Commandante to the point of attraction. It was highly instructive to get a seat beside any of the spectators who knew the country or the town, and listen to their observations on the progress of a *concerted* cannonade or a bombardment played in the orchestra below, by the rampart and battery performers. I recollect that on the 17th November, I was sitting with three young ladies on the ridge of San Domingo, alternately watching the distant thrashing which Espartero was receiving from Villarreal at the bridge of Castrejana, and the storming of the Convent of San Agustin by the Arragonese just below us. These three girls were very pretty; but the three years' war had so deranged the equilibrium of beaux and belles in Biscay, that they were promenading without an escort till I offered my services. I found two of them particularly well-informed in the topography of the town and suburbs, forts and batteries; which they accounted for incidentally, by observing that they lived *there* (pointing out a pretty country-house in Uribarri beneath); but five cannon shot having passed through it the other day, they had come on a visit to their friend up *here*, and would probably remain with her till the siege was over!"

War produces not only strange intimacies, but forces people to extraordinary shifts and occupations. Our author says that whole villages were encamped upon the hills which surrounded or flanked the amphitheatre where the siege in question occurred, and that the women who were far more zealous partizans than the men, would rise from their beds at night, though miles across the mountains, to the succour of the wounded Carlists, on a hint being communicated that such required their services after an attack of the besieging column, or a sortie from the town. The effects described in the next extract must have been wonderful indeed; they are also admirably re-echoed in the narrative.

"The valley of the Bilbao river or Ria Nervion, (the long western vale of operations), is of a whimsically tortuous figure, not unlike the great

brass serpent in the royal Spanish band; and like it, was, while the siege lasted, a very fine musical instrument, whose compass and execution continually attracted my admiration. Unlike the serpent, however, it was played at each end (Morro and Portugalete), as well as at a variety of intermediate points:—Miravalles, Begoña, Campo Volantin, Burseña, Banderas, Bilbao, Monte de Cabras, San Nicolás, San Agustín, San Mamés, San Vincente, and a number of other saintly stations, where cannons and mortars of all calibres were daily practising their gamut with all imaginary 'shakes, graces, and variations,' accomplishing the most 'difficult effects,' and awakening echoes that, like some self-satisfied amateurs, once set a going, could not stop themselves. Every ravine had its peculiar note, heard to the greatest advantage at the upper extremity; where, often, while traversing the summit paths, the airy concussions have rushed up with abrupt velocity, taking me by surprise and striking upon my ear with a startling violence! There was one ravine leading up to the old windmill of San Domingo, the sides of which, feathered with pines and firs, gave birth to some comically aspirated sounds, that when repeated continuously, produced strange sardonic guttural laughing intonations, worthy of incorporation in the demoniac *scenas* of *Der Freischütz*, or *Robert le Diable*. I shall never forget the shrill fiendish scream that issued from San Francisco's warning belfrey, when just as it was enunciating 'one, two, three,' for a shell—a sacrilegious Carlist ball dashed in—sending the fragments singing and shrieking over the city! (N. B. San Francisco, in revenge, mounted a steeple-gun next day, which spit spitefully.) Different and still more *recherché* results were perceptible when the auditor took a seat at the mouth of a ravine *under* the line of balls coming either from muskets or cannon; but the disadvantage of this position was, that one could not exactly tell when the performance was over, and the sittings, therefore, were sometimes disagreeably long. Again, those erratic discords, the shells, often fell (like fellows thrown over) into the very pit among the critics. However, in time we became acquainted with the compass of every piece in the valley, (that is, every note of the Serpent), and could tell which was struck (or was striking) with tolerable precision; always making the needful allowance for the double charge which the Christino players habitually employed. I made some interesting discoveries on the effects of mixed echoes and the laws of their consecutive prolongations, as well as on the undulatory progression of projectiles; but I left in such haste on Christmas morning, that my theories thereanent are as yet quite unrepresentable.

"The illumined spectacle by night was frequently far better worth attending to than that enacted by day. In the October siege, the bombardment in the dark was splendid beyond description; the burning suburb of Goyerri was frightfully grand. In the recent operations, the illuminations were still more extensive. The convents of Burseña and San Agustín blazed for two nights each; the former burned by the Carlists to deprive Espartero of a stronghold; the latter bombarded by the town to drive out the Arragonese who had taken it by storm. The night exhibitions of the shells and granades sent by the garrison into the new batteries, among the engineers and workmen, was magnificent. They certainly did a great deal of mischief, levelling parapets as fast as they

were raised; but still one could not help admiring them as they came, 'describing that beautiful figure, a parabola,' (as Geoffrey Crayon has it, for the consolation of the 'grown horsemen,' his pupils, who might be flung right-a-head out of the saddle). The Carlist soldiers at last became so familiarized with their appearance, that they received them as ordinary visitors, troublesome indeed, but who, nevertheless, would not be denied."

So much for the sport of war, which, if we are to suppose the author to be in earnest, was to be this season in its continued operations an object to attract many British spectators to its theatre, and to produce a re-action in John Bull's mind in favour of the Carlist cause. To all such, we inform our readers, he volunteers certain pieces of advice which is meant for their guidance in making such a tour, only one sentence of which we quote; and this we do on account of its obvious wisdom. In preparation for such an enterprise, "throw aside your night-gown and slippers; abandon all your lingering hopes of travellers' comforts with a good grace; make your will, insure your life; find your way in the dark over the Pyrenees to Vera or Lugaramurdi; and then, having got at once into the midst of danger and hardship, you will soon learn to appreciate a thousand enjoyments that before passed unnoticed or despised." These temptations and the re-action in British opinion, however, we believe, have not yet proved so powerful as to very greatly increase the number of our countrymen who have visited the Basque Provinces. Still to any one who has such an object in view, we can safely recommend these volumes as containing much useful and entertaining information. But if any such adventurer have a matrimonial speculation in view, it is neither dower nor beauty that he is likely to find among the Basque ladies, with a description of whom we close this paper.

"Exposure to sun and air, without any shade to their features, gives all the elderly female peasants the appearance of being one flesh with the male, both being thoroughly tanned; but the younger ones, who are not so much exposed, present occasionally complexions of a ruddy bloom, that would attract admiration even in England; features finely chiselled, of a singular nobleness and delicacy (especially in that wild valley, encircled by leagues of mountains, containing Ascoytia, Aspetia, and the splendid church of Loyala), with dark eyes of a power rarely to be found in our northern latitudes, and which appear to owe much of their singular force to the contrast afforded by the habitual repose of the other features. In some countenances, this strange diversity of expression produces an effect more startling than agreeable. The lower part of the face may be fixed and pallid; in short, half dead; while the eyes are mobile and brilliant, as if something more than alive! I cannot explain the cause, not understanding the physiology of the matter. However, the Basque sculptors and carvers study the effect to good purpose, and all their churches present the *Madona* and the favourite *Santa* of the place as veritable Basque beauties of the highest grade; the pouting lips (which, when they do

smile, present a *copia* of graceful meanings with a varying power of expression that must be seen to be appreciated) forming the most distinctive characteristic. A French woman can smile with her shoulders, eyebrows and teeth, without the aid of lips, but the beautiful Basque *paysana* can do infinitely more by the mere relaxation of hers, and speakingly portray all the phases of amiability and intelligence without opening her mouth. There is no affectation in the matter; it is pure power. The ecclesiastical sculptors evidently regard it as a heavenly endowment, and reclaim as much of its divine expression for the cherubs and archangels as their imitative ability can compass, without distinction of sex. The traveller need not therefore, be surprised to find a very strong family likeness in the countenances of Santos Miguel, Rafael Gabriel, &c., for on analysing the matter, he will discover that they are all wrought on the model of the graceful feminine features of Biscay and Guipuscoa."

ART. II.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the East Coast of Greenland, sent by order of the King of Denmark, in search of the Lost Colonists, under the command of Captain W. A. Graah, of the Danish Royal Navy. Knight of Dannebrog, &c.* Translated by G. GORDON MACDOUGAL, F.R.S., N.A. London: Parker. 1837.

MANY centuries ago, certain Icelandic colonists settled in Greenland, who were governed by Icelandic laws, and, in religious matters, by bishops. So late as the year 1409, there are notices of one of these dignitaries officiating at a marriage in that country. But the aboriginal inhabitants, the Esquimaux, and certain foreign fleets, seem, from time to time, to have dispersed or cut off these settlers, so that, at last, all trace of them has been lost. Numerous attempts, however, have been made to discover their descendants, especially by the Danes, but all without satisfying the curiosity or the humanity of the instigators and adventurers in these enterprises, and, indeed, without bringing to light any thing more considerable than certain ruins and monuments which certainly bear records of the colonists in question. Captain Graah is the last who has undertaken this perilous office, having left Copenhagen on the 30th March, 1828, accompanied by certain scientific personages, for the prosecution of the expedition; but the light which he has thrown on the principal object of the enterprise is only of a negative sort, in so far as the east coast of Greenland is concerned, which was the scene of his particular investigations; for though he remained in this quarter for a year and a half, no evidences of Icelandic colonization met his eye there, neither had the natives a knowledge of any. The conclusion at which he arrives is, therefore, that it was the western coast where the Icelanders settled in former times, and this the still existing relics fully testify; and also that the old chorographers have been entirely in error in supposing that the eastern coast, in like

manner, was a scene of their location, and that traces might there be found of them. Although Captain Graah, however, has not discovered the descendants of the Icelandic colonists, he has in the course of his travels added very considerably to our geographical knowledge—while his adventures, his descriptions, and his intercourse with the natives, are extremely interesting and valuable. To some of these incidents and descriptions, we shall now call the attention of our readers. It is proper and due to the gallant adventurer to preface his adventures, by mentioning that his companions and attendants, one by one, deserted him, till at length, and long before his return, he was left almost alone, a single family and some few others only, who, in the course of his adventures, became attached to him, following him wherever he went. The calm resolution, however, which he uniformly maintained amidst the dangers and privations to which he was exposed, deserve the highest admiration, while the manly, unadorned, and self-evidently faithful current of his narrative is not less becoming and agreeable.

It was exactly a year after the expedition had left Copenhagen, that it sailed from Nennortalik for the eastern coast of Greenland, consisting of four Danes, and a number of Greenlanders. In the course of the voyage along the coast, and among the adjacent islands, they sometimes fell in with tribes or families of the natives, and witnessed their peculiar manners and practices. In one place where the captain went on shore and visited this peculiar race in their tents, he was treated with the utmost civility, part of its demonstration being to help him to a mess of bear's fat and dried seal's flesh. His own tent here when he remained at home, was always filled with visitors, who would continue for hours to gaze at his prints. But the chief wonder to them was, that when they held to their ears his books, they did not hear them speak in a whisper, for they were persuaded such secret communications were made to their owner.

One morning Captain Graah heard the tambourine of the Greenlanders, which was made of a wooden hoop, and a piece of oiled skin tightened over it; and to the music of this rude instrument the party vigorously danced, but in a manner, which, he says, no one without seeing it, could fully comprehend. His description, however, is intelligible and good.

One of the party holds the instrument which the Captain has denominated a tambourine, and—

“Taking his station in the centre, while the rest form a ring about him, and throwing off his jacket, strikes with a small wooden stick, extemporising, after a brief prelude, a song, the subject of which is the chase of the seal, or some other to them important incident or event, the whole assembly joining, at the end of every strophe, in the chorus of ‘Eia-eia-a! Eia-eia-a!’ During this performance he makes unceasingly a sort of

curtseying motion, and writhes and twists his head and eyes in the most laughable style imaginable. Nothing, however, can equal in absurdity the movements of his nether man, with which he describes entire circles, nay, figures of. This tambourine-dance is in high esteem among the Greenlanders. When about to take part in it, they put on their best holiday apparel, and the women take as much pride in performing it with what they consider grace, as our young belles in dancing a quadrille or a galoppe. It serves, however, not merely the purpose of amusement, but constitutes at the same time a sort of forum, before which all transgressors of their laws and customs are, in a manner, cited, and receive their merited reproof. When a Greenlander, to wit, thinks he has sustained a wrong or injury at another's hands, he composes a satirical song, which all his friends straightway learn by heart, and then makes known among the inhabitants of the place his intention of bringing the matter to arbitration. On the day appointed, the parties, with their partizans, assemble and form the ring, which done, the plaintiff, singing and dancing as above described, states his case, taking occasion to retaliate on his adversary, by as much ridicule and sarcasm as he can devise, to which, when he has finished, the other, singing and dancing in his turn, replies: and thus the cause is pleaded, till both have nothing more to say, on which the spectators pronounce sentence at once, without appeal, and the adversaries part as good friends as if nothing had happened to disturb the harmony of their friendship. In this way the debtor is sometimes reminded of his debt, and the evil-doer receives a just rebuke for his misconduct. In truth, a better system for the prevention and punishment of offences, one at least better adapted to the disposition of the people among whom it obtains, could scarcely be devised, as there is nothing of which the Greenlander is so much afraid as to be despised or laughed at by his countrymen. This apprehension, there can be no doubt, deters many among them from the commission of offences, and it is to be regretted that the missionaries, losing sight of this peculiarity in their temper, have abolished this national dance on the West coast."

It must also be said in its behalf that a better piece-making system has seldom prevailed in more formal courts of law, where, however decisive may be the judgment pronounced, and however strong against all appeals, the litigants generally depart more dissatisfied and wrathful than ever. But in Westminster, we fear, where the pleaders are hired, it would be difficult either to obtain on all occasions active dancers or witty poets. Fancy such men as — and — writhing and twisting their nether parts according to the figure of eight! Why, even Captain Graah, if a witness, would be obliged to confess, that the most laughable style of such performances is not to be discovered near to the Polar circle. We are not sure that his opinion is even to be assented to, when he says, it is to be regretted that the missionaries have banished the dance in question from the west coast of Greenland. Is it not more than probable that gross superstitions and reprehensible practices may have been so interwoven with the national pastime, and so strongly

perpetuated by it, that without compromising that poor and ignorant people's greatest interests, it was unsafe to allow them to adhere to the custom? But to proceed with our author, we find him at a point of land named Kornouk, describing two huts, in which were a number of skulls and skeletons, besides several open untenanted graves, the starving inhabitants during a famine having prepared, with their own hands, a last resting place for their bodies. Afterwards we shall see that these singular people are in the practice of acting in anticipation of death with wonderful composure and resolution, indeed with appalling apathy, during the most alarming, affecting, and precious moments of human existence.

At the approach of winter, the expedition having by this time decreased in numbers, fixed their winter quarters at Nukarbik, not daring to venture farther southward. The sort of accommodation which the author and his few attendants enjoyed throughout the dreary months that ensued, and the manner in which they passed their time, it will be best to give in his own words.

"I had expected to find on my arrival at Nukarbik, our winter-dwelling ready to be roofed; but nothing whatever had been done to it. Ernenek, with his own and three other families, had quietly taken up his quarters in one of the houses, and left me, my Kajakker, and two Nennortalik women, to manage as we might for ourselves. There was of course nothing left for us but to set to work immediately, and this we did accordingly next morning; the earth, however, was already frozen so hard, besides being covered with snow, that we got on but slowly with our labour. The snow and cold continued, till at length, being absolutely unable to endure living longer in a tent, we were necessitated to move in, notwithstanding that our house was very far from being ready. The house where we now were destined to spend five tedious months, was about four yards long, by nearly as many broad. We divided it into three compartments, one of which I appropriated; one of my Nennortalik women, with her gallant the clown Minegeoak, the second; and the other with Black Dorothy the third. My boatwomen settled themselves, as far as circumstances permitted, quite in Greenland fashion: they ate, drank, slept, and worked upon their brix, cooked their meals over their lamps, devoured the vermin which they caught about their beds and persons, sang psalms, laughed, cried, jested, scolded, arranged their beads, put on and took off their finery, and ever and anon anointed their hair with their urinary unguent. Ningeroak's whole employment was to beat the tambourine and sing songs, save now and then, when, with imperturbable gravity, he would deliver speeches, fragments of sermons, picked up by him in his travels. The most amusing part of his exhibition was that, whenever he lost the thread of his discourse, he would begin counting in German, *ein zwei, drey*, &c., as far as *sechs und dreyssig*, where he would close with a solemnity of pathos which seemed to make a deep impression on his hearers. For my part, I employed the time of our detention here in learning the Greenland language, and constructing a chart of that part of the East coast I had explored. For the rest, I was indisposed the greater part of the

winter, so as to be unable to turn my attention to anything beyond this."

It is, of course, impossible that any one who has not visited the Polar Regions, can form an adequate conception of the severity of a winter in Greenland, or of the scenes that meet the eye. A country, the whole interior of which is one entire field of ice and snow, only varied by some stupendous elevations where the snow cannot adhere, must present a style of monotony, that to the organ of sight and to the imagination is awfully dreary and grand. Towards the shores again, rocky masses, mountains, and glaciers everywhere occur, unrelieved for numbers of miles even by so much of a beach as to allow a tent to be pitched, while the barriers that are thus girding or fencing the shore are ever and anon calving huge ice-bergs into the troubled deep, to the imminent peril of all who approach these shores. It is only in some parts, particularly on the western coast, that a less savage land near the beach prevails, affording anything like convenience for shelter, and on the shores of the numerous inlets, which being frequently contiguous to one another, enlarge the spaces for accommodation. Our author, however, was not located in one of these most favourable situations, nor indeed in the milder regions of those inhospitable shores, so that we may be satisfied that his was no feather-bed life of it. Indeed such is the severity of the climate, and the untoward nature of the oceans and mountains of snow and ice between Cape Farewell and Dannebrog's Island, that a population not exceeding four hundred and eighty, find means of a livelihood in all that stretch of district, while those that live farther to the north are sometimes driven to butcher and live upon one another by the agonies of starvation.

It appears from Captain Graah's account, that there is much difference in the exterior features and conformation of the Greenlanders on the Eastern and Western Coasts, when compared with the Esquimaux. Still he judges, from certain common points of a striking character, that they are all descended from the same stock, viz. that of the Esquimaux. The following are some particulars descriptive of the manners and the dress of the Eastlanders, of whom his work particularly treats.

"The women tie their hair in a large knot at the crown of the head, and cover it with a scrap of an old hide: or, if possessed of one, a handsome ribbon. They are, moreover, curiously tattooed on the hands, arms, chin, and breast. I have seen two men with their arms similarly tattooed. In their ears the women wear a small triangular-shaped piece of lead, and pendent from this, a string of beads half an ell long; while another of the same kind dangles from their forehead over the face.

"Their clothing is composed of seals'-skins; and the dress of both sexes is the same, with the exception of some slight difference in the cut of the

jacket, that of the women having two skirts to it, in place of one. For the rest, the jacket, which is usually made of white skins, with the hairy side inwards, is sloped like a short petticoat, or shirt, closed, however, in front, and with a hood to draw over the head. Over this jacket the men wear, when at sea, or on the ice, another one, waterproof, made of seals'-gut. In summer, when at home, or in winter, when in their heated earth-huts, a scanty pair of breeches constitutes their entire dress. Their boots, the sole of which is shaped like a skate, are of waterproof skin. Those of the women, look like cavalry-boots. For great occasions they wear white ones, with a border of bears'-skin above the knee. All their articles of dress are edged with dog or seals'-skin, and their jackets have collars of the same, or of bear or foxes'-skin, or sometimes ravens' feathers."

We shall now confine ourselves to a few notices concerning the habits, the resources, and the superstitions of the Eastlanders—abridging some parts, and citing others in the author's precise words.

As to their marriages, these take place at an early age, the parties being generally of equal standing as to years. Lucre, taken in the sense of hoarded property, is not an object of ambition. Indeed, of such there can be but little in existence amongst these unsophisticated people. Fitness for enduring toil, beauty, and above all, chastity are, the chief recommendations of the female; and dexterity in seal-hunting, and such like feats, those of the male. A man seldom has two wives, and harmony is the prevailing state of wedded life with them—jealousy being the only thing to disturb it, which, for the most part is set to rights by a box on the ear. If the case be very serious the pair separate, which requires no other formality, than, after the husband has for some time worn a surly face, for him to absent himself for a few days. The hint is enough; the wife packs up and returns to her friends or family, taking the children with her. The manner in which these people rear and love their offspring, deserves to be quoted.

"The affection the Eastlanders have for their children is excessive, and they that desire to conciliate the former, cannot do so as effectually in any other way as by fondling the latter. Woe, on the other hand, to him that would rashly venture to chastise, or even to speak angrily to, one of these urchins; and it is, therefore, a happy circumstance, that notwithstanding the little care bestowed on them, they conduct themselves so well as seldom to provoke reproof. It is a prominent feature in the character of the East Greenlanders, that they look on begging, especially for food, as a disgrace. Rather than endure this degradation, I verily believe they would steal.

"Children, until they reach their fourth or fifth year, are carried about by their mother wherever she goes, upon her back. While infants, they are cross and peevish to a degree, and scratch and strike their parents: offences for which they are never punished: particularly the boys, who, even at that early age, are looked upon with a degree of respect, as the future masters and supporters of a family. As soon as a boy can creep

about alone, his father gives him a little javelin, which he is taught to throw at a mark, and he thus speedily acquires that dexterity in the management of his weapon, on which, in after years, he is principally to depend for his own and family's sustenance. When he grows older, he is provided with a kajah, and learns to battle with the waves, to catch birds, and finally to strike the seal; and the chase of the latter is ever after his main business, and the chief resource for the supply of all his wants. Without the seal, indeed, the Greenlander could not exist; with it he has all he stands in need of. Its flesh and blood furnish him with food, its skin with clothes, boots, and tents, its blubber with light and fire, its sinews with thread, its entrails with windows and curtains, and its very bones serve to tip his darts, and shoe the runners of his sledge. It is, therefore, not surprising that such importance should be attached to this hunt, that when a youth for the first time comes home with a seal in tow, the day is made a holiday, and the friends and neighbours of the family invited to a feast, at which, while he recounts, according to established custom, all the circumstances of the chase, the maidens present lay their heads together to choose a bride for him. As for the female part of the community, they do nothing till their twelfth or thirteenth year, but play, fetch water, and take care of the younger children. After this period, however, it falls to their lot to sew, to butcher, to tan, to row boats, build houses, and kill sharks, which last in a moonlight winter night, is their favourite employment."

Captain Graah met an old man, indeed it was the only one he saw on the coast to which these domestic sketches refer, who, in the course of his life, had performed an exploit, that forcibly illustrates the peculiar condition of the Greenlanders, as well as the strength of a universal law in human nature. The exploit is thus described—

"Umik had a large scar upon his back and shoulders, of which he gave the following account. A white bear having once come on shore at the place where he was domiciled, had laid hold of and carried off one of his children, a girl of six or eight years of age, as she was at play outside his hut. Alarmed by the child's cries, he hurried out, together with some other Greenlanders, and pursued the monster, which, however, reached the shore, and springing into the sea with his prey, got upon the ice, whither the Greenlanders, without dogs, dared not to pursue him. Armed with a couple of spears, he, however, set out in chase of it, and speedily came up with and wounded the animal, who, turning round, struck down his enemy, and then quietly stalked off, leaving the child, as well as the parent, on the ice. Umik, however, was too much infuriated to let him off so cheaply; instead of making the best of his way back, accordingly, he again seized one of his darts, pursued the monster, and as it turned upon him, struck it to the heart."

The religious sentiments and observances, and the modes of worship of a nation or distinct race, are always matters that excite curiosity and engage the interest of enlightened, especially Chris-

tianised, people. The Eastlanders, however, can hardly be said to profess or possess any religion, according to our author's testimony. He says they worship no Supreme Being, and know nothing of prayers, or sacrifices, or other rites, although they believe in the existence of certain supernatural beings, but who are not held to be altogether incorporeal. The sun, moon, and some of the stars, they believe to have been Greenlanders who have taken wing to heaven. The eclipse of the moon is owing to that luminary's freak of going into their houses in search of skins and eatables, the absurdity of the belief intimating very strongly the importance of such articles as skins and eatables in such an unproductive land. Other fancies are entertained by them which are as silly and monstrous, but all necessarily connected with their wants, or the amazing phenomena of which they are often witnesses.

The chief of their supernatural beings is *Torngarsuk*, who is said to dwell under the earth, and is described sometimes as a bear, sometimes as a man with one arm, and sometimes as a dwarf, no larger than one's finger. Each of the magicians or *angekkoks* has also his own guardian spirit, whom he conjures when consulted in cases of sickness, &c. The manner in which such conjurations are performed is exceedingly absurd and trifling, and according to our author's account seems to be often regarded by these ignorant people themselves rather in the light of a pastime or amusement than a solemnity that may appease an angry power, or secure its kind offices. Indeed we can hardly suppose that it would be difficult to cure these simple-minded and docile people of their paltry superstitions and foolish enchantments. Their land, however, is so inaccessible, as to render it almost impossible for missionaries to resort thither, nor would any, but themselves, perhaps, experience much regret if they were carried from a country that is chained by the elements, and thrown beyond the limits of national intercourse, to one more genial in its temperature, more abundant in its resources, and more open to the operations of civilization.

Intimately connected with the above sketches, is the account of the manner in which the sick and the dying are treated, and from which our readers will learn something of the desperate apathy that prevails within the domestic circle when the fell enemy approaches or threatens. With this we close Captain Graah's engaging and valuable work.

A Greenlander had wounded himself inadvertently with a knife above the wrist—a tumour of an alarming description ensued—the case was beyond the author's skill—a sage woman pronounced that he was dying—and the patient composed himself for the last scene, refusing nourishment that his sufferings might not be prolonged. After a time, however, there were hopes of recovery, and he ate readily what was offered to him, which seems to have been

partly owing to the loss of a large quantity of blood which had unexpectedly issued from the wound.

"As I conceived the artery must have been injured, and was convinced that he could not bear the loss of much more blood, I prepared a sort of tourniquet, and applying it loosely to his arm above the elbow, directed his wife how to tighten it in the event of the hæmorrhage returning. This, as I apprehended, happened in the evening of the 27th, and my directions not being speedily enough attended to, the patient lost a considerable quantity of blood, and seemed so ill in consequence, that none expected to see him alive next morning. The same scene I have described before, was now repeated, and his wife again endeavoured to prevail on him to consent to being buried under the snow, while he as obstinately insisted on being driven down to the shore, and committed to the deep. When a Greenlander is so far gone, as to seem incapable of noticing what is going forward about him, the preparations for his funeral are commenced. Our patient's wife, accordingly was asking him every moment, 'Do you hear? do you understand?' doubtless, in expectation of receiving no reply. As he continued, however, as often as she asked, to answer in a very audible voice, 'Yes,' she lost at last all patience, and though he evidently was in full possession of his senses, and saw and noticed everything, as well as heard every syllable that was spoken, she began to make up his grave-clothes without more ado, and ordered two young girls, her adopted daughters, to take down from the walls the skin in which his body was to be wrapped. The indifference with which this order was given and executed, was amazing: and the coolness with which the patient saw it done, was no less so. With perfect composure he looked on for a few moments, while these preparations for his transit to another world were being made, and then turned away his head, without uttering a word, or showing a sign that could be construed into fear of death, and fell, apparently, into a swoon. Shortly after, he was attired in his best clothes. The skin in which he was to be wrapped had already been stretched out in readiness, and the window opened through which, according to established custom, he was to be removed, as soon as the by-standers believed him to be actually dead, everything, in a word, was completed in the way of preparation, when, the patient desired them to proceed no farther, as he was better. He now called me to him, thanked me for what I had done for him, begged me to screw the tourniquet faster about his arm, (for he seemed to pin his hopes to it), and regretting that I had lost my night's rest on his account, requested to have some lemon-juice. This I brought him, together with half a glass of port-wine and water, after drinking which he felt so much refreshed, that even before morning dawned, he seemed to us all out of danger."

He recovered slowly. The author states that the Greenlanders have such a terror of the dead, that they in general attire the dying in their grave habiliments, to avoid the necessity of touching them when all is over, and that there have been instances of their burying the old and feeble alive, when they have wrestled long with death, and are a burden to those about them. This would seem to be

a strange contradiction to the domestic affections that reign amongst them ; but when it is considered that a future state cannot engage their feelings, according to the accounts we have already alluded to, and that the deliverance from immediate agonies and burdens must alone be their hope, desire, and motives of conduct, something like an excuse offers itself for the barbarity. In the individual case cited by Captain Graah, it is hardly necessary to mention, he had determined mercifully to interfere had it been necessary, and to have carried the sick man to his tent.

ART. III.—*Country Stories.* By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Authoress of *Our Village*, *Belford Regis*, *Rienzi*, &c. London : Saunders and Otley. 1837.

HERE is another volume from the agreeable pen of a highly talented authoress, on the apparently inexhaustible subject of the sayings and doings of the good folks of Belford and its vicinity. To ordinary minds, the society of a country town, and the little incidents that vary their monotonous existence, present nothing but a weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable picture, a level surface of dullness, a wide vacuity, a collection of nothingness, that is apt to make them yawn. Haberdashers, butchers, bakers, lodging-house keepers, &c. are not people of much importance in their eyes, nor can they find any thing to stimulate their fancies in the “short and simple annals of the poor.” But it is otherwise with the being whom nature has endowed with the divine gift of imagination, accompanied with a heart of expansive benevolence. To the eyes of genius, the ways of the most apparently insignificant link in the chain of humanity, presents some matter for curious contemplation: the flowers, the trees, the hills, the streams, every capricious conformation of nature, or art, speak a language to them which they alone can interpret. Their’s is the magical power—

“Which out of all the lovely things we see,
Extracts emotions, beautiful as new.”

Such is the power possessed by Miss Mitford—the most trifling incidents, the most unpromising characters, and the most intractable localities, after passing through the crucible of her imagination and receiving the impress of her gifted mind, assume a freshness of colouring and a gracefulness of shape, that at once fixes our attention. The most commonplace occurrences are wrought into a mosaic work, which strikes us as novel and delightful. What a large debt of gratitude do the good people of Belford owe her, for concentrating her talents upon themselves and their habitations. With what satisfaction must those heroes, parish officers, beadies, paupers, butchers, bakers, &c. contemplate themselves in the

mirror of her clear and polished style. How they must exult in the idea that their eccentricities are regularly chronicled, and dished up for the amusement of their betters. How consoling to reflect that they are secure from the fate that befell the great men who lived before Agamemnon, whose deeds perished with them, for want of a poet to record them. As far as regards the general diffusion of fame, these worthies are in a better condition than many a mailed knight, or errand courtier. Every thing around them is turned to some account, while they themselves, the real Simons Pure, are either portrayed for our admiration, or caricatured for our amusement.

But to come more directly to the point of the characters of the work before us; it is a volume *made up* of sketches and stories connected with Belford Regis, of the most simple description. The material is of the very highest class, and receives its importance from the airiness and gracefulness of the language in which it is conveyed. The effect produced by the pictures being entirely owing to a number of small strokes delicately and dexterously conjoined, it is very difficult to give an exact idea of it, without laying it before the reader exactly as it stands in the original.

The volume opens with an agreeable little sketch called Country lodgings.

The notification of apartments to be let in a pleasant country village, forty miles from London, which so often graces the pages of the morning prints, was on this occasion, indicative of the peculiar gratification to be derived from rustivating at Upton Court, a manor house of considerable extent, which had in former times been the residence of a distinguished Catholic family, but which, in the changes of property incident to a fluctuating neighbourhood, had fallen from its high estate, and was degraded into the homestead of a farm so small, that the tenant, a yeoman of the poorest class, was fain to eke out his rent by entering into an agreement with a speculating Belford upholsterer, to letting off part of the old mansion in the shape of furnished lodgings. Then we have the fine situation of this old chateau—raised on a steep archway—a valley in front—woody hills in the distance—in fine the prettiest prospect in all Aberleigh. Nature seemed to have stamped it with all the characteristics of romance—it was destined beyond all question to be the theatre of some interesting catastrophe—love, murder, or suicide. Happily for the nerves of our readers, it was only the first of this category. It was love, deep passionate love, most unromantically gliding along in a smooth course to matrimony. This is a fault in our authoress. She is not melo-dramatic enough for our taste: to be *en regle*, she should interweave a greater number of *tendres embarras*, or delicate distresses to exercise our sympathies and clear our lachrimatory ducts; but however, such was Upton Court, nor was it long untenanted by dramatis personæ, correspond-

ing in every particular with the romantic qualities of the place: Imprimis, a blooming young widow, only just eighteen, not one of your mute, pensive, interesting fair-haired beauties, tall, pale, and slender, but (listen, reader, and still the beatings of thy heart, if thou canst), but a Hebe, an Euphrosyne, a round, rosy, joyous creature, the very impersonation of youth, health, sweetness, and gaiety; laughter flashing from her hazel eyes, smiles dimpling round her coral lips, and the rich curls of her chesnut hair literally bursting from the comb that attempted to confine them.

By one of those singular coincidences that so frequently befal story-tellers, our fair narrator discovers in this charming heroine, an old acquaintance; hence delightful drives, fascinating conversations, and interesting horticultural disquisitions: for the fair widow "was busy as a bee, sportive as a butterfly—passed the greatest part of her time in the open air, and had actually undertaken the operation of restoring the old garden of the court, a coppice of brambles, thistles, and weeds of every description. This lady of the castle was not long without a knight to do homage to such loveliness. Though the days of chivalry are gone, he comes in the shape of a knight-errant of the latest and most approved description, but we shall allow our fair narrator to introduce him.

"Late one evening the fair Helen arrived at our cottage with a face of unwonted gravity. Mrs. Davies (her landlady) had used her very ill. She had taken the west wing in total ignorance of there being other apartments to let at the Court, or she would have secured them. And now a new lodger had arrived, had actually taken possession of two rooms in the centre of the house; and Martha, who had seen him, said he was a young man, and a handsome man—and she herself a young woman unprotected and alone!—It was awkward, very awkward! Was it not very awkward? What was she to do?

"Nothing could be done that night; so far was clear; but we praised her prudence, promised to call at Upton the next day, and if necessary, to speak to this new lodger, who might, after all, be no very formidable person; and quite relieved by the vent which she had given to her scruples, she departed in her usual good spirits.

"Early the next morning she re-appeared. 'She would not have the new lodger disturbed for the world! He was a Pole. One doubtless of those unfortunate exiles. He had told Mrs. Davies that he was a Polish gentleman desirous chiefly of good air, cheapness, and retirement. Beyond a doubt he was one of those unhappy fugitives. He looked grave, and pale, and thoughtful, quite like a hero of romance. Besides, he was the very person who a week before had caught hold of the reins when that little restive pony had taken fright at the baker's cart, and nearly backed Bill and herself into the great gravel-pit on Lanton Common. Bill had entirely lost all command over the pony, and but for the stranger's presence of mind, she did not know what would have become of them. Surely I must remember her telling me the circumstance? Besides, he was unfortunate! He was poor! He was an exile! She would not

be the means of driving him from the asylum which he had chosen for all the world!—No! not for all my geraniums!’ an expression which is by no means the anti-climax that it seems—for in the eyes of a florist, and that florist an enthusiast and a woman, what is this rusty fusty dusty musty bit of earth, called the world, compared to a stand of bright flowers?

“And finding, upon inquiry, that M. Choynowski (so he called himself) had brought a letter of recommendation from a respectable London tradesman, and that there was every appearance of his being, as our fair young friend had conjectured, a foreigner in distress, my father not only agreed that it would be a cruel attempt to drive him from his new home, (a piece of tyranny which, even in this land of freedom, might, I suspect, have been managed in the form of an offer of double rent, by that grand despot, money,) but resolved to offer the few attentions in our poor power, to one whom every look and word proclaimed him to be, in the largest sense of the word, a gentleman.”

This Mr. or rather the Count Choynowski is of course a model of perfection in every department of excellence. The Apollo Belvidere, dressed by Stultz, and performing the Count d’Orsay, that is, “too refined for finery and too full of self respect for affectation.”

Our Apollo and our Hebe fall in love of course—nothing could be more natural—gods and goddesses have been more subject to this amiable weakness than the poor mortals they look down upon—well—what next—the Count had left his broad lands in the hands of the Russian Phillistines, and the fair widow’s jointure was to cease if she married; this was awkward, dying husbands are so impracticable, but let us see the issue—

“Several weeks passed on, when one morning she came to me in the sweetest confusion, the loveliest mixture of bashfulness and joy.

“‘He loves me!’ she said; ‘he has told me that he loves me!’

“‘Well?’

“‘And I have referred him to you. That clause——’

“‘He already knows it.’ And then I told her, word for word, what had passed.

“‘He knows of that clause, and he still wishes to marry me; He loves me for myself; Loves me, knowing me to be a beggar; It is true, pure, disinterested affection!’

“‘Beyond all doubt it is. And if you could live upon true love——

“‘Oh, but where *that* exists, and youth, and health, and strength and education, may we not be well content to try to earn a living *together*’ think of the happiness comprised in that word! I could give lessons;—I am sure that I could. I would teach music, and drawing, and dancing—any thing for him! or we could keep a school here at Upton—anywhere with him?’

“‘And I am to tell him this?’

“‘Not the words?’ replied she, blushing like a rose at her own earnestness; ‘not those words!’

"Of course, it was not very long before M. le Comte made his appearance.

"'God bless her, noble, generous creature!' cried he, when I had fulfilled my commission. 'God for ever bless her!'

"'And you intend, then, to take her at her word, and set up school together?' exclaimed I, a little provoked at his unscrupulous acceptance of the proffered sacrifice. 'You really intend to keep a lady's boarding-school here at the Court?'

"'I intend to take her at her word, most certainly,' replied he, very composedly; 'but I should like to know, my good friend, what has put it into her head, and into yours, that if Helen marries me she must needs earn her own living? Suppose I should tell you,' continued he, smiling, 'that my father, one of the richest of the Polish nobility, was a favourite friend of the Emperor Alexander; that the Emperor Nicholas continued to me the kindness which his brother had shown to my father, and that I thought, as he had done, (gratitude and personal attachment apart,) that I could better serve my country and more effectually ameliorate the condition of my tenants and vassals, by submitting to the Russian government, than by a hopeless struggle for national independence? Suppose that I were to confess, that chancing in the course of a three-years' travel to walk through this pretty village of yours, I saw Helen, and could not rest until I had seen more of her;—supposing all this, would you pardon the deception, or rather the allowing you to deceive yourselves? Oh, if you could but imagine how delightful it is to a man, upon whom the humbling conviction has been forced, that his society is courted and his alliance sought for the accidents of rank and fortune, to feel that he is, for once in his life, honestly liked, fervently loved for himself, such as he is, his own very self,—if you could but fancy how proud he is of such friendship, how happy in such love, you would pardon him, I am sure you would; you would never have the heart to be angry. And now that the Imperial consent to a foreign union—the gracious consent for which I so anxiously waited to authorize my proposals—has at length arrived, do you think, added the Count, with some seriousness, that there is any chance of reconciling this dear Helen to my august master? or will she still continue a rebel?'

The question is soon answered in the right way, so leaving priest and prayer book ready, we shall say no more of love or of the lady.

The next sketch in the series worth noticing is Jesse Cliffe. Jesse was a parish child, born in the workhouse, the offspring of a half-witted orphan girl and a sturdy vagrant, partly tinker, partly ballad singer, who took good care to make his escape before the halting constable could give him an invitation to accompany him before a magistrate. Justice lost its victim, and the abandoned girl lost her spirits and ultimately her life. Born and reared in the workhouse, Jesse soon began to evince symptoms of the peculiarities of both his parents. Half-witted like his mother—wild and roving like his father—it was found impossible to check his propensity to

the out-of-door life. He had run away and absconded so often, that there was something quite wonderful in his being sent back to whence he came. If any body cared for him, he would undoubtedly have been lost; but as nobody did care, he was sure to turn up like a bad guinea, and the overseers were reluctantly obliged to make the best of their bargain. They bound him to a cattle-dealer, to suit his roving humour. Jesse gave him the slip, and became a denizen of the woods; living upon their production and pursuing the gentle craft of hare-finding and bush-beating for sportsmen, besides sundry other ingenious and innocent avocations. His hare-finding accomplishments bring him to the notice of John Cobham. Now

"John Cobham was a fair specimen of an English yeoman of the old school—honest, generous, brave, and kind; but in an equal degree, ignorant, obstinate and prejudiced. His first impression respecting Jesse had been one of strong dislike, fostered and cherished by the old labourer Daniel Thorpe, who, accustomed for twenty years to reign sole sovereign of that unpeopled territory, was as much startled at the sight of Jesse's wild, ragged figure, and sunburnt face, as Robinson Crusoe when he first spied the track of a human foot upon his desert island. It was natural that old Daniel should feel his monarchy, or, more correctly speaking, his vice-royalty, invaded and endangered; and at least equally natural that he should communicate his alarm to his master, who sallied forth one November morning to the Moors, fully prepared to drive the intruder from his grounds, and resolved, if necessary, to lodge him in the County Bridewell before night."

But John was put into good humour by the opportune discovery of a hare, and relented in his ire. He had a charming little granddaughter, who according to our story-teller might pass for one of Raphael's angels, for she was

"Delicate in all that the word conveys of beauty—delicate as the Virgins of Guido, or the Angels of Correggio, as the valley lily or the maiden rose—was at eight years old, the little charmer, Phoebe Cobham. But it was a delicacy so blended with activity and power, so light and airy, and buoyant and spirited, that the admiration which it awakened was wholly unmingled with fear. Fair, blooming, polished, and pure, her complexion had at once the colouring and the texture of a flower-leaf; and her regular and lovely features—the red smiling lips, the clear blue eyes, the curling golden hair, and the round yet slender figure—formed a most rare combination of childish beauty. The expression, too, at once gentle and lively, the sweet and joyous temper, the quick intellect, and the affectionate heart, rendered little Phoebe one of the most attractive children that the imagination can picture. Her grandfather idolised her; taking her with him in his walks, never weary of carrying her when her own little feet were tired—and it was wonderful how many miles those tiny feet, aided by the gay and buoyant spirit, would compass in the course of the day; and so bent upon keeping her constantly with him, and constantly in the open air, (which he justly considered the best means

of warding off the approach of that disease which had proved so fatal to his family,) that he even had a pad constructed, and took her out before him on horseback.

"A strange contrast formed the old farmer, so gruff and bluff-looking—with his stout square figure, his weather-beaten face, short grey hair, and dark bushy eyebrows—to the slight and graceful child, her aristocratic beauty set off by exactly the same style of paraphernalia that had adorned the young Lady Janes and Lady Marys, Mrs. Dorothy's former charge, and her habitual grace of demeanour adding fresh elegance to the most studied elegancies of the toilet! A strange contrast!—but one which seemed as nothing compared with that which was soon to follow: for Phœbe, happening to be with her grandfather and her great friend and playmate Venus, a jet-black greyhound of the very highest breed, whose fine limbed and shining beauty was almost as elegant and aristocratic as that of Phœbe herself;—the little damsel, happening to be with her grandfather when, instigated by Daniel Thorpe's grumbling accusation of broken fences and I know not what, he was a second time upon the point of warning poor Jesse off the ground—was so moved by the culprit's tattered attire and helpless condition, as he stood twirling between his lean fingers, the remains of what had once been a hat, that she interceded most warmly in his behalf."

These were the first words of kindness Jesse ever heard, and they sunk into his bosom; his gratitude displayed itself in a thousand ways; the feelings of affectionate reverence of devoted service and submission, resembled those entertained by the satyr towards the holy shepherdess in Fletcher's exquisite drama. Phœbe loved flowers, and the blossoms of the meadow and the coppice were laid under contribution for her posies, insects, birds, squirrels, dormice, &c., were sought out and presented to his benefactress.

John Cobham had given his promise that Jesse might stay on the moors until he committed some offence, feeling confident that would be but a very brief space, and Jesse is detected taking a leveret from a wire, and forthwith consigned to the county goal, in spite of the intercessions of Miss Phœbe, for whom the leveret was designed. But a fire breaks out most opportunely in John Cobham's house. Jesse saves Phœbe from the flames, and her father too, and thus acquires a claim to the old man's protection. He is domesticated at the hall, evinces a wonderful taste for gardening, solely from his desire to please Miss Phœbe, and finally enters the service of a London nurseryman, to whom he is recommended by a baronet's gardener.

The sequel is as much—in two years he becomes foreman of the flower department—in two more, chief manager of the garden, and then partner. He returns to see his friends in the country. As he approaches, he is recognised by the dogs, and then by his mistress.

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"It must be Jesse Cliffe!" said Phoebe, in a tone which wavered between exclamation and interrogatory.

"It can be none other," responded her grandfather. "I'd trust Venus beyond all the world in the matter of recognising an old friend, and we all know that except her old master and her young mistress, she never cared a straw for anybody but Jesse. It must be Jesse Cliffe, though to be sure he's so altered that how the bitch could find him out, is beyond my comprehension. 'It's remarkable,' continued he in an under tone, walking away with Jesse from the Belford party, 'that we five (counting Venus and old Daniel) should meet just on this very spot—isn't it? It looks as if we were to come together. And if you have a fancy for Phoebe, as your friend Sir Robert says you have, and if Phoebe retains her old fancy for you, (as I partly believe may be the case,) why my consent sha'n't be wanting. Don't keep squeezing my hand, man, but go and find out what she thinks of the matter."

"Five minutes after this conversation Jesse and Phoebe were walking together towards the house: what he said we have no business to inquire, but if blushes may be trusted, of a certainty the little damsel did not answer 'No.'"

Mr. Joseph Hanson, the puffing haberdasher, is a spirited sketch in another view; it is easy and clever, and rather witty withal, though Miss Mitford's wit is of that kind which may be called "feminine." It may be compared to the expression of a lady's approbation, as described by the poet.

"A gentle sort of feminine delight,
Shown more in the *eye lids* than the eyes."

A gentle, piquant, delicate, unstained humour, our haberdasher had succeeded two predecessors, each of whom had failed after their probationary six months. The one on the principle of puffs and cheapness, and the other on respectability and high prices. The new comer was confident in the possession of superior attainments.

"Mr. Joseph Hanson and Mr. Thomas Long were a pair admirably suited to the concern, and to one another. Each possessed pre-eminently the various requisites and qualifications in which the other happened to be deficient. Tall, slender, elderly, with a fine bald head, a mild countenance, a most insinuating address, and a general air of faded gentility, Mr. Thomas Long was exactly the foreman to give respectability to his employer; whilst bold, fluent, rapid, loud, dashing in aspect and manner, with a great fund of animal spirits, and a prodigious stock of assurance and conceit, respectability was, to say the truth, the precise qualification which Mr. Joseph Hanson most needed.

"Then the good town of Belford being divided, like most other country towns, into two prevailing factions, theological and political, the worthies whom I am attempting to describe prudently endeavoured to catch all parties by embracing different sides; Mr. Joseph Hanson being a tory and high-churchman of the very first water, who showed his loyalty according to the most approved faction, by abusing his Majesty's ministers as revolutionary, thwarting the town-council, getting tipsy at conservative

dinners, and riding twenty miles to attend an eminent preacher who wielded in a neighbouring county all the thunders of orthodoxy; whilst the soft-spoken Mr. Thomas Long was a Dissenter and a radical, who proved his allegiance to the House of Brunswick (for both claimed to be amongst the best wishers to the present dynasty and the reigning sovereign) by denouncing the government as weak and aristocratic, advocating the abolition of the peerage, getting up an operative reform club, and going to chapel three times every Sunday.

"These measures succeeded so well, that the allotted six months (the general period of failure in that concern) elapsed, and still found Mr. Joseph Hanson as flourishing as ever in manner, and apparently flourishing in trade; they stood him, too, in no small stead, in a matter which promised to be still more conducive to his prosperity than buying and selling feminine gear—in the grand matter (for Joseph jocosely professed to be a forlorn bachelor upon the look-out for a wife) of a wealthy marriage.

"One of the most thrifty and thriving tradesmen in the town of Belford, was old John Parsons, the tinman. His spacious shop, crowded with its glittering and rattling commodities, pots, pans, kettles, meat-covers, in a word, the whole *batterie de cuisine*, was situate in the narrow, inconvenient lane called Oriel Street, which I have already done myself the honour of introducing to the courteous reader, standing betwixt a great chemist on one side, his windows filled with coloured jars, red, blue, and green, looking like painted glass, or like the fruit made of gems in Aladdin's garden, (I am as much taken myself with those jars in a chemist's window as ever was Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond), and an eminent china warehouse on the other; our tinman having the honour to be next-door neighbour to no less a lady than Mrs. Philadelphia Tyler. Many a thriving tradesman might be found in Oriel Street, and many a blooming damsel amongst the tradesmen's daughters; but if the town gossip might be believed, the richest of all the rich shopkeepers was old John Parsons, and the prettiest girl (even without reference to her father's money-bags) was his fair daughter Harriet.

"John Parsons was one of those loud, violent, blustering, boisterous personages who always put me in mind of the description so often appended to characters of that sort in the *dramatis personæ* of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, where one constantly meets with Ernulpho or Bertoldo, or some such Italianised appellation, 'an old angry gentleman.' The 'old angry gentleman' of the fine old dramatists generally keeps the promise of the play-bill. He storms and rails during the whole five acts, scolding those the most whom he loves the best, making all around him uncomfortable, and yet meaning fully to do right, and firmly convinced that he is himself the injured party; and after quarrelling with cause or without to the end of the comedy, makes friends all round at the conclusion;—a sort of person whose good intentions everybody appreciates, but from whose violence everybody that can is sure to get away.

"Now such men are just as common in the real workaday world as in the old drama; and precisely such a man was John Parsons."

But the fair Harriet was the reverse of her papa, gentle, timid, shrinking, and by no means disposed to admire the dashing impu-

dence of the haberdasher, though her father was his advocate, caught by the following *ruse*—

“Amongst the reforms carried into effect by the town-council, whereof John Parsons was a leading member, was the establishment of an efficient new police to replace the incapable old watchmen, who had hitherto been the sole guardians of life and property in our ancient borough. As far as the principle went, the liberal party were united and triumphant. They split, as liberals are apt to split, upon the rock of detail. It so happened that a turnpike, belonging to one of the roads leading into Belford, had been removed, by order of the commissioners, half a mile farther from the town;—half a mile indeed beyond the town boundary; and although there were only three houses, one a beer-shop, and the two others small tenements inhabited by labouring people, between the site of the old turnpike at the end of Prince’s Street, and that of the new, at the King’s Head Pond, our friend the tinman, who was nothing if not crotchetty, insisted with so much pertinacity upon the perambulation of the blue-coated officials appointed for that beat, being extended along the highway for the distance aforesaid, that the whole council were set together by the ears, and the measure had very nearly gone by the board in consequence. The imminence of the peril saved them. The danger of reinstating the ancient Dogberrys of the watch, and still worse, of giving a triumph to the tories, brought the reformers to their senses—all except the man of tin, who, becoming only the more confirmed in his own opinion as ally after ally fell off from him, persisted in dividing the council six different times, and had the gratification of finding himself on each of the three last divisions, in a minority of one. He was about to bring forward the question upon a seventh occasion, when a hint as to the propriety in such case of moving a vote of censure against him for wasting the time of the board, caused him to secede from the council in a fury, and to quarrel with the whole municipal body, from the mayor downward.

“Now the mayor, a respectable and intelligent attorney, heretofore John Parsons’ most intimate friend, happened to have been brought publicly and privately into collision with Mr. Joseph Hanson, who, delighted to find an occasion on which he might at once indulge his aversion to the civic dignitary, and promote the interest of his love-suit, was not content with denouncing the corporation *de vive voix*, but wrote three grandiloquent letters to the Belford Courant, in which he demonstrated that the welfare of the borough, and the safety of the constitution, depended upon the police parading regularly, by day and by night, along the high road to the King’s Head Pond, and that none but a pettifogging chief magistrate, and an incapable town-council, corrupt tools of a corrupt administration, could have had the gratuitous audacity to cause the policeman to turn at the top of Prince’s Street, thereby leaving the persons and property of his majesty’s liege subjects unprotected and uncared for. He enlarged upon the fact of the tenements in question being occupied by agricultural labourers, a class over whom, as he observed, the demagogues now in power delighted to tyrannise; and concluded his flourishing appeal to the conservatives of the borough, the county, and the

empire at large, by a threat of getting up a petition against the council and bringing the whole affair before the two Houses of Parliament."

Such was the effect of this bold stroke, that Hanson actually purchased a licence, when the mayor of Belford drops in upon the tinman to say that his intended son-in-law would be arrested before his marriage.

" 'I'll bail him,' said John Parsons, stoutly.

" 'He is not worth a farthing,' quoth the chief magistrate.

" 'I shall give him ten thousand pounds with my daughter,' answered the man of pots and kettles.

" 'I doubt if ten thousand pounds will pay his just debts,' rejoined the mayor.

" 'Then I'll give him twenty,' responded the tinman.

" 'He has failed in five different places within the last five years,' persisted the pertinacious adviser; 'has run away from his creditors, Heaven knows how often; has taken the benefit of the Act time after time! You would not give your own sweet Harriet, the best and prettiest girl in the county, to an adventurer, the history of whose life is to be found in the Gazette and the Insolvent Court, and who is a high churchman and a tory to boot. Surely you would not fling away your daughter and your honest earnings upon a man of notorious bad character, with whom you have not an opinion or a prejudice in common? Just think what the other party will say!'

" 'I'll tell you what, Mr. Mallet or Mr. Mayor, if you prefer the sound of your new dignity,' broke out John Parsons, in a fury, 'I shall do what I like with my money and my daughter, without consulting you, or caring what anybody may chance to say, whether whig or tory. For my part, I think there's little to choose between them. One side's as bad as the other. Tyrants in office and patriots out. If Hanson is a conservative and a churchman, his foreman is a radical and a dissenter; and they neither of them pretend to dictate to their betters, which is more than I can say of some who call themselves reformers. Once for all, I tell you that he shall marry my Harriet, and that your nephew sha'n't: so now you may arrest him as soon as you like. I'm not to be managed here, however you and your tools may carry matters at the Town Hall. An Englishman's house is his castle.'"

The bride and bridegroom, in all the gloss of bridal finery, are on their way to church.

" 'Stop!' cried the mayor.

" 'What for?' inquired John Parsons. 'If it's a debt, I've already told you that I'll be his bail.'

" 'It is a debt,' responded the chief magistrate; 'and one that luckily he must pay, and not you. Three years ago he married this lady at Liverpool. We have the certificate and all the documents.'

" 'Yes, sir,' added the injured fair one; 'and I find that he has another wife in Dublin, and a third at Manchester. I have heard, too, that he ran away with a young lady to Scotland; but that don't count, as he was under age.'

" 'Four wives!' ejaculated John Parsons, in a transport of astonishment and indignation. 'Why the man is an absolute great Turk! But the thing's impossible. Come and answer for yourself, Joseph Hanson.'

" And the tinman turned to look for his intended son-in-law; but frightened at the sight of the fair claimant of his hand and person, the bride-groom had absconded, and John Parsons and the mayor had nothing for it but to rejoin the pretty Harriet, smiling through her tears as she sate with her bride-maiden in the coach at the churchyard-gate.

" 'Well; it's a great escape; and we're for ever obliged to you, Mr. Mayor. Don't cry any more, Harriet. If Frederick was but here, why, in spite of the policeman—but a week hence will do as well; and I am beginning to be of Harriet's mind, that even if he had not had three or four wives, we should be well off to be fairly rid of Mr. Joseph Hanson, the puffing haberdasher.'"

Honor o'Callaghan is the history of a young Irish girl, left by her father at a London boarding school, while he wings his flight across the Atlantic to escape the uncereemonious visits of sheriff's officers. The abandoned girl grows up an eccentric, and a heroine, from the very circumstances of her position, a lonely, brooding, musing, melancholy being. Some said she would be a poetess, others declared she must be deeply in love, while she, herself, fancied that something very romantic indeed would serve as a denouement to her sad story. She is at length taken from school, and brought to Ireland. Thirty years afterwards she re-appears as the widow Dobbs, a coarse, fat, and rather vulgar mother of two fair girls, to the no small disappointment of the lovers of the romantic.

But perhaps the little paper of "The lost Dahlia," may serve to give our readers the justest idea of the peculiar talent of our authoress, of saying a vast deal of prettinesses upon any given subject: as it will not bear mutilation, we shall transfer it at full length to our pages.

"If to have 'had losses' be, as affirmed by Dogberry in one of Shakespeare's most charming plays, and corroborated by Sir Walter Scott in one of his most charming romances—(those two names do well in juxtaposition, the great Englishman! the great Scotsman!)—If to have 'had losses' be a main proof of credit and respectability, then am I one of the most responsible persons in the whole county of Berks. To say nothing of the graver matters which figure in a banker's book, and make, in these days of pounds, shillings, and pence, so large a part of the domestic tragedy of life—putting wholly aside all the grander transitions of property in house and land, of money on mortgage, and money in the funds—(and yet I might put in my claim to no trifling amount of ill luck in that way also, if I had a mind to try my hand at a dismal story)—counting for nought all weightier grievances, there is not a lady within twenty miles who can produce so large a list of small losses as my unfortunate self.

"From a day when, a tiny damsel of some four years old, I first had a pocket-handkerchief to lose, down to this very night—I will not say how

many years after—when, as I have just discovered, I have most certainly lost from my pocket the new cambric kerchief which I deposited therein a little before dinner, scarcely a week has passed without some part of my goods and chattels being returned missing. Gloves, muffs, parasols, reticules, have each of them a provoking knack of falling from my hands; bones glide from my neck, rings slip from my fingers, the bow has vanished from my cap, the veil from my bonnet, the sandal from my foot, the brooch from my collar, and the collar from my brooch. The trinket which I liked best, a jewelled pin, the first gift of a dear friend, (luckily the friendship is not necessarily appended to the token,) dropped from my shawl in the midst of the high road; and of shawls themselves, there is no end to the loss. The two prettiest that ever I had in my life, one a splendid specimen of Glasgow manufacture—a scarlet hardly to be distinguished from Cashmere—the other a lighter and cheaper fabric, white in the centre, with a delicate sprig, and a border harmoniously compounded of the deepest blue, the brightest orange, and the richest brown, disappeared in two successive summers and winters, in the very bloom of their novelty, from the folds of the phaeton, in which they had been deposited for safety—fairly blown overboard! If I left things about, they were lost. If I put them away, they were lost. They were lost in the drawers—they were lost out. And if for a miracle I had them safe under lock and key, why, then, I lost my keys! I was certainly the most unlucky person under the sun. If there was nothing else to lose, I was fain to lose myself—I mean my way; bewildered in those Aberleigh lanes of ours, or in the woodland recesses of the Penge, as if haunted by that fairy, Robin Goodfellow, who led *Hermia* and *Helena* such a dance in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Alas! that there should be no Fairies now-a-days, or rather no true believers in Fairies, to help us to bear the burthen of our own mortal carelessness.

“It was not quite all carelessness, though! Some ill luck did mingle with a great deal of mismanagement, as the ‘one poor hap’orth of bread’ with the huge gallon of sack in the bill of which *Poins* picked *Falstaff’s* pocket when he was asleep behind the arras. Things belonging to me, or things that I cared for, did contrive to get lost, without my having any hand in the matter. For instance, if out of the variety of ‘talking birds,’ starlings, jackdaws, and magpies, which my father delights to entertain, any one particularly diverting or accomplished, more than usually coaxing and mischievous, happened to attract my attention, and to pay me the compliment of following at my heels, or perching upon my shoulder, the gentleman was sure to hop off. My favourite mare, *Pearl*, the pretty docile creature which draws my little phaeton, has such a talent for leaping, that she is no sooner turned out in either of our meadows, than she disappears. And *Dash* himself, paragon of spaniels, pet of pets, beauty of beauties, has only one shade of imperfection—would be thoroughly faultless, if it were not for a slight tendency to run away. He is regularly lost four or five times every winter, and has been oftener cried through the streets of *Belford*, and advertised in the county newspapers, than comports with a dog of his dignity. Now, these mischances clearly belong to that class of accidents commonly called casualties, and are quite unconnected with any infirmity of temperament on my part. I cannot help *Pearl’s* proficiency in jumping, nor *Dash’s* propensity to wander through the country; neither

had I any hand in the loss which has given its title to this paper, and which, after so much previous dallying, I am at length about to narrate.

"The autumn before last, that is to say, above a year ago, the boast and glory of my little garden was a dahlia called the *Phœbus*. How it came there, nobody very distinctly knew, nor where it came from, nor how we came by it, nor how it came by its own most appropriate name. Neither the lad who tends our flowers, nor my father, the person chiefly concerned in procuring them, nor I myself, who more even than my father or John take delight and pride in their beauty, could recollect who gave us this most splendid plant, or who first instructed us as to the style and title by which it was known. Certes never was blossom fittier named. Regular as the sun's face in an almanack, it had a tint of golden scarlet, of ruddy yellow, which realised Shakspeare's gorgeous expression of 'flame-coloured.' The sky at sunset sometimes puts on such a hue, or a fire at Christmas when it burns red as well as bright. The blossom was dazzling to look upon. It seemed as if there were light in the leaves, like that coloured-lamp of a flower, the Oriental Poppy. *Phœbus* was not too glorious a name for that dahlia. The Golden-haired Apollo might be proud of such an emblem. It was worthy of the god of day; a very *Phœnix* of floral beauty.

"Every dahlia fancier who came into our garden or who had an opportunity of seeing a bloom elsewhere; and, sooth to say, we were rather ostentatious in our display; John put it into stands, and jars, and baskets, and dishes; Dick stuck it into Dash's collar, his own button-hole, and Pearl's bridle; my father presented it to such lady visiters as he delighted to honour; and I, who have the habit of dangling a flower, generally a sweet one, caught myself more than once rejecting the spicy clove and the starry jessamine, the blossomed myrtle and the tuberose, my old fragrant favorites, for this scentless (but triumphant) beauty; everybody who beheld the *Phœbus* begged for a plant or a cutting; and we, generous in our ostentation, willing to redeem the vice by the virtue, promised as many plants and cuttings as we could reasonably imagine the root might be made to produce—perhaps rather more; and half the dahlia growers round rejoiced over the glories of the gorgeous flower, and speculated, as the wont is now, upon seedling after seedling to the twentieth generation.

"Alas for the vanity of human expectations! February came, the twenty-second of February, the very St. Valentine of dahlias, when the roots which have been buried in the ground during the winter are disinterred, and placed in a hotbed to put forth their first shoots previous to the grand operations of potting and dividing them. Of course the first object of search in the choicest corner of the nicely labelled hoard, was the *Phœbus*; but no *Phœbus* was forthcoming; root and label had vanished bodily! There was, to be sure, a dahlia without a label, which we would gladly have transformed into the missing treasure; but as we speedily discovered a label without a dahlia, it was but too obvious that they belonged to each other. Until last year we might have had plenty of the consolation which results from such divorces of the name from the thing; for our labels, sometimes written upon parchment, sometimes upon leather, sometimes upon wood, as each material happened to be recommended by gardening authorities, and fastened on with pack-thread, or whip-cord, or silk twist,

had generally parted company from the roots, and frequently become utterly illegible, producing a state of confusion which most undoubtedly we never expected to regret: but this year we had followed the one perfect system of labels of unglazed china, highly varnished after writing on them, and fastened on by wire; and it had answered so completely, that one, and one only, had broken from its moorings. No hope could be gathered from that quarter. The Phœbus was gone. So much was clear; and our loss being fully ascertained, we all began, as the custom is, to divert our grief and exercise our ingenuity by different guesses as to the fate of the vanished treasure.

"My father, although certain that he had written the label, and wired the root, had his misgivings about the place in which it had been deposited, and half suspected that it had slipped in amongst a basket which we had sent as a present to Ireland; I myself, judging from a similar accident which had once happened to a choice hyacinth bulb, partly thought that one or other of us might have put it for care and safety in some such very snug corner, that it would be six months or more before it turned up; John, impressed with a high notion of the money-value of the property, and estimating it something as a keeper of the regalia might estimate the most precious of the crown jewels, boldly affirmed that it was stolen; and Dick, who had just had a *démêlé* with the cook, upon the score of her refusal to dress a beef-steak for a sick greyhound, asserted, between jest and earnest, that that hard-hearted official had either ignorantly or maliciously boiled the root for a Jerusalem artichoke, and that we, who stood lamenting over our regretted Phœbus, had actually eaten it, dished up with white sauce. John turned pale at the thought. The beautiful story of the Falcon, in Boccaccio, which the young knight killed to regale his mistress, or the still more tragical history of Couci, who minced his rival's heart, and served it up to his wife, could not have affected him more deeply. We grieved over our lost dahlia, as if it had been a thing of life.

"Grieving, however, would not repair our loss; and we determined, as the only chance of becoming again possessed of this beautiful flower, to visit, as soon as the dahlia season began, all the celebrated collections in the neighbourhood, especially all those from which there was any chance of our having procured the root which had so mysteriously vanished.

"Early in September, I set forth on my voyage of discovery—my voyages, I ought to say; for every day I and my pony-phaeton made our way to whatever garden within our reach bore a sufficiently high character to be suspected of harbouring the good Dahlia Phœbus.

"Monday we called at Lady A.'s; Tuesday at General B.'s; Wednesday at Sir John C.'s; Thursday at Mrs. D.'s; Friday at Lord E.'s; and Saturday at Mr. F.'s. We might as well have staid at home; not a Phœbus had they, or anything like one.

"We then visited the nurseries, from Brown's, at Slough, a princely establishment, worthy of its regal neighbourhood, to the pretty rural gardens at South Warnborough, not forgetting our own most intelligent and obliging nurseryman, Mr. Sutton of Reading—(Belford Regis, I mean)—whose collection of flowers of all sorts is amongst the most choice and select that I have ever known. Hundreds of magnificent blossoms did we see in our progress, but not the blossom we wanted.

"There was no lack, heaven knows, of dahlias of the desired colour. Besides a score of 'Orange Perfections,' bearing the names of their respective growers, we were introduced to four Princes of Orange, three Kings of Holland, two Williams the Third, and one Lord Roden. We were even shown a bloom called the Phœbus, about as like to our Phœbus 'as I to Hercules.' But the true Phœbus, 'the real Simon Pure,' was as far to seek as ever.

"Learnedly did I descant with the learned in dahlias over the merits of my lost beauty. 'It was a cupped flower, Mr. Sutton,' quoth I, to my agreeable and sympathising listener; (gardeners *are* a most cultivated and gentlemanly race;) 'a cupped dahlia, of the genuine metropolitan shape; large as the Criterion, regular as the Springfield Rival, perfect as Dodd's Mary, with a long bloom stalk like those good old flowers, the Countess of Liverpool and the Widnall's Perfection. And such a free blower, and so true! I am quite sure that there is not so good a dahlia this year. I prefer it to Corinne, over and over.' And Mr. Sutton assented and consoled, and I was as near to being comforted as anybody could be, who had lost such a flower as the Phœbus.

"After so many vain researches, most persons would have abandoned the pursuit in despair. But despair is not in my nature. I have a comfortable share of the quality which the possessor is wont to call perseverance—whilst the uncivil world is apt to designate it by the name of obstinacy—and do not easily give in. Then the chase, however fruitless, led, like other chases, into beautiful scenery, and formed an excuse for my visiting or revisiting many of the prettiest places in the county.

"Two of the most remarkable spots in the neighbourhood are, as it happens, famous for their collections of dahlias—Strathfield-saye, the seat of the Duke of Wellington, and the ruins of Reading Abbey.

"Nothing can well be prettier than the drive to Strathfield-saye, passing, as we do, through a great part of Heckfield Heath, a tract of wild woodland, a forest, or rather a chase, full of fine sylvan beauty—thickets of fern and holly, and hawthorn and birch, surmounted by oaks and beeches, and interspersed with lawny glades and deep pools, letting light into the picture. Nothing can be prettier than the approach to the duke's lodge. And the entrance to the demesne, through a deep dell dark with magnificent firs, from which we emerge into a finely wooded park of the richest verdure, is also striking and impressive. But the distinctive feature of the place (for the mansion, merely a comfortable and convenient nobleman's house, hardly responds to the fame of its owner) is the grand avenue of noble elms, three quarters of a mile long, which leads to the front door. It is difficult to imagine anything which more completely realises the poetical fancy, that the pillars and arches of a Gothic cathedral were borrowed from the interlacing of the branches of trees planted at stated intervals, than this avenue, in which Nature has so completely succeeded in outrivalling her hand-maiden Art, that not a single trunk, hardly even a bough or a twig, appears to mar the grand regularity of the design as a piece of perspective. No cathedral aisle was ever more perfect; and the effect, under every variety of aspect, the magical light and shadow of the cold white moonshine, the cool green light of a cloudy day, and the glancing sunbeams which pierce through the leafy umbrage in the bright summer noon, are such as no words

can convey. Separately considered, each tree (and the north of Hampshire is celebrated for the size and shape of its elms) is a model of stately growth, and they are now just at perfection, probably about a hundred and thirty years old. There is scarcely perhaps in the kingdom such another avenue.

"On one side of this noble approach is the garden, where, under the care of the skilful and excellent gardener, Mr. Cooper, so many magnificent dahlias are raised, but where, alas! the Phœbus was not; and between that and the mansion is the sunny, shady paddock, with its rich pasture and its roomy stable, where, for so many years, Copenhagen, the charger who carried the Duke at Waterloo, formed so great an object of attraction to the visitors of Strathfield-says. Then came the house itself, and then I returned home.

"Well! this was one beautiful and fruitless drive. The ruins of Reading Abbey formed another as fruitless, and still more beautiful.

"Whether in the 'palmy state' of the faith of Rome, the pillared aisles of the Abbey church might have vied in grandeur with the avenue at Strathfield-saye, I can hardly say; but certainly, as they stand, the venerable arched gateway, the rock-like masses of wall, the crumbling cloisters, and the exquisite finish of the surbases of the columns and other fragments, fresh as if chiselled yesterday, which are re-appearing in the excavations now making, there is an interest which leaves the grandeur of life, palaces and their pageantry, parks and their adornments, all grandeur except the indestructible grandeur of nature, at an immeasurable distance. The place was a history. Centuries passed before us as we thought of the magnificent monastery, the third in size and splendour in England, with its area of thirty acres between the walls—and gazed upon it now!

"And yet, even now, how beautiful! Trees of every growth mingling with those grey ruins, creepers wreathing their fantastic garlands around the mouldering arches, gorgeous flowers flourishing in the midst of that decay! I almost forgot my search for the dear Phœbus, as I rambled with my friend Mr. Malone, the gardener, a man who would in any station be remarkable for acuteness and acquirement, amongst the angust remains of the venerable abbey, with the history of which he was as conversant as with his own immediate profession. There was no speaking of smaller objects in the presence of the mighty past!

"Gradually chilled by so much unsuccess, the ardour of my pursuit began to abate. I began to admit the merits of other dahlias of divers colours, and actually caught myself committing the inconstancy of considering which of the four Princes of Orange I should bespeak for next year. Time, in short, was beginning to play his part as the great comforter of human afflictions, and the poor Phœbus seemed as likely to be forgotten as a last year's bonnet, or a last week's newspaper—when, happening to walk with my father to look at a field of his, a pretty bit of upland pasture about a mile off, I was struck, in one corner where the manure for dressing had been deposited, and a heap of earth and dung still remained, to be spread, I suppose, next spring, with some tall plant surmounted with bright flowers. Could it be?—was it possible?—did my eyes play me false?—No; there it was, upon a dunghill—the object of all my researches and lamentations, the identical Phœbus! the lost dahlia!"

ART. IV.—*The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.*
6 vols. 8vo. 1830-6. London: Murray.

OUR attention has been called to the subject indicated by the running title of the present article, by certain papers which have appeared in the above-mentioned publication, and especially by the death of Mr. Davidson, the celebrated traveller, another victim to the thirst for making discoveries in Africa, whose fate, although from its recent occurrence it could not have been noticed in these volumes, was ascertained by the "*Royal Geographical Society*" in March last. One thing, which on first thoughts may be considered as incredible, but which has heretofore been surmised and maintained by certain writers and travellers, seems by some communications in the *Journal* to be fully proved—viz. that the negroes in the interior of Africa are greatly in advance, in point of civilization, of those on the coast. John Lewis Burckhardt, who died in 1817, and who was the last Missionary sent out by the "*African Association*," with the view of extending our knowledge of African geography and of ameliorating the condition of the natives, is one who has in his account of an Arab tribe in Meroe confirmed this fact; and the well-written Arabic despatches from Bello's court, now in the records of the British Foreign Office, may be regarded as still more satisfactory proofs of the accuracy of the statement. The name of Mr. Davidson and his undertaking to make his way to Tombuctoo is so closely associated with that of a companion, Edward Donellan, or rather Abú Bekr, as regards that enterprise, as to have afforded to certain contributors to the volumes before us, extremely important and interesting particulars relative to the interior of the quarter of the globe that now engages our attention.

Every one is aware that unless it was the anxiety which prevailed concerning the source, course, and mouth of the Niger, no geographical problem, in reference to Africa, has created so much excitement as the city of Tombuctoo—its site and condition. Several Societies have been formed in England, which have striven hard, and not without many valuable results, to make, among other things, the interior of Africa familiar to the civilised world. Of these enlightened and philanthropic bodies, the "*African Association*," which has already been mentioned, for many years took the lead. Disheartened at last, however, on account of the failures, and the loss of life which followed their endeavours, they ceased to employ agents and adventurers; but since the "*Royal Geographical Society*" has been established, the former has become united with it, and the cause of civilization and science continues to be efficiently promoted by their joint exertions.

In the course of last year Mr. Davidson, under such auspices, had

the fortitude to offer himself or to accept that most perilous and heretofore disastrous expedition which has Tombuctoo or the interior of Africa for its principal or ultimate point of destination ; and he was accompanied by Edward Donellan, or, rather, Abú Bekr, of whom the Rev. G. C. Renouard, Foreign Secretary of the " Royal Geographical Society," in a paper entitled " Routes in North Africa by Abu Bekr es siddik," has communicated an exceedingly interesting narrative. It appears, in the First Part of the sixth volume of the Journal, and to it we now turn.

After the learned Secretary has informed the reader who may be acquainted with Dr. Madden's letters on the West Indies, that the above-mentioned Edward Donellan is the negro spoken of with such approbation and admiration in these letters—the communication in the Journal before us proceeds in the following terms,—

" Dr. Madden, whose travels in the East had made him acquainted with the Arabic character, was not a little surprised to see it written with some neatness and great rapidity by a negro slave ; and his surprise was increased when he found that this slave had scarcely attained his fifteenth year when he was torn from his friends and country, and conveyed, with the prospect of perpetual slavery, to a very distant land. When, in addition to this, he found that this slave was no idolater, but a very sincere worshipper of ' the one true God,' and that, consistently with a faith comparatively so pure, his moral conduct had obtained for him the respect of his equals and masters, his anxiety to release him from such degrading thralldom was wound up to the highest pitch. He applied without delay to Mr. Anderson, the slave's master, requesting him to fix a price, that steps might be taken forthwith for his redemption. But he applied in vain. Mr. Anderson declared that no price could recompense him for the loss of this slave's services. His integrity was such, that any sums might be confided to him ; and such was his intelligence, that he kept a constant account of all the daily receipts and payments, of the rations allowed to the slaves, of articles brought into the premises, and of goods delivered from the stores. This report, as may be easily conceived, was only an additional stimulus to Dr. Madden's benevolence. He failed not to press on Mr. Anderson's attention the peculiar hardships of this poor man's case—born in his own country in a distinguished rank, blessed with a learned education, and retaining, through his own talents, industry, and integrity, a large portion of those acquirements and that respect, which he would have obtained in a very eminent degree, had he escaped the degradation of slavery. Mr. Anderson was not insensible to these powerful arguments, and with a liberality truly characteristic of the British character, replied : ' That though the services of his slave were too valuable for him to fix any price upon him, he would give that liberty for which no sum of money could be named as an adequate equivalent.' In consequence of this generous resolution, Dr. Madden had the satisfaction of receiving Edward Donellan's manumission by Mr. Anderson, according to all the legal forms, in a crowded court. Finding that Donellan, whose Mohammedan name is Abú Bekr, was desirous of returning to his own country, Dr. Madden determined

to assist him in effecting so desirable an object; and not long after the publication of his letters, in which Donellan's narrative was first printed, he recommended him to Mr. Davidson, an enterprising traveller, who had resolved to make another attempt to reach Tumbuktú. Abú Bekr, in the mean time, had come over to this country under the care of Captain Oldrey, R. N., another of the auxiliary magistrates in Jamaica, who had cordially united in promoting the welfare of Donellan, both before and after Dr. Madden's departure from the West Indies."

Then as to Abú Bekr's account of himself—

"The narrative of his life, from which the following abstract is taken, was written after his arrival in this country, in the presence of a friend with whom he was spending a few days in the neighbourhood of London. It is no doubt the same in substance as that compiled from his oral communication by Dr. Madden while in Jamaica, and printed in his work. It agrees, almost word for word, with another account of his life, drawn up while he was on his voyage from New York, at the request of Captain Oldrey. All these papers were written in the Arabic language—the only one which Abú Bekr had ever learned; for his accounts and memorandums, which were so useful to his employers, would have been of no service without his interpretation, as, though expressed in the English tongue, they were written in the Arabic character, and the difficulty of deciphering negro-English, so expressed, may be easily imagined.

"But it is time to allow Abú Bekr to speak for himself. His narrative is thus headed:—'This is an account of the beginning of my life.

"My name is Abú Bekr es siddik: my birthplace is Tumbut. I was educated in the town of Jenneh (Genneh), and fully instructed in reading and construing the Korán—but in the interpretation of it by the help of commentaries. This was [done] in the city of Ghónah, where there are many learned men ['uelmà], who are not natives of one place, but each of them, having quitted his own country, has come and settled there.'"

He further narrates that Tombuctoo, which he writes thus:—Tumbut or Tumbuttu was his birth-place—that he was born about the year 1794—that his father was a member of the royal family, and that his grand-father had held a high office both in Tombuctoo and Jenneh—that after his father's death he was along with a tutor sent to Ghonah, where he remained, as it is gathered from other particulars, about three years—that a war then broke out between the King of Ghonah and Buntukkú—and that the former was defeated—one of the consequences of this victory being that Abú Bekr was taken prisoner. But we must not abridge the following portion of this unfortunate man's narrative.

"On that day was I made a slave. They tore off my clothes, bound me with ropes, laid on me a heavy burden, and carried me to the town of Buntukkú, and from thence to the town of Kumási, the King of Ashantí's town. From thence through Askumá, and Ajimmakúh, in the land of Fantí, to Daghóh, near the salt sea.

"There they sold me to the Christians, and I was bought by a certain captain of a ship at that town. He sent me to a boat, and delivered me to

the people of the ship. We continued on board ship, at sea, for three months, and then came on shore in the land of Jamaica. This was the beginning of my slavery until this day. I tasted the bitterness of slavery from them,* and its oppressiveness: but praise be to God, under whose power are all things, He doth whatsoever he willeth! No one can turn aside that which He hath ordained, nor can any one withhold that which He hath given! As God Almighty himself hath said—Nothing can befall us unless it be written for us (in his book)! He is our master: in God, therefore, let all the faithful put their trust!

“The faith of our families is the faith of Islám. They circumcise the foreskin; say the five prayers;† fast every year in the month of Ramadán; give alms as ordained in the law; marry [only] four free women—a fourth is forbidden to them except she be their slave; they fight for the faith of God; perform the pilgrimage [to Mecca]—i. e. such as are able so to do; eat the flesh of no beast but what they have slain for themselves; drink no wine—for whatever intoxicates is forbidden unto them! they do not keep company with those whose faith is contrary to theirs—such as worshippers of idols, men who swear falsely by the name of the Lord, who dishonour their parents, commit murder or robbery, bear false witness, are covetous, proud, insolent, hypocrites, unclean in their discourse, or do any other thing that is forbidden. They teach their children to read, and [instruct them in] the different parts of knowledge; their minds are perfect and blameless according to the measure of their faith.

“Verily I have erred and done wickedly, but I entreat God to guide my heart in the right path, for He knoweth what is in my heart, and whatever [can be pleaded] in my behalf.

“Finished in the month of August, on the 29th day, in the year of the Messiah 1884 [1835].”

It is, according to Mr. Renouard's calculations, extremely probable, that Abú Bekr was about fourteen years of age when he was carried to the town of the Ashantees. He came to the West Indies as a slave in 1807 or 1808, and was about twenty-seven years in bondage. His first master was a mason of the name of Donellan, after whom Abú Bekr was baptized, although nothing appears from his own narrative or the communication of Mr. Renouard which can induce us to suppose that he ever obtained much instruction in the Christian faith.

“He never had opportunity to learn to read or write English, but in the accounts which he kept for his master, Mr. Anderson, he put everything in negro-English, and in the Arabic character, and read it off to the overseer in the evening. Though far from being able to write Arabic with strict grammatical accuracy, or possessing the command of an abundant stock of words and phrases, his power of expressing himself in that copious and

* That is, the people of Buntukkú, Ashantí, and Fantí. This is more distinctly expressed in another paper written by him.”

† That is, pray five times a-day.”

difficult tongues, and the clearness and facility with which he writes its characters, are truly surprising, when his peculiar circumstances are taken into account. His acquaintance with the Korán is remarkable. He must have known it almost by heart, as he declared that he had never seen a copy of it from the time he left Ghónah, till one was put into his hands by the writer of this paper. He was not old enough, he said, when captured, to enter on a course of logic and rhetoric, or to study the commentaries on the Korán; but he knew the names of the most celebrated commentators."

It has been already seen that Abú Bekr was desirous to return to his own country, and that he was recommended to Mr. Davidson, who was about to depart for the same mysterious place—the reasonable hope being that should that zealous traveller be so fortunate as to reach Tombuctoo in safety, he would find, independently of the rank, which, it seems, his companion and servant's relations hold there, that so faithful, affectionate, and intelligent an interpreter was a treasure, the value of which could not be too highly estimated. Indeed, Mr. Renouard's account informs us, that while Mr. Davidson was at Morocco along with his interesting friend, ere starting for Negroland, they met some persons who were acquainted with members of Abú Bekr's family, who informed them that one of his relations was at the time Governor of Tombuctoo. Months ago, alas! the British Vice-Consul at Mogadore has confirmed the tidings of the English traveller's death. It is said that he was robbed about a month after he left Wad Noon, and that eight or ten days later he was shot. But of Abú Bekr we have not learned what was his fate, farther than that it was supposed he had gone on with the caravan to which the unfortunate Davidson had been attached. How gratifying would it be to learn at any time that the *quondam* slave was high in authority in his native city—and still more, that the knowledge he had acquired in different countries, especially, of such men as Dr. Madden, has been turned to such good account, as to allay in any measure the jealousies and cruelties which, since ever the world was inhabited by the human race, have so wofully disfigured the history both of the white man and the black.

Having said so much of Mr. Davidson, our readers will feel a deep interest in one of his letters dated Wad Noon, and written on the 22nd of May, "on the ground in an Arab tent swarming with vermin."

"The Sheik Khurfee, whose friendship I have purchased, takes charge of me by command of his superior, Sheik Beyrook. This man, now advanced in years, has made the journey twenty times, and four of these by a direct line from Wad Noon, having once performed the journey in twenty-five days. He tells me, if I can bear it, he will take me in thirty-five, as he wishes to show me two places where we are to stop a day or two, or he will make it in forty days. He states there are but two wells on the whole route; these will very likely be dry. We carry water for forty days, but he tells me he shall not give me any water on the road only at

two halts; that the *herie* I am to ride will give me milk, and that he hopes to make me one of the *Eshrub el Rukh*, which performs the whole journey without eating, its allowance being camel's milk. I find I can work hard the whole day upon a draught of this, its satisfying quality being such that no other food is required. I have been some time in training; a small portion of meat but every other day, no bread, a little tea; and milk, the day I do not take meat. With the exception of my stay at Mogadore, I have had no bed for five months; I can nearly warrant myself sun-proof, my face, hands, and arms, feet and legs, having been three times excoriated. I have now acquired the power of resisting the action of the sun; I have adopted, in toto, the Arab dress, and am nearly as brown as some of the Paria caste.

"From this we are to set out on the 6th of June, that being one of their lucky days; so that by the time this reaches you, I hope, please God, to have arrived, or nearly, at Timbuctoo."

The above is not the latest of Mr. Davidson's letters which have reached England, and that have appeared in the London journals. In one dated Glamiz Wad Noon, September 25th, particulars are enumerated which show that he had not proceeded either on the 6th of June, or in the manner previously proposed. He now expected to start in a very few days, and to travel in company with the whole of a tribe, in number amounting to two hundred men, and having six hundred camels. Thirty camels were to carry his baggage—the presents he was obliged to take, "and the money, all in cowries, ten camel loads of which only equal £100 sterling, make it very bulky." He mentions two spots, two hundred miles distant from one another, the nearer being about six hundred miles across the Desert, as the only places at which they shall get meat, and that their usual food will be barley and dates ground up together, and moistened with milk or water. He adds, "I have lately had a trial of this fare, as I have been on an excursion of ten days; part of it through a beautiful country, as to scenery, but wholly without drinkable water. Many herds of gazelles, &c. were seen in the course of this not inconsiderable expedition, when it is considered that besides the want of water, "the heat we found excessive"—"yet I did not suffer, though my companion, Abú Bekr felt it much." Mr. Davidson's hardihood and resolutions were not, however, to be long unassailable by human violence, for it is understood that he met his death before the middle of December.

Several points for observation are suggested by the foregoing accounts, and by every glance which one may take of Africa. One has already been alluded to by us, viz. that the civilisation of the negroes who inhabit the interior is superior to what characterises a vast proportion of those on the coasts. One reason which ought to be assigned for this apparently contradictory statement, when we consider the facilities of intercourse with distant and enlightened nations, offers an awful accusation against the most enlightened

kingdoms of Christendom. What is Abu Bekr's story, after he was brought near to the shores of Africa, and within the scope of Christian gold, avarice, and piracy? Why, "they sold me to the Christians." What was his case has been the fate of millions of the negroes, and hence great debasement of mind, and disruption of social relations. We can see no other cause for the anomaly alluded to, when comparing the African nations on the coast with those which dwell in the interior.

Another fact stares one in the face when meditating on the past and the present condition of certain African nations. Take those that border the Mediterranean—take Egypt; why is it that these which approach so near to the parts of the globe which have been most civilised, whether ancient or modern times be included, have retrograded so wofully from what they once were? Why is the country, which is enriched by the Nile, and which was the cradle of science and the arts, now chiefly celebrated for being the grave of the same? Or take the regency of Tunis at the present day, and compare therewith what the beauty and magnitude of its architectural remains proclaim—for these are the most permanent and faithful chroniclers of ancient civilisation. Let Sir Grenville Temple be heard when describing as he does in one of his works, the amphitheatre at Tunis, now called El Jemme, but anciently Tysdrus.

"Though yielding in magnitude and splendour to the Coliseum, it is still one of the most perfect, vast, and beautiful remains of former times which exist, to our knowledge; or, as I should perhaps more correctly state, to my own individual knowledge; combining in itself more of those united properties, than any other building which I can at this moment bring to my recollection.

"The length of the amphitheatre of *Tysdrus*, which extends nearly east and west, is 429 by 368 feet; and that of the arena, 238 by 182 feet. These two latter measurements are taken from the inner *existing* wall, the real boundary of the arena being uncertain. The height of the level of the first gallery is 33 feet, and to the summit of the edifice 96 feet. It possesses four ranges of pillars and arches, 60 in number in each, or rather in the three lower ones, for the fourth is a pilastrade, elevated on a stylobata, with a square window in every third inter-pilaster. The capitals are of that species of the composite order which we see on Diocletian's Pillar at Alexandria, with a slight variation between the second range and those composing the first and third. At each extremity was a grand entrance; but the west one, together with an arch on each side of it, was destroyed, together with the same portion of the whole superstructure, about one hundred years ago, by Muhamed Bey, who thereby wished to prevent the possibility of the amphitheatre being converted into a strong and vast fortress by some tribes of Arabs, then in open revolt against his authority. A very small portion also of the exterior wall of the fourth or upper story remains to this day. The interior of this magnificent building is in a far more dilapidated state than the exterior, which, with the above-mentioned exceptions, may be stated to be in complete preservation; but great part

of the vaulted and inclined plane, which supported the seats, the galleries, and the vomitoria, are still left. The galleries and stairs leading to the different stages were supported by arches and vaults, composed, not like the rest of the building, of large *pierres de taille*, but of a mass of small stones and mortar; and they have, consequently, in many places fallen in. Under the surface of the arena, as in those of the Coliseum and Amphitheatre of Capua, are seen passages, and little chambers for containing the wild beasts, as well as square apertures opening upon the arena, up which were raised the lions and tigers, enclosed in boxes made on the principle of the pigeon-traps used at shooting-matches, whose sides, on reaching the summit, being unsupported by the walls of the tunnel, fell to the ground, and, working on the hinges which joined them to the bottom of the box, left the ferocious monsters at once exposed to the view of the spectators."

When Sir Grenville says that "the numberless, and stately remains of Roman architecture, which still crown every hill, and moulder in every valley of the regency of Tunis, speak more for the energy and civilising influence of the Cæsars, than the greatness of Rome itself," one cannot but regard the rise of that despotism, error, and mental bondage which the *Prophet* originated, as being perhaps the greatest scourge which falsehood ever entailed upon mankind, and to a great extent the cause of the lamentable retrogression of those African regions which are amongst the fairest and most favourably situated portions of the globe.

One other point naturally engages the mind when the past and present condition of Africa is the theme of meditation, and this, of course, directs to the future. What can philanthropy hope in reference to this matter? To us the prospect is disheartening. Though known from the remotest times this quarter of the globe is at the present moment far less familiar to the civilised world than the last discovered continents; and its people are the lowest on the mental scale. When to these are added the facts that retrogression and not progression has been Africa's doom for many centuries—that immense tracts are thinly peopled, and others not peopled at all or capable of affording sustenance to human beings, the heart of the philanthropist becomes parched and dreary; the period when even its habitable regions can all be safely or easily visited seems to retire far into futurity; and that in which negro degradation shall give way to light and liberty, to fall only within the compass of the miraculous intervention of an almighty arm.

ART. V.—*The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.* By ANDREWS NORTON, Vol. I. Boston: America. 1837.

THE Christian cause is deeply indebted, in as far as man's efforts are to be regarded, to the champions who have stood up to defend, illustrate, and enforce its merits among our transatlantic brethren.

Many American names familiar to every one in any degree conversant with theological works, might be mentioned to substantiate the accuracy of our assertion. And here we have another, and to us a new combatant, who, there can be no doubt, will in future occupy one of the foremost ranks in that venerable and gallant army, recruited from many countries, which has fought the Gospel's battles, and won, even upon earth, undying triumphs. Let not our readers suppose, however, that we are about to travel so far beyond our province as to enter upon any elucidation or controversy as respects the theological doctrines of the New Testament. The volume before us will indeed be found by learned divines to be an armoury full of resistless weapons whetted for their peculiar service; but it is a volume also, which in certain capacities, falls directly within the sphere of a journal solely devoted to what is understood by the ordinary phrase general literature; for, as an example of elaborate research, deep erudition, and ingenious yet sound and grave criticism, these *Evidences* have seldom been surpassed. A favourable presumption will be formed both of the work, and of the author, when it is stated that it had its commencement so far back as 1819, since which time the labours and studies, to render it as worthy as possible of its lofty theme, have been unremitting—every new contribution to knowledge and conviction being laid hold of to perfect the effort.

Mr. Norton has in a great measure taken a new stand in his endeavour to prove that the Gospels are genuine, or, at least, maintained it in a new manner, and with greater unity of purpose and effect than has, we believe, hitherto been done. That our readers may obtain some notion of the nature of the performance—though it will be an exceedingly imperfect one, both as regards the argument, or the connecting links of the author's acute and powerful criticism, and the perspicuity and propriety of his style—we shall afford a glance at its main features.

One of the most common methods adopted to convince the inquirer or doubter, as to the truth and genuine character of the writings found in the New Testament, is to adduce the testimonies of witnesses, and to endeavour to prove their competency and their credibility. By so doing, however, there have been many failures on account of the authorities quoted being objected to, and, indeed, on account of the contradictions which in the hands of some writers can easily be detected between the evidence furnished by the witnesses brought forward. There is another method which has often been employed with a great measure of success towards the same end, and this is to rest on circumstantial evidence—on circumstances of time, place, historical facts, and even slight events, which if they all agree and none oppose, is without a question the best of all proof; for while witnesses may be guilty of perjury, or a certain

number of them may conspire to trump up a fabulous story, it is impossible that a multitude of incidents which afterwards mutually agree and elucidate one another, but which at the period of their occurrence had no visible connection, should be fabricated by any concert of designing persons. What is required of this circumstantial evidence is, that there be such a chain both unbroken and minutely united—though some of the links may be slight, as no suspicion of concert or of chance can be entertained. When, as in the case of the Gospels, such evidence as this can be found, backed by that of a number of unimpeachable witnesses, the triumph of Christianity over scepticism may be considered complete. This completeness, we are satisfied, has often and long ago been furnished, so as not to leave a foot for infidels to stand upon in the controversy concerning the genuineness of the Gospels.

Still, however complete the arguments of Christian writers may have been in a contest with deists and atheists, it would be too much to say, that the throne of truth cannot receive any additional reinforcement in its support. It would be rash to declare that there is any physical fact, any moral principle, any laws of congruity such as criticism can detect, which do not offer arguments in support of the highest truths that concern man. If, therefore, Mr. Norton has betaken himself to a new battery, or directed his artillery in an unusual manner, let him be tried according to the execution which he does, not by any assertions about the danger of untried methods.

Well then, our author addresses himself solely in the present volume to the circumstantial evidences in behalf of the "Genuineness of the Gospels," but not as has generally or, perhaps, universally been done by his predecessors, by arguing from circumstances in history that there was such a personage as he, whose life and conversation form the great theme of the four Gospels, or that he promulgated the doctrines therein contained. The point upon which he makes his circumstantial facts to throw light, is, as to whether Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John really wrote the books which are ascribed to them in our Bibles. Now it is manifest, if he can establish this point by circumstantial evidence, he not only must evince an extraordinary acquaintance with ancient literature and history, both civil and ecclesiastic, but the question as to the authenticity of what the Evangelists record, is reduced to such a small and simple point as may very easily be resolved,—not, let it be understood, as between christians and infidels (the latter having by other arguments and long ago been foiled), but as between certain antagonist opinions among professing christians themselves, some schools of whom advance doctrines which are more inimical to the cause of the Gospel, than those of the most inveterate sceptics.

The school of professing christians which Mr. Norton has particularly in his eye, has become numerous in Germany. Eichhorn has

been one of its most strenuous and ingenious supporters. We are sorry to have it also to say, that in England it has found in Bishop Marsh an apt disciple, and that it has wafted its dangerous and uprooting doctrines across the Atlantic. The chief feature in these men's doctrines is, that the three first Gospels, as they are printed in our New Testaments, are not the pure productions of Matthew, Mark, and Luke's pens; John obtains high credence and honour from them. The following is their theory, as given in Mr. Norton's words, which for gratuitous assumptions, ingenious imaginations, and plausible sophistries, is quite worthy of a German parentage.

" There was very early in existence a short historical sketch of the life of Christ, which may be called the Original Gospel. This was, probably, provided for the use of those assistants of the apostles in the work of teaching Christianity, who had not themselves seen the actions and heard the discourses of Christ. It was however but '*a rough sketch, a brief and imperfect account, without historical plan or methodical arrangement.*' In this respect it was, according to Eichhorn, very different from our four Gospels. 'These present no rough sketch, such as we must suppose the first essay upon the life of Jesus to have been; but, on the contrary, are works written with art and labour, and contain portions of his life, of which no mention was made in the first preaching of Christianity.' This Original Gospel was the basis both of the earlier gospels used during the first two centuries, and of the first three of our present Gospels, namely, those of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, by which those earlier Gospels were finally superseded. The earlier gospels retained more or less of the rudeness and incompleteness of the Original Gospel.

" But they very soon fell into the hands of those who undertook to supply their defects and incompleteness, both in the general compass of the history, and in the narration of particular events. Not content with a life of Jesus, which, like the Gospel of the Hebrews and those of Marcion and Tatian, commenced with his public appearance, there were those who early prefixed to the Memoirs used by Justin Martyr, and to the gospel of Cerinthus, an account of his descent, his birth, and the period of his youth. In like manner, we find, upon comparing together, in parallel passages, the remaining fragments of these Gospels, that they were receiving continual accessions. ***** By these continual accessions, the original text of the life of Jesus was lost in a mass of additions, so that its words appeared among them but as insulated fragments. Of this any one may satisfy himself from the account of the baptism of Jesus, which was compiled out of various gospels. The necessary consequence was, that at last truth and falsehood, authentic and fabulous narratives, or such, at least, as through long tradition had become disfigured and falsified, were brought together promiscuously. The longer these narratives passed from mouth to mouth, the more uncertain and disfigured they would become. At last, at the end of the second and the beginning of the third century, in order, as far as might be, to preserve the true accounts concerning the life of Jesus, and to deliver them to posterity as free from error as possible, the Church, out of the many gospels which were extant, selected four, which had the greatest marks of credibility, and the necessary completeness for common use.

There are no traces of our present Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, before the end of the second and the beginning of the third century. Irenæus, about the year 202, first speaks decisively of four Gospels, and imagines all sorts of reasons for this particular number; and Clement of Alexandria, about the year 216, laboured to collect divers accounts concerning the origin of these four Gospels, in order to prove that these alone should be acknowledged as authentic. From these facts, it is evident, that first, about the end of the second, and the beginning of the third century, the Church laboured to establish the universal authority of these four Gospels, which were in existence before, if not altogether in their present form, yet in most respects such as we now have them, and to procure their general reception in the Church, with the suppression of all other gospels then extant.

“ ‘Posterity would indeed have been under much greater obligations, if, together with the Gospel of John, the Church had established, by public authority, only the first rough sketch of the life of Jesus, which was given to the earliest missionaries to authenticate their preaching; after separating it from all its additions and augmentations. But this was no longer possible; for there was no copy extant free from all additions, and the critical operation of separating this accessory matter was too difficult for those times.’

“ ‘Many ancient writers of the Church,’ Eichhorn subjoins in a note, ‘doubted the genuineness of many parts of our Gospels; but were prevented from coming to a decision by want of critical skill.’ ”

! Mr. Norton does not condescend to tread upon the heels of these theorists, merely to demolish a fallacy or an unsupported dictum the moment it is uttered, but he takes his own ground and upraises the results of archaeological research and skilful criticism to such a commanding elevation, as will repulse these and all other impugnors, whatever garb they may assume, that attempt to throw discredit upon the four Gospels, so familiar to us all. The great points which he undertakes to establish are these—that “the Gospels remain essentially the same as they were originally composed,” and that they “have been ascribed to their true authors.”

Now, in support of the former of these points, our author maintains that the wonderful agreement which subsists among all the versions and manuscripts of the Gospels that have been collated, amounting in the Greek to nearly seven hundred of the whole, or of parts written since the fifth century, besides ancient versions in eleven other languages, Asiatic, African, and European—not to mention the works of the early fathers, such as commentaries in manuscript where the text of the Gospels is quoted, prove that there was one original for them all, and yet that it has not by almost innumerable transcriptions been mutilated or polluted. To be sure there are various readings found amongst them, and in the nature of things such occurrences were unavoidable and most probable; but these various readings are neither greater nor more abundant than what

betel the works of the ancient classics in the hands of early transcribers. Yet, who has ever maintained that Virgil's *Georgics*, or Cicero's *Orations* are not essentially the same as they were first written, because certain slight differences, as in the case of the Gospels, have been discovered in the extant early manuscripts of such admired productions?

But much more may be advanced to corroborate the proposition in question. For instance, it could not be but that the earliest Christians would be eager to possess themselves of a Life of their Master, as soon as one existed. Copying and re-copying must have been a great occupation among new converts. There was no universal church organised in the first centuries of our era to regulate these matters, so as to impose a set of books, whether spurious or not, throughout the countries where the Christians were spread. By the lowest computation three millions of Christians are held to have existed at the close of the second century. But these were greatly scattered, they were persecuted, they spoke different languages, and among them some opposite religious opinions prevailed. What then but an extreme eagerness to possess the faithful records of their Saviour's life, ascertained by means which must then have been accessible to the learned among them, could have preserved the uniformity which prevailed at that period in the Gospels?

Eichhorn talks of the Church as existing about the end of the second, or the beginning of the third century; but he should have known, that until the council of Nice in 325, there was no government or establishment that could be denominated a church, in the modern sense of a concerted and prevailing system. As to Irenæus again, who died in 202, and must have known if the Church, out of the many Gospels which were extant, had selected four which had the greatest signs of credibility—he wrote pointedly against heretics, and therefore must have been armed to defeat all unwarrantable authorities that might be quoted; yet the Gospels which we at present possess are referred to by him, as the only ones that then existed or were relied upon. Is it possible to conceive that among the devout, as well as the learned and pugnacious, Christians who trod close upon the era of the Evangelists would not make it one of their most earnest and sacred duties to satisfy themselves regarding the true Gospels?

If we take up the inquiry in another shape, and in one which scholars will more fully estimate than the unlearned—most interesting and beautiful evidence presents itself of each of the Gospels being the production of one head and heart. To adopt Mr. Norton's precise words,—

"Each Gospel is distinguished from the others, by individual peculiarities in the use of language, and other characteristics exclusively its own. Any one familiar with the originals, perceives, for instance, that Mark is a

writer less acquainted with the Greek language than Luke, and having less command of proper expression. His style is, in consequence, more affected by the idiom of the Hebrew, more harsh, more unformed, more barbarous, in the technical sense of that word. If you were to transfer into Luke's Gospel a chapter from that of Mark, every critic would at once perceive its dissimilitude to the general style of the former. The difference would be still more remarkable, if you were to insert a portion from Mark in John's Gospel. But the very distinctive character of the style of the Gospels generally, and the peculiar character of each Gospel, are irreconcilable with the notion, that they have been brought to their present state by additions and alterations of successive copiers. A diversity of hands would have produced in each Gospel a diversity of style and character. Instead of the uniformity that now appears, the modes of conception and expression would have been inconsistent and vacillating."

We might abridge also for the consideration of scholars what is said about the Hellenistic Greek, and the Hebrew idioms which distinguish and proclaim the uninterpolated original of the assigned authorities. But this is a point that has frequently been handled before; so likewise is that which challenges a sceptic to instance an anachronism in the books of any of the four Evangelists; although had we space it might be shewn that Mr. Norton applies such arguments with singular cogency to the support of the peculiar line he has adopted.

There is another delightful theme for the consideration of every reflecting Christian prominently presented in the books that contain the history of Jesus, which is conclusive of itself to our minds, that these books are in every respect and particular authentic, and therefore essentially the same as they were originally composed, and which is most ably and appropriately brought forward by our author in these terms—

"The character and actions of Jesus Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, are peculiar and extraordinary beyond all example. They distinguish him, in a most remarkable manner, from all other men. They display the highest moral sublimity. We perceive, throughout, an ultimate purpose of the most extensive benevolence. But this character of Christ, which appears in the Gospels, is exhibited with perfect consistency. Whatever he is represented as saying or doing, corresponds to the fact or the conception—call it which we will—that he was a teacher sent from God, endued with the highest powers, and intrusted with the most important office ever exercised upon earth. The different parts of each Gospel harmonize together. Now let any one consider, how unlikely it is that we should have found this consistency in the representation of Christ, if the Gospels had been in great part the work of inconsiderate or presumptuous copiers; or if they had consisted, in great part, of a collection of traditionary stories; and especially if these stories had been, as some have imagined, either fabulous accounts of miracles, or narratives having a foundation in truth, but corresponding so little to the real fact, as to have assumed a miraculous character, which there was nothing in the fact itself to justify. It is incre-

dible, that under such circumstances there should be the consistency which now appears in the Gospels. On the contrary, we might expect to find in them stories, of a kind similar to those extant in certain writings, that have been called apocryphal gospels; which betray their falsehood at first view, by their incongruity with the character and actions of our Saviour, as displayed by the evangelists. We shall have occasion to notice them somewhat more particularly hereafter. Every one acquainted with the stories referred to, must perceive and acknowledge their striking dissimilitude to the narratives of the Gospels. A dissimilitude of the same kind would have existed between different parts of the Gospels, if they had grown, as has been imagined, to their present form, by a gradual contribution of traditional tales. On the contrary, their consistency in the representation of our Saviour is one among the many proofs, that they have been preserved essentially as they were first written."

Just to enable our readers to follow out for themselves the train of reasoning which recommends so strongly the last extract, let them suppose that some four honest and competent witnesses of a hero's life, or that of any other extraordinary personage, bethought themselves of recording his actions, his discourses, and the manner of his daily demeanour. Can any one suppose that if they did so without concert, or at distinct periods of time after the death of their hero, such a perfect consistency of character would appear from their united records as does in those of the Evangelists, even although they were all the time speaking of a being of like passions, and many other characteristics as they themselves carried about with them? Or suppose there was a ballad or popular tradition, that was familiar to the most minute degree to every one,—that a Hamlet or an Achilles was its hero, and that a Homer, a Shakspeare, a Byron, and a Wordsworth, were requested to use their utmost efforts to give, in perfect accordance with the original tale, the most vivid, affecting, and arousing delineation of him,—does any one think that their joint offspring would be other than a monster?

Passing over a number of collateral arguments and beautiful suggestions, we come to the second proposition to be established by the author, viz., that the Gospels "have been ascribed to their true authors." Here much which is advanced and proved necessarily, goes to buttress and to place beyond all dubiety the former point, viz., that "the Gospels remain essentially the same as they were originally composed." Still there is a separate fact brought out plainly by this second inquiry, which is gratifying in no ordinary degree, but upon which we cannot, without far exceeding our limits, give an outline or analysis of Mr. Norton's argument, or do more than allude to some of his conclusions. This, however, should be enough to excite an eagerness in all who listen to these conclusions to study the complete work for themselves.

Mr. Norton's reasoning upon the second branch of his subject proves, we think, beyond the possibility of a sensible doubt, that

during the last quarter of the second century, the Gospels in question were attributed to the writers whose names they now bear. Nay, he takes his stand upon certain grounds conceded by his opponents, and shows that these books could have been written by none else than Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. He makes it quite manifest, besides, that the witnesses to this fact carry far more credibility in their testimony than any who might have spoken in a similar style concerning Horace or Tacitus, because the fathers were official personages, who, as the organs of their fellow Christians, spoke in the name of the whole. They must have been set right by many had they been wrong. But this they have not been; on the other hand, their attestations, which are numerous, and given in very diversified circumstances, all tend to the same irresistible conclusion.

Mr. Norton, in his chapter on the testimony of Papias, as that testimony has been handed down by Eusebius, shows that the genuineness of Matthew and Mark's Gospels is thereby established, and that of Luke's has the attestation of himself in the proem to his "Acts of the Apostles." Indeed, other books of the New Testament, which have been universally received as genuine by Christians, frequently refer to the Gospels as genuine also; and had they not been known by the writers of these "Epistles," &c. as having emanated from the highest authority—the authority of those who had constant opportunities of associating with the Saviour, and being of the number of his disciples, it is impossible that they could have been thus relied upon.

It will be objected, perhaps, that there are such discrepancies between the several Gospels, as to lead to the belief, that they cannot all have emanated from faithful witnesses who spoke from their own experience and personal observation. It would be much wiser to assert, however, that these very peculiar discrepancies furnish some of the strongest circumstantial evidence in favour of the Christian code, and only prove that there could be no unfair or secret concert concocted on the part of the four Evangelists in anticipation of objections; for they are just such discrepancies as persons best acquainted with the features of unimpeachable human testimony, hold to be the strongest possible hinges and ligatures of truth. Persons deeply read in biblical criticism, know well that scholars and commentators have found out the most perfect and striking agreement and mutual support between many of those contradictions, which at first sight may appear the greatest in the four Gospels.

Connected with this view of the subject, Mr. Norton clearly shews that the discrepancies alluded to were observed by the fathers, and were to them, especially to Origen, the cause of great perplexity. But he renders it equally clear that these early believers never endeavoured to get out of such difficulties by impugning the authority,

or doubting the genuineness of the records—thus furnishing one of the most satisfactory proofs, that the origin and the authors of the Gospels were too well known to be questioned. At the same time the four Gospels were all equally esteemed, whereas had three of them, as Eichhorn's school would have it, been compiled and thrown among the Christians at once, their mutual discrepancies would have brought them into irretrievable discredit and oblivion. But as the authorship of these books was fully and incontestibly ascertained, the sacred authority of their authors had far more weight than to be even weakened by certain seemingly inconsistent portions of their narratives.

Such is a hasty and very imperfect glance at some of Mr. Norton's arguments in support of the two important points discussed by him. The numerous notes which enrich the work display learning, research, and such specimens of dignified, cogent, and perspicuous criticism as have rarely been excelled. Taking the volume as a whole, while it strictly keeps to circumstantial testimony—and this in very many cases consists of the evidence arising out of the circumstances of human testimony, sometimes negative, at other times affirmative—sometimes expressed, and at other times tacit—the proofs in support of the genuineness of the four Gospels, and which go to the identifying and ascertainment of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as the only authors of the books which pass under their respective names, are triumphant, and ought to silence the Eichhorn school for ever. In spite of all the learning, ingenuity and bright, as well as bold imaginings which that theorist and some of his followers have exhibited, our author has convicted them of so many misstatements and of so many crudities and inaccuracies, that they evidently deserve to be trusted only when what they assert can independently be verified.

Before closing our notice of this volume, it is proper to quote a passage from the Preface with regard to the portions of the work which are to follow.

“ It is my purpose next to show the strong confirmation of the more direct historical evidence, afforded by the manner in which the Gospels were regarded by the early Gnostic heretics; a field which, though not untrodden, has been unexplored; and then, after endeavouring to remove some misapprehensions respecting the historical, to proceed to the collateral evidence for the genuineness of the Gospels. The larger portion of the manuscript of the remainder of the work has been written; but it is yet to be subjected to revision, and, after my past experience, it would be unwise for me to hazard a calculation respecting the time that may be required to prepare for the public the two volumes which will finish my design. Should life and health be granted me, I shall proceed as I have proposed; but it should be observed, that this volume is, in its nature, an independent work, and might have been so published, had no others been intended to follow.”

ART. VI.—*London As It Is; being a Series of Observations on the Health, Habits, and Amusements of the People.* By JOHN HOSE, M.D., EDIN., late House Surgeon to the University Dispensary; Hospital Assistant to the North London Hospital. London: Macrone. 1837.

“LONDON As It Is” and “The Great Metropolis” are two very different sorts of works. The latter, as our readers know, deals in spirited sketches of men, manners, and things—sometimes general, and sometimes individual, but always such as would yield a picture addressed to the imagination, rather than in cold or dry calculations, or any thing in the shape of suggestions for the consideration of the economist. The present treatise, on the other hand, is in a great measure a statistical performance; or, when it leaves off treating of statistical facts, it for the most part becomes speculative about matters, however, which properly fall within the sphere of statistical writers; for whether stating facts or offering suggestions, the author uniformly has his eye directed to points which immediately concern the physical or moral health of the citizens of the Metropolis. London is indeed a subject that is sufficient to occupy half-a-dozen distinct works, without being exhausted, or without any one of the writers of these works being obliged to trespass upon the domain of another; so that it would become to each of these reapers of such an abundant harvest, a matter of primary importance that they should have a properly defined department in view before putting forward the hand to gather in the crop, and next that they scrupulously confined themselves to this department. These necessary objects have, whatever may be the other merits of the present treatise, been closely observed by our medical author. He has also done what ought to recommend his work, compressed an immense store of materials into a neat, small, and cheap volume, besides putting forward whatever he has to say, when the thing is doubtful in point of fact, or when the statement is novel or speculative, in a tone remarkable for its modesty as well as for its plainness. He admits that the sources of his information, besides being greatly scattered and often difficult of attainment, were not unfrequently grievously deficient when obtained, and that, moreover, he is himself a novice in the art of authorship. In these circumstances his work ought to be treated with indulgence, even although its defects or errors should be far greater than we think they are. As to the author being a novice in writing, let not that alarm him. According to our opinion, he is a man habituated to reflection—to close and healthy modes of thinking. He is given, manifestly, to habitual observation and to earnest inquiry; and he has but to make his pen

indite the results of these processes, as he has here done, without endeavouring to shine, and he is sure always to write well.

The author's professed object is not to take a panoramic view of the British metropolis, with the intention of producing either a picturesque or a satirical sketch, but to apply, as he himself expresses it, the "microscope to the examination of the beings who inhabit it." His object is to institute an "inquiry into the circumstances which are either prejudicial or conducive to the health and happiness of the people, including a review of their habits, customs, amusements, and morals." In following out this scheme Dr. Hogg compares London as it is, with its condition in former times—with the country—and, lastly, with foreign cities and countries; and in so doing he has gathered and suggested enough to furnish us with materials that are both curious and valuable. Before proceeding to condense a number of these materials, or to extract those which seem more particularly to deserve in our pages to be taken in the shape which the author has given them, it is only necessary to copy from his Preface, that ten years ago he took up his abode in London, that he was soon after appointed resident Medical Officer of the Dispensary of the original London University, which at length merged into the North London Hospital—that the earlier part of his life having been spent in the country, most of the impressions of the metropolis were novel to him, and that being situated as he now was, he could not but observe the difference between not only the classes of maladies prevalent in London and the country, but also between the physical conditions and dispositions of the people. "Observation, casual at first, led to investigation; this extended itself from effects to causes, and the result is in the reader's hands," in the Queen's too, it would appear, for it is dedicated to her by "Permission."

The author sets out with the statement that moral and physical health is not only a fine study, but that the one kind is inseparable from the other. The importance of bodily health, which every one has so much within his command, and which in large towns so much depends upon the arrangements of the governing authorities of the place and of the nation, is hence manifest. This sort of health, says our author is supported on a tripod—the Brain, the Heart, and the Lungs. "Cut off the influence of either of these for a single minute, and death immediately ensues," so essential is each, and so much does each lean on the other. Health for its nutriment longs for simplicity, frugality, and rural retirement. It is, however, wonderfully tractable, adapting itself to climate, habits, and customs, of every shade and description. Yet though these things are in a great measure incompatible with a city residence, it is manifest that health is of greater value in London, for instance, than in the country; for, as in the case of a ship, where the preservation of its

captain is of more importance than that of one of a number of his seamen, so in the metropolis of a kingdom, is the health and vigour of every one who is immediately attached to the helm of affairs. The same will hold true in the case of every person in office, or whose calling affects the interests of a greater number of persons, than were he merely a private individual.

In his third Chapter Dr. Hogg institutes an interesting comparison between the physical condition of certain classes and of certain ages. He says, middle-aged persons enjoy their health best in London, and next to them old people. These facts are shown, he adds, by the population returns. But although it is not to be questioned that there is more difficulty in rearing and preserving the health of children and the young in towns than in rural parts, the fact ought also to have been taken into the account, that a vast number of the inhabitants of the metropolis are middle-aged, or have over-stepped the boundary of youth, before they have ever commenced a city residence. That the middling classes of the people are the longest lived, requires not to be argued; nor can it admit of much doubt, when we hear the author asserting that from all he has read, and observed, the poor and destitute are the shortest. The picture he draws of the aristocracy—of those, for example, who spend one half the year in London and the other in the country, is anything but complimentary to their looks at the close of the former season. It does appear indeed, that they are not so healthy as the average of the regular inhabitants of the city.

Of the physical condition of the generality of these inhabitants, we have the following picture.

“The appearance of the people in the streets of London is one of the first things that attracts the notice of strangers. The native inhabitants, or those who have been born in the metropolis, and whose forefathers have also resided in it for two or three generations, are somewhat under the middle size, but their limbs and features are generally well formed. They are of spare habit, but rather muscular; they are characterized by firmness of carriage, and an erect, independent air; they move with a steady, measured step, and generally at a very brisk pace. The features are generally very strongly marked, and pointed; the eye in particular presents an openness and fulness that is remarkable. The tout-ensemble of the countenance bears an air of keenness, animation, and intelligence, that distinguish the Londoner from his country neighbour.

“He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this large metropolis. He has therefore too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and, while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economize time so as to pay the other visits allotted to the morning.’”*

“* Irving's Sketch Book.”

"The spareness, the lines of thought engraven on his countenance, indicate a certain wear of the system from moral and physical causes; and the pale complexion assists in betraying a truth that cannot easily be concealed, namely, that the inhabitant of the metropolis does not possess the physical vigour, the stamina of constitution, in a word, the **HEALTH** which is necessary to the full enjoyment of the comforts and blessings of life. The inhabitants have much to encounter; many are the causes prejudicial to health constantly in full operation against them; and they acknowledge that they feel the effects of these by their professions and conduct.

"It is not to be wondered at that people so situated should feel more than ordinary uneasiness at the slightest irregularity in the system; and even to meet the evil half way by a nervous timidity. They have early recourse to medical assistance; the most trifling uneasiness is referred to the medical practitioner for explanation and removal; hypochondriac notions, to a certain extent, are acquired, so that he lives in a state of morbid sensibility. A person who has been in London from his birth seldom enjoys such vigorous health as one who has been brought up in the country, and afterwards repairs to the capital. It seems as if the children reared in large towns and cities never acquired the sinewy strength and robust vigour of children born and bred in the country."

As we advance in the volume, we find statistical statements and calculations, which are gathered from former publications or official returns. That the duration of life in London has on the average been greatly extended within the last hundred years, is universally known, and can easily be accounted for. Yet, as compared with 1821, when mortality in London was one in forty-two, which was the lowest point to which it has ever reached, there has since been a falling off, for in 1831 it was one in forty-one. There has been a similar falling off throughout England generally during the same interval. Mortality is rarest among counties in Cornwall, it would appear from the table which the author has constructed from the Parish Registers and from Censuses, being one in sixty-three, and most frequent in Lancaster, being one in forty-three, that is, taking the average of thirty years counting from 1801. But in London it is one in *thirty-eight*!

Several of the conclusions to which the author has come are the following. London is inferior to the country, in point of salubrity; first, in the greater annual mortality; second, in the mortality among infants being larger, in proportion to the population; third, the ages of the living population showing a deficiency in young and old persons; fourth, the less average duration of life; and fifth, there being less longevity. But other comparisons are instituted, some of which we extract.

"Although London stands low in point of salubrity in comparison with the provinces of England, it stands very high when compared with most of the continental cities, and even states. With all the boasted advantages of the climate on the Mediterranean shores, the settled salu-

brious seasons of France, the glowing atmosphere and serene blue sky of Italy, we find England, and even its gigantic, crowded, almost boundless metropolis, enjoying a greater share of health, and consequently possessing a higher value of life than the inhabitants of almost any foreign city or state in Europe, or perhaps, in the world. It stands with respect to Paris in the scale of health, as forty to thirty-two; to Leghorn as forty to thirty-five; to Naples as forty to twenty-eight and a quarter; to Rome as forty to twenty-four; and to Vienna as forty to twenty-two and a half, the mortality in the latter city being as high as one in twenty-two and a half, or in other words, nearly five per cent. of the whole population die annually.

"The rate of mortality in Manchester in 1770 was one in twenty-eight, according to the enquiries and calculations of Dr. Percival; whereas at present it is supposed not to exceed one in forty-five. Dr. Enfield states that in 1773 the number of inhabitants of Liverpool was 32,400, and the mortality one in twenty-seven and a quarter; but in 1821, when the population amounted to 141,487, the mortality was only one in forty-four and four fifths, and, excluding the environs, it was one in forty-one annually. The mortality in Birmingham from 1810 to 1820 was one in thirty-nine and a half; in Glasgow, one in forty-five and a half; Leeds, one in forty-seven and a half; and at Northampton one in fifty-one.

"So that with the exception of Birmingham the above-mentioned towns enjoyed a higher degree of health than the metropolis, where the mortality, as has already been observed more than once, was found to be one in forty annually. The returns of the American cities are not so satisfactory as we could wish, on account of the large proportion of black population in many of them, among whom the annual mortality is very much greater than among the whites."

To this may appropriately be added a return of the mortality in the British army at home and its various stations abroad. The tale it tells, to use our author's observation, is truly frightful, as regards the fate of our countrymen in the West India settlements.

Annual mortality among British troops per cent.	
United Kingdom	1.5
Malta	1.5
Gibraltar	2.0
Ionian Islands	2.6
Bengal	5.7
Fort St. George, Madras	4.8
Leeward Islands, West Indies	11.3
Jamaica and Honduras, ditto	15.5
Windward Islands, ditto	18.3
French Army	1.94"

The fifth chapter is occupied with medical statistics, which we pass over, with the exception of one topic, that on the slightest reflection will appear to fall within the province of a discussion which has the health of the metropolis for its subject, viz. suicide, a crime or deed which is a characteristic sign of certain diseased states of mind, not unfrequently the attendant of bodily ailment. And here our

author repeats, what is the result of careful inquiry and calculation, regarding suicide. Is it peculiarly an English infatuation owing as foreigners have alleged to the choleric disposition of the people, and the gloominess of the atmosphere? Now, instead of this plausible or convenient mode of accounting for that which, after all, is not true, suicide in England is not nearly so prevalent as it is among the French and some other nations of Europe.

"Mr. Higgs, the coroner for Westminster, in 1825, made a report that the number of suicides which had taken place in that city, during the previous thirteen years, was two hundred and ninety, or an average of rather more than twenty-two annually, the population in 1821 being 182,444. The whole population of London at that time was 1,225,691; affording at the same ratio one hundred and forty-seven annually, or one suicide out of every 208 deaths, the mortality of the metropolis at that time being one in forty annually. The month of *June* was most prolific in suicides, and the month of November the least so. None occurred in the latter month, in either of the years 1812, 1815, 1820, 1824.

"Dr. Falret, of Paris, on the authority of the Police Registers, states that the average number of suicides in that capital, for the ten years ending with 1825, was three hundred and thirty-four annually. This seems an enormous number, considering the population is more than a third less than that of London; but it is a matter of great doubt if even the *whole* truth is told in these registers. In a recently published 'Report on the commercial relations between France and Great Britain,' there are some facts stated, relative to suicide, of a most astounding nature: namely, out of 25,341 deaths which took place in Paris in one year (1826), no less than five hundred and eleven were caused by suicide—being one out of every forty-nine and a half. This seems almost incredible, and were it not stated on government authority, one would be scrupulous in attaching credit to it; but the 'Report' comes out in such a shape as to leave little doubt of its authenticity. What a frightful picture is here presented to us of the state of moral feeling in the French Metropolis! With a population of 890,905 (in 1826), to have three and a half times as many suicides as London, and in proportion to the population four times as many."

"The average number in Berlin, in the ten years ending with 1822, was fifty-five annually; out of a population of 190,000, or one out of every one hundred deaths, taking the annual mortality at one in thirty-four on the authority of Casper."

Now when it is considered that the mercantile pursuits of a vast number of the citizens of the metropolis expose them to many sudden and dreadful commercial convulsions and unexpected losses, the above account is highly illustrative not only of the sound condition of their nerves, but of the high moral tone that exists in the public mind.

Dr. Hogg, after having been chiefly occupied with statistical information, proceeds to be more speculative and suggestive; consequently his matter becomes more novel, and both from its nature

and his manner of treating it, much more interesting. In treating, for instance, of the causes prejudicial to health, a number of obvious things of course are stated, but others are also advanced, which do not on first thoughts offer themselves. He has a good deal to say of the geological character of the city's situation and of its vicinity. Its elevation above the Thames, at a great variety of places, is minutely set down in a table. Thus, Westminster Hall is only one foot above the river, and the ascent throughout the metropolis is for the most part so gradual and gentle, as scarcely to be perceptible, whether as taken from the banks of the river at right angles, or the reverse of its descent. Hence the salubrity of this overgrown capital must be much affected; that a great deal has been done to remedy the evils arising from this low and unrelieved foundation is true, but much more might be accomplished, our author maintains, were government to take that active interest in the subject which he considers it bound to do. Contrast the two following paragraphs.

"The health of this vast city, the metropolis of the British Empire, and in a commercial point of view, of the whole world, the shrine of literature and science, the resort of human beings of every clime, caste, and complexion, the mart of the universe, the permanent residence of nearly two millions of people, on whose services depend not only their own individual interests, but those of many of the inhabitants of the provinces—the well-directed political schemes of the Government on the one hand, and the bold, commercial spirit of its merchants on the other, shedding rays of confidence and prosperity to the most distant confines of the kingdom, it will be readily acknowledged, is a subject all-important, not only to the inhabitants themselves, but to society at large.

"Many parts of Westminster and of Southwark are within a few feet, and some even within a few inches, of ordinary highwater mark, and were it not for the embankments along the Thames, these parts would be often inundated. The surface of the lake in St. James's Park is five feet below the Thames, and the water is supplied by letting the river flow into it by a sluice; in August, 1827, the form of this lake was altered; but, before that could be accomplished, it was found necessary to erect a steam engine, in the Park, to pump out the water. Thus the water, once admitted to this ornamental reservoir, cannot again flow out, but stagnates, until it is either removed by hydraulic means, or by the slow process of evaporation. By the latter operation abundant effluvia and miasmata are produced, whenever the weather is at all sultry; and the verge of this puddle has been chosen whereon to expend above a million sterling in the erection of a bedlam-like building as a royal residence."

A city so vast, so level, so surcharged with life, and all the occupations which life and commerce call into being, cannot but be filled and crowned with an atmosphere that is far from pure. Yet, we believe, the author is correct, when he states that this polluted climate seldom or never reaches to the cross on the top of St. Paul's dome, nor (let the people of Hampstead take heart) to Hampstead, which is about four hundred and thirty feet above the Thames,

while the cross is four hundred and six. But let us hear what is to be said of some of those special clouds which envelop the town at certain times.

"London is frequently enveloped in a mist, or fog, of greater density than is observable in any other part of the kingdom, more particularly in winter.

"Mists are of two kinds, *dry* and *wet*. The latter are seldom met with in the torrid zone, but they continually brood over the polar regions. The dry fog, according to some philosophers, arises from subterraneous vapours; it exhibits an intimate connexion with volcanic eruptions: such was the case with the celebrated mist which, in 1783, enveloped all Europe, at the moment when the volcanic fire made Iceland tremble, and immediately after the disaster of Calabria.

"1755, before the dreadful earthquake which befel Lisbon, a similar fog overspread the Tyrol and Switzerland; it appeared to be composed of earthy particles reduced to an extreme degree of fineness.

"The dry fog, so frequently observed in the months of November and December in London, seems to be composed chiefly of smoke, which, from its great weight, is unable to rise from the earth, when the surrounding atmosphere, as indicated by the fall of the Barometer, becomes specifically light. The colour of it corresponds with that of smoke, and it generally possesses a sooty, suffocating odour. Its sudden invasion of, and as sudden departure from, different parts of the town, and its not being seen often after midnight, or at any other time when fires are not generally burning, would lead one to conclude that exhalations from the earth have very little to do with this species of fog. It is of a bottle-green colour, but if the Barometer rise, it will either totally disappear, or change into a white mist. It is sometimes so dense as to prevent objects being discerned even at the distance of a few yards, and in consequence, many accidents occur in the streets, from the carriages and other vehicles coming into contact with each other.

"This state of atmosphere is considered peculiar, and has the appellation of the *London fog*. It causes such darkness that lights are indispensable for the transaction of business. It sensibly affects the organs of respiration, so much so, indeed, that persons having delicate lungs frequently experience a feeling of suffocation. Powerful as is the gas flame in the lamps, the light is not discernible many yards from the lamp-post.

"If a person require half a gallon of pure air per minute, how many gallons of this foul atmosphere must be, as it were, filtered by his lungs in the course of a day! the extraneous matter is so abundant as to produce oppressed respiration and cough in the most vigorous constitutions."

We were not aware that less rain falls in London than any other place in the kingdom; but it appears such is the case, according to observations of meteorologists. In such a town, the want of this cleansing and refreshing element must be experienced as regards health.

Our author has a good deal to say about a number of articles as sold in London in reference to health, such as milk, water, vege-

tables, food, &c. The effect which gas, the manner and the places of sepulture and other substances and habits have upon the inhabitants do not pass unnoticed or without suggestions. We go forward to the remarks on the abuse of spirits, in which there will be facts found that will surprise both the declaimers about the increase of Gin Palaces, and those who are in the habit of swallowing immoderate quantities of liquid fire.

A hundred years ago, says Dr. Hogg, the inhabitants of London were grievously addicted to drunkenness, particularly the lower classes, as may be imagined from the fact that there were then three times as many houses open for the sale of spiritous liquors, as there are now, even although the town was only about a third of its present size. According to Maitland, the number of such houses, including inns, taverns, coffee-houses, ale-houses, and brandy-shops, was 15,839, whereas, according to M'Culloch, in 1835, it was 5000. The repeal of an act which imposed five shillings on every gallon of British spirits, with the view of preventing smuggling, seems to have given rise suddenly to this monstrous state of things, and which attracted the attention of the legislature. One noble lord said he had seen the people as he had passed to the House, lying insensible in the streets, and the Bishop of Salisbury improved upon this, by adding that boards were put up inscribed with, "You may get drunk for one penny, dead drunk for two pence, and have clean straw for nothing!!" The proprietors of public-houses actually provided cellars and places strewed with straw, for the accommodation of their customers. In consequence of certain enactments a great improvement took place in the manners of the inhabitants relative to the vice in question. One admirable result, however, followed from this prevalent drunkenness—it called forth the matchless satire of Hogarth.

"It was during this mania for drunkenness that HOGARTH flourished, and the vice of the day afforded numberless subjects for his humorous brush: the last Scotch rebellion having broken out in 1745, he took the opportunity of exhibiting the effect of the liquid poison on one of the regiments of footguards, on their 'MARCH TO FINCHLEY.' The troops are represented in great disorder, all more or less under the influence of spirits, and the scene is between two public-houses, the *King's Head* and the *Adam and Eve*, at the two corners of the Hampstead-road and the New-road.

"Hogarth about the same time painted the two celebrated pictures of 'GIN LANE' and BEER STREET,' in the former of which the victims to the seducing poison are put into coffins in the street, and in the latter the gouty gentleman in his sedan chair is obliged to wait at the public-house door, while the two chairmen get some drink. The actual destruction of life at that period from the abuse of spirits was very great. The number of births in a town generally much exceeds the deaths; it is so in London at present, and it had been so previous to the period spoken of, but the numbers during the rage for drunkenness had become nearly equal, and

afterwards the deaths exceeded the births; to such an extent, indeed, had the mortality increased, that, in the year 1741, the burials were 32,169, while the christenings were only 14,937.

"Again, the mortality, in 1700, was one in twenty-five annually; but, in 1741, it had increased to one in twenty—a twentieth part of the people being taken off every year—at which rate the whole population would disappear in twenty years."

The "Spirit of Gin is again raising its demon head," continues the author, and the following is the picture, (we think it is in various particulars exaggerated), which he draws of the present,—

"Within the last six or seven years, the public-houses have altogether changed their character and appearance. Instead of the house of *entertainment*, where the mechanic could take his pipe and pint of ale after his work, or the stranger find a resting place after his journey, there is now only *standing-room* before a stately counter, behind which are arranged a number of sleek and smart *bar-maids* and waiters, and over which is supplied, in never-ceasing succession, glass after glass of gin to a ragged, cadaverous assemblage of both sexes, who, as soon as served with their ardent potion, stagger forth to make room for other groups of a similar description. Gin is almost the only fluid drank, and if a poor man, tired from his labour, ask leave to *sit down* to take his pot of porter, he will most probably be told by one of the flippant attendants at the bar that they can give no such accommodation; that, in fact, they do not provide room for people who come there *on business*.

"Crowds of people are always to be observed in and about the doors of the public-houses in the principal thoroughfares; they are to be seen in the street in the morning, waiting for the doors of these houses to be opened, they are with difficulty dislodged from them at midnight, but the most *trying* period of all is that during the hours of divine service on a Sunday, when the swinish multitude, half intoxicated and noisy, are expelled into the street to hover and quarrel about the doors, until the service is over, and the doors again open to admit them, to complete their fill of debauchery,"

What are the consequences of gin drinking?

"Apoplexy, Delirium tremens, Insanity, Palsy, Dropsy, Liver complaints, and general break up of the constitution, are among the most common ills incident to this vicious habit; the ultimate effect, as we have already seen, is—death.

"A very strong fact, corroboratory of the opinions here advanced, is contained in the Middlesex Asylum Report for 1834, it is thus expressed:—The 76 deaths which have occurred in the year have been, with the exception of those who have died from advanced age, principally caused by the disease of the brain, of the lungs, and the complaints brought on by those deadly potions of ardent spirits in which the lower classes seem more than ever to indulge. In a very great number of the recent cases, both amongst the men and women, the insanity is caused entirely by spirit drinking. This may, in some measure, be attributed to the young not being taught to consider the practice disgraceful, and to their being

tempted, by the gorgeous splendour of the present *gin* mansions, to begin a habit which they never would have commenced had they been obliged to steal, fearful of being observed, into the obscurity of the former dram shop."

And how is gin compounded ?

" This train of ills is attributable to the abuse of intoxicating drinks, more especially spirits, without reference to these being *adulterated* to a most dangerous extent ; it is well known that the gin that is consumed in London is composed of the most destructive poisons ; gin, in its pure state, is a most wholesome spirit ; but the London dramshop keeper, to make the liquor intoxicating, and, at the same time to increase his profit on its sale, adds oil of vitriol, sugar of lead, alum, turpentine, and other drugs in large proportions, reckless alike of his own character, and of the injury he inflicts on the community. The spirit is sent out by the distiller in a pure form, and of uniform strength ; but the publican dilutes and adulterates it in various ways, and with impunity, for there is no law sufficient to prevent or punish this nefarious act ; the dilution may be effected before the eyes of the exciseman, and he dare not interfere (as stated by one of the witnesses before the House of Commons committee on drunkenness), they only duty of the officer being to see that there is no *increase of the stock at the distiller's strength* without a proper permit ; the publican consequently commences operations on the gin as soon as it arrives on his premises, and large quantities of oil of vitriol, alum, nitre, ether, turpentine, white copperas and salt of tartar, with copious draughts of water, are added to the original stock, which now undergoes a change in its quality (speaking *chemically*), the result of which is, that the compound, instead of being a wholesome *spirituous* liquor, becomes an acrid *ether* ; its taste is changed from a pure alcoholic flavour to that of a fiery poison, which almost excoriates the palate and throat as it is swallowed, and a fluid more highly injurious to the animal economy could scarcely be invented. Thus, instead of the people taking a wholesome spirit in moderation, they take an immoderate quantity of a raw poisonous compound, more nearly allied to *vitriolic ether* than to any other fluid. It may not be amiss to mention, also, that the distiller's price is fourteen shillings the gallon, eight and sixpence of which is *duty*, whereas the publican retails his compound at eight shillings the gallon. The inference from this must be sufficiently obvious."

It came out before the Committee of the House of Commons, in the inquiry concerning the extent and causes of drunkenness, at the instance of Mr. Buckingham, late member for Sheffield, that the vice of intoxication has been for some time past on the decline among the higher and middle ranks of society, but has increased within the same period among the labouring classes throughout the three kingdoms. In Glasgow, one witness said, that the sum spent in liquors was nearly equal to the " whole amount expended in public institutions of charity and benevolence in the entire united kingdom."

Gin, however, is not the only liquid that is swallowed in immense quantities by people in London. Malt liquor, in the shape of

porter, and which is greatly adulterated also, is consumed by some classes at a rate that must be incredible to those who have not witnessed the potions swallowed by its *swiggers*. The author mentions that the coal-heavers on the Thames frequently drink each from two to three gallons in one day.

The worse than bestial practices to which we have been referring are not the only ones which are laid to the account of the Londoners, among those which are in direct violation of good taste and health. Here is part of Dr. Hogg's list of pernicious practices.

"The city of London has long had the character of gluttony on all festive occasions; and indeed it contains so many corporations that this is not to be wondered at, for these bodies seem intended to encourage gormandizing, enabling as they do their members to feed at the public expense. Some of the aldermen of the city have been particularly distinguished in this respect, and the demand for the most extravagant luxuries for the table has been met by efforts of no ordinary nature on the part of the caterers for civic entertainments; nay, it has often occurred that three or four worthies have met to dine at a tavern in the city, and their bill has amounted to £5 a head,

"With the exception of this chartered portion of the town, the metropolis cannot be accused of gluttony, though it is common for all classes to live well, if their means will permit them so to do. The quantity of animal food and fermented liquor taken by the lower classes of tradesmen and operatives, appears to be greater than is consumed in the country, and the additional stimulus thus generated cannot but be prejudicial to health; the practice of eating supper also prevails among these classes of persons, not unfrequently accompanied by a certain quantity of ardent spirits, a practice so detrimental that none but those in good health are able to follow it.

"Nothing more plainly betrays our ignorance of the principles of health, and at the same time our slavish submission to selfish indulgence, than the custom of eating suppers: instead of allowing the body, with its multifarious powers, to be refreshed by tranquil sleep, and the mind to be relieved from care and thought, irritation and excitement, the stomach is loaded with probably a heterogeneous mass of food, and the whole machinery of the inward man is forced into sluggish operation, when the vital powers are at the lowest ebb; the brain, feverish and disturbed, sends forth startling visions and horrifying dreams, until morning dawns, when the haunted imagination recovers itself, and is conscious of the mental and bodily vigour being rather exhausted than refreshed by the night's turmoil. This is not the exception with many persons, but the daily or rather nightly rule, and they persist in the pernicious course, notwithstanding that they are often sensible of the injury it inflicts on the constitution.

"The hours at which meals are taken in London, more particularly by the middle and upper ranks of society, are at variance with nature's rules, and consequently tend to the lowering of the standard of health. It is no argument that persons go on from day to day, living irregular lives, and still enjoy good health; it is their good health which enables them to do

so, and is the cause of their keeping up, rather than the effects of the course pursued; some persons lead most extraordinary lives, eating and drinking of every thing, eatable or drinkable, that comes in their way, often to great excess and without reference to time or season, disregarding alike of hours, either for meals, pleasure, or repose; but these have constitutions of iron, which last for a while, but the time comes when they cannot do as they used; nature calls out at last, and they are compelled to confine themselves more to sobriety and rule.

"Dinner is considered the chief meal amongst civilized people in modern times; it was usually taken about the middle of the day, and continues to be so in agricultural districts and among the lower classes: among the higher, however, it is now usual to take this meal in the evening, and it has become one of the characteristics of a genteel family that they dine at six or seven o'clock. In London, where appearances go so far, where etiquette is the gauge of good breeding, and where fashion rules triumphant, the upper ranks seem anxious to outstrip each other in the lateness of their dining hour. Hence it is very common, in the mansions of the great, for the dinner not to be served until after nine o'clock. This custom is the effect of necessity with a portion of the higher orders resident in the metropolis, and of imitation with the remainder; business occupies the members of the government, for instance, until late in the evening, and pleasures are devised for the fashionables to enable them to get over the tedium of the day.

"This lateness, this turning night into day, is decidedly prejudicial to health. It is the cause of indisposition to thousands in London; it robs youth of its bloom, manhood of its vigour, and old age of most of the few remaining enjoyments of life. It is the result solely of mismanagement on the part of one party, and of folly on the other. Late rising in the morning, and procrastination of the business of the day, are the mismanagement which leads to this state of things.

"Late rising has become a confirmed habit of the upper classes in London: it is not, like late dining, an essential mark of respectability to lie in bed till the middle of the day; but it is, nevertheless, the custom at present for members of parliament and people of fashion to breakfast at noon, and commence the business of the day after the sun has completed half his diurnal course. This is a most pernicious habit, both as regards health and the despatch of business. Its effects on the young are most strongly marked, it is the cause of the emaciated form and haggard look, of the sallow cheek and glassy eye, of the inward weakness and incapacity for business, and often even for pleasure, and yet fashion keeps its slaves by silken reins within this harassing track. It is this which renders many persons incapable of residing in London, and compels them to fly to peaceful retirement, with its simple habits and unsophisticated rules."

By the household book of the Percy family, it appears that, in the fifteenth century, the Earl of Northumberland and his household rose at six, dined at ten, and supped at four, the gates being all shut at nine. In queen Elizabeth's time, the hours of meals were much the same. Fashion, however, is too despotic to yield to any lessons on this and other subjects, such as those of clothing and

diet; and, indeed, so long as business hours are regulated as they are at present in many public departments, as well as among the mercantile classes, it is impossible that the upper and middling classes in London can generally return to the custom of the good old times. The artificial modes of living during the hours of relaxation are blamed by our author—such as that of the men taking exercise in soft-cushioned chariots, and, instead of resorting to athletic exercises, making club and drawing-rooms the spheres of their enjoyment. What will the hair-croppers say to this? “The mode of keeping the hair closely cropped seems, like many other customs very unnatural, and it is not impossible but that the constant clipping promotes its rapid growth, and thereby exhausts the soil, which may account, in some measure, for baldness being so general amongst us. Females allow their hair to grow long; it is, moreover, seldom cut, and it is unusual for a woman to be bald.”

We shall now address ourselves to some of the means which our author recommends, with the view that the health, mental and physical, of the community may be increased and invigorated. Here, although nothing entirely new as to the general idea is suggested, there is yet so much that is sensible and agreeable that the oftener it is repeated and the more widely it is published, the better; because, thereby the very things suggested may come to be carried into effect. Take the element of water, for example, which is so inexhaustibly supplied by old father Thames, and see to what advantages it might with comparative ease be turned in London.

“The deficiency is greatly felt in the impracticability of forming public baths; for these establishments, considered as luxuries in most other cities of Europe, are much wanted, as essential to health and cleanliness, in London. The human body requires, in all climates, frequent ablutions to keep it in wholesome condition; but nowhere do circumstances conspire to render the salutary custom of bathing so necessary, as in this metropolis. Nothing, however, was attempted by the public authorities to encourage so salutary a custom, but the culpable indifference displayed by these has, of late years, been partially made up by the public spirit of private individuals, who have established baths of great size in different parts of the metropolis.

“Bathing has been considered essential to health in almost all countries, and at almost all ages; it is practised in cold as well as in hot climates.

“Many nations hold the bath as one of their chief luxuries, others value it both as a luxury, and as conducive to health. Among some people bathing is enjoined as a religious exercise, whilst water is considered sacred, and is used not only as a physical, but as a type of moral ablution. In ancient Rome, the baths, both public and private, were on a most extensive scale, and though it be now 1500 years since the rays of her glory have departed, the magnificent baths of Dioclesian remain at this day as monuments at once of the estimation in which bathing was held, and of the greatness of that wonderful people.

"Houses, trees, cattle, drapery of all kinds, clothing, and even the skin itself, everything in fact becomes soiled and contaminated by the impurities in the atmosphere in London, and it is remarkable that measures have not been adopted to counteract the baneful effects of this evil.

"Instead of a smaller supply, the inhabitants of the metropolis require a larger quantity of water, (for the necessities, to say nothing of the luxuries of life) than people in the country.

"Holland is not naturally a healthy country, but the inhabitants splash the water about in all directions, and by the strict observance of cleanliness in the houses, Amsterdam is rendered a much more salubrious city than might be expected.

"It would be desirable that one or more powerful steam engines should be erected on the banks of the Thames, at the distance of some miles above London, and that water should be poured into the town in any quantity that might be required.

"It would be desirable that, in addition to the cisterns in private houses being kept full from this source, fountains should play in every square, and jets spout into stone basins in every street, all of which water should be at the disposal of the inhabitants, or should be allowed to run to waste; for, even by running to waste, as it would be considered by some persons, it would contribute most materially to the health of the town, by clearing away all offensive matter from the subterraneous passages.

"It is surprising that, in this metropolis, where there is as great a necessity for copious supplies of water, as there is in the cities of Persia and Turkey, the necessity however arising from different causes, that we should be so far behind these less civilized states in the establishment of fountains, baths, and public reservoirs. During certain months of the year there would be little demand for fountains, but there is a long season in which heat and dust, and a murky atmosphere, render London almost uninhabitable. During this period, fountains and baths would be luxuries beyond all price, not to mention how largely they would contribute to the public health.

"The palace gardens at Versailles are adorned by numerous fountains of great size and variety. They are tastefully distributed among the trees and shrubs; nymphs, sea-horses and dolphins, elegantly fashioned in bronze, forming the jet pipes of these beautiful water-works. It is said that there are fifteen hundred of these jets in the gardens, they all play at once at certain seasons of the year, when the effect is astonishing. The quantity of water used is of course immense, and is supplied by an engine on the River Seine at Marly, distant from Versailles about five English miles.

"How greatly would the beauty of our parks be increased, were there stately fountains playing at the extremities of the various avenues and drives, and when we consider the luxurious disposition of the present age; and the ample resources of the government and of the people, it is remarkable that this beautiful and useful ornament has not been introduced long since."

Let the public mind be but once directed to this subject, and it can hardly be supposed that London will long remain without some

such refreshing and beautifying supplies as those here recommended. Akin to the last may be taken the following suggestions :—

“ In addition to the improvements already suggested for promoting the salubrity of the metropolis and comfort of the people, there is one project which has been frequently before the public, and which, were the government and the inhabitants at large duly impressed with the importance of the subject, would probably, ere now, have been carried into effect, namely, Trench’s Terrace along the bank of the Thames, from Westminster to London Bridge. Not only would this work contribute materially to the healthiness of the town, but form a magnificent feature in its appearance.

“ How the banks of the river became crowded with buildings down to the water’s edge it is difficult to imagine, but there is scarcely another city or town in Europe, having a river running through it, where there are not broad and open quays, separating the houses from the stream, forming bold and beautiful promenades and carriage ways, most convenient either for business or pleasure, and generally displaying the town itself to the greatest advantage. Neither Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, nor St. Petersburg can boast of a river as broad as the Thames, yet they all have fine open terraces bordering the current. The same advantage is possessed by towns in this country, the quays in Dublin, Glasgow, Hull, and Bristol, and other towns, are among the finest features of these ports; it is only in London that the river is cramped in by dusky brick warehouses, and the public excluded even from a view of it. The erection of a terrace, such as been proposed, would not obstruct the communication already existing between the wharfs and the water, for it would pass over them, and, as there would be no necessity for the terrace being level throughout, it might rise or fall to accommodate particular situations or buildings. As it would occupy a space over the mud, left exposed between the tides, it would have a beneficial effect in preventing, to a certain extent, the evaporation of the effluvia which is so offensive along the shore in summer. This terrace, upwards of two miles long, and open to the public from end to end, would be one of the grandest erections of modern times, and worthy of the first city in Europe; it would conduce to the health of the metropolis, directly and indirectly, for it would prevent the spread of miasmata, and would encourage the inhabitants to exercise by the splendour of the promenade; at present the banks of the Thames in London are the most unseemly, dirty, beggarly looking portions of the metropolis, and the plan proposed would not only remove a positive deformity, but replace it by what would be at once highly useful and ornamental.

“ This project was taken up about two years ago, by Mr. Martin, the eminent historical painter, who enlarged and so improved on the original plan, that Sir F. Trench resigned the authorship of it to him. Mr. Martin proposed, with a view to improve the supply of water to the metropolis, and to promote its salubrity generally, to lay a very broad, but close sewer, along the shore of the river, to construct wharfs over this, and to form a terrace over the whole.

“ He proposed that this work should extend two miles and a half on each side of the Thames in London, and calculated that by the great sewers receiving the contents of all the drains in the metropolis, instead of the river

being polluted thereby, a vast improvement would be effected in the quality of the water supplied to the people, and that the terrace on the top would offer them a strong inducement to take air and exercise, so essential to health.

"This scheme is grand in the extreme, and several scientific gentlemen, friends and others of Mr. Martin, among whom was Sir F. Trench, formed themselves into a committee, to consider of its merits, who reported very favourably on it. There can be no doubt but that the water we drink in London is a most heterogeneous solution, and it is disgraceful that no means have yet been taken to prevent its contamination at its very source."

Our author is a great advocate in behalf of providing means of recreation and innocent pastimes for the citizens, such as opening to their free admission various exhibitions, forming for them village greens, &c., and to refrain from fixing upon the people anything equivalent to the bearing rein in respect of the sabbath day, which he thinks would irritate and impede those disposed to go well, while it never would prevent a stumbler from falling.

Dr. Hogg's chapter on Life Assurances is deserving of perusal, were it for nothing than pointing out the enormous profits of the existing companies in general. But many other topics as handled sensibly and agreeably by him, can only be explained in the volume itself, taken in an ungarbled shape, to which the extracts presented above cannot fail to invite the attention of our readers, whether metropolitan or provincial.

ART. VII.—*An Examination of Phrenology; In Two Lectures, Delivered to the Students of the Columbian College, District of Columbia, February, 1837.* By THOMAS SEWALL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. Washington City. 1837.

At the commencement of his first lecture, Dr. Sewall says that phrenology, besides having spread with great rapidity during the short existence of the science, "is at this time exciting a general and strong interest in the scientific circles of Europe and this country," (America). Now, whatever may be the case on the other side of the Atlantic, it certainly ought not to be affirmed that in England, at least, any such very strong excitement continues to be displayed or felt. With the exception of Edinburgh, the chief seat of the British phrenologists, we believe that nowhere else in the united kingdom is there to be found a general anxiety on the subject, or any extensive provisions for pursuing its study. Even in the Scottish capital, were it not that a few ingenious and enthusiastic disciples of Gall and Spurzheim reside there, we believe that phrenology would take its station among those curious but abandoned theories, which from time to time have absorbed the admiration or formed the amusement of scientific minds. One thing assuredly

cannot be said of its services, although years ago confidently prophesied, viz. that it was destined speedily to introduce a perfect and intelligible system of mental and moral philosophy, which would look down with compassion on the distinctions and speculations of Locke, Hume, Berkley, Hartley, Reid, and Stewart, as shallow and puerile, and prove to a demonstration—to the conviction of every inquirer, that previously the nature, capacities, and propensities of man had never been understood—that in short his history had been a perfect waste, till phrenology broke up his mind's soil, and pointed out how it ought to be cultivated. Mr. Combe, of Edinburgh, one of its most zealous and able advocates, has declared, that however splendid have been the discoveries of the revolution of the globe and the circulation of the blood, or however beneficial to the human race their results, compared with those which must inevitably follow from Dr. Gall's discovery of the functions of the brain, they must sink into relative insignificance. We repeat, and Mr. Combe cannot at the present adduce any proof to the contrary, that these marvellous and matchless consequences are still in the womb of futurity, and that if they are ever to have birth, there have not of recent years been any visible symptoms of early or advancing maternity. Ridicule has done much to throw the theory into disrepute, and argument not less. Of the latter sort of these hostile weapons, the present lectures furnish an effective specimen, for with a calmness and a candour which cannot be surpassed, and a mastery of knowledge, as well as of ratiocination, that is resistless, Dr. Sewall disposes of the subject, and shows that phrenology has withdrawn the attention of many sanguine and ingenious minds from far nobler and more profitable pursuits.

Like many other theories and schemes long ago abandoned, the study of phrenology is exceedingly attractive, because it professes to teach how men may easily and certainly arrive at a knowledge of the character of the human mind, and of the hidden emotions of the soul. Everything which pretends to supersede tedious labour, and deep research, is apt to gain the favour of enthusiastic persons. But the philosopher's stone could never have such powers as that science, which says that it can disclose the secrets of the heart by a momentary examination of the exterior of the head, and therefore never was so generally sought after.

Many of our readers know that this *science* (we use the term in accordance with the form of language sincerely applied to it by the phrenologists themselves), was first promulgated not many years ago, first by Dr. Gall, an eccentric German physician, who was led, as he says, while quite a youth, to observe that each of his brothers, sisters, school-fellows, and friends possessed some peculiarity of talent or disposition, some aptitude, and propensity, or laboured under some defect of mind and temper, which distinguished them

from others. He, in the course of his observations, discovered that those who had prominent eyes, were gifted with extraordinary accuracy and power of memory. A key, he conjectured, was thus found, which would guide to the external signs, connected with the other intellectual powers, and from this moment, he says, every individual, distinguished for any peculiarity, became the object of his attention and study. He visited hospitals, asylums, prisons, seats of justice, schools, and colleges. In 1796, he, for the first time, gave a course of lectures at Vienna, the result of his investigations and dissections. The government at length prohibited him from so doing—his doctrines being considered as leading to materialism. This created greater zeal in their behalf. Spurzheim, a favourite pupil, became associated with Gall, and henceforward they laboured in common, travelling through various countries, teaching their doctrines, and studying the organization of man. It was at Berlin, and the fortress of Spandan, where they first put their theory to the test of experiment, by its application to congregated multitudes. At the former, upwards of two hundred culprits, of whom they had never heard till that moment, were subjected to their inspection; and, it is said, Dr. Gall, with surprising readiness, not only discovered their natural propensities, but also indicated the offence for which each was imprisoned. At the latter, where four hundred and seventy heads were inspected, similar success attended their examination. In Paris, however, where they presented a memoir to the French Institute, and where their lectures and demonstrations were attended by Cuvier and other eminent members of that learned body, the character of the new theory did not obtain any high eulogium, for in the elaborate report drawn up by Cuvier himself, which was approved of by the Institute, such opinions were expressed as did not satisfy the German doctors, nor inspire confidence in their views of the anatomy and physiology of the brain.

In 1809, Gall and Spurzheim commenced publishing the great work, entitled "The Anatomy and Physiology of the nervous system in general, and of the Brain in particular, with observations upon the possibility of ascertaining several intellectual and moral dispositions of Man and Animals, by the configuration of their heads." This great work extended to four folio volumes, with an atlas of one hundred plates, the whole being completed in ten years. Such is a hasty sketch of the early progress of phrenology, a more detailed account of which is to be found in the first of the lectures before us. Its leading principles are thus stated by our author—

"1. Phrenology, like most systems of mental Philosophy, makes the brain the material organ of the mind.

"2. It assumes the position, that just in proportion to the volume of the organ, other things being equal, will be the power of the mental manifestations.

" 3. That the exercise of the mind promotes the development of the brain.

" 4. That the character of the mind is to be determined by the configuration of the brain.

" 5. That the brain is a multiplex organ, and composed of a definite number of compartments, or sub-organs, each of which is the appropriate seat of a propensity, sentiment, or intellectual faculty.

" 6. That the mind consists of a definite number of original powers, which are divided into propensities, sentiments, and intellectual faculties.

" 7. That to the existence of each original propensity, sentiment, or intellectual faculty, a specific cerebral organ is necessary, and that every specific mental operation can be performed only by means of an appropriate organ.

" 8. That the brain is composed of at least thirty-four phrenological organs, or pairs of organs, all commencing at the medulla oblongata, or top of the spinal marrow, and radiating to the surface of the brain. That they commence at a point, and, like so many inverted cones, become more and more voluminous, until that portion which is bounded by the walls of the cranium presents a surface corresponding in form, size, and situation, with the figured skulls, delineated in plate I., fig. I., II., and III.

" 9. That just in proportion to the development, or size of these organs, or cones, will be the strength of the particular faculty of which it is the residence. The size of the organs to be estimated by their length and breadth, and consequently that each prominence of the skull indicates the degree of development of that organ of the brain, which is located immediately under it, and of course the power of intellectual faculty, sentiment, or passion, of which it is the residence.

" 10. That the exercise of any particular faculty of the mind, promotes the development of the appropriate organ of such faculty.

"It is upon the principles here laid down, that the whole system of Phrenology is based.

"By a knowledge of Phrenology and Craniology,' says a distinguished writer upon this subject, 'the experienced Phrenologist is enabled to judge of the natural amount, and general character of the intellects of individuals, by an inspection of their heads.'

"In accordance with these principles, the cranium has been mapped out into thirty-four distinct territories, corresponding, as supposed, in position form and size, with the bases of the different organs of the brain.

"When any one, or more, of these is so prominent as to rise above the neighbouring parts of the skull, the organ which is immediately under it, is said to be full, and the faculty, of which it is the seat, proportionably strong and vigorous."

These different organs are grouped into three families, one for the *propensities or passions*, one for the moral sentiments, and a third for the *intellectual faculties*—the first being appropriated to the back and inferior region of the brain; the second, to the superior portion, and the third to the anterior. Among the Propensities, there are *amativeness*, *philoprogenitiveness*, *adhesiveness*, &c. Of the Sentiments, *self-esteem*, *love of approbation*, *cautionsness*, &c.; and of the Intellectual Faculties, there are *individuality*,

form, space, &c. Take, as an example, the description of individuality—

" Situated in the middle of the lower part of the fore-head. Its function is to give the faculty of practical observation, and the capacity to acquire knowledge in detached parcels, but not to put it well together. The possessor is full of matter for conversation and anecdote, but is a mere detailer of facts, which he seldom attempts to classify. He is a man of extensive information, rather than a profound philosopher. When the organ is full, and is aided by Comparison, it leads to personification, and to metaphorical writing, such as distinguished Bunyan. The organ was large in Roscoe and Swift, and moderate in Voltaire and Haydon."

Having seen how the different organs are situated, how classified, and how, as a specimen, one of them is described, let us hear from Dr. Sewall what rules are laid down for estimating the influence of the difference in size, occurring in the organs of the same brain.

" *First.* Every faculty desires gratification, with a degree of energy, proportionate to the size of its organ; and those faculties will be habitually indulged, the organs of which are largest in the individual.

" For example: if all the animal organs are large, and all the organs of the moral sentiments and intellect are small, the individual will be naturally prone to animal indulgence in the highest degree.

" If, on the other hand, the organs of the moral sentiments and intellect greatly predominate, the individual will be naturally disposed to moral and intellectual pursuits.

" *Second.* Should it happen that several large animal organs are combined with a full development of several moral and intellectual organs, the rule then is, that the lower propensities will take their direction from the higher powers.

" *Third.* Where all the organs appear in nearly equal proportion to each other, so that the different powers are accurately balanced, the individual will exhibit opposite phases of character, according as the animal or moral and intellectual powers predominate at the time; and he will pass his life in alternately sinning and repenting. If the individual, thus constituted, be brought under external influences, they will operate powerfully upon him, and his conduct will be greatly modified by them.

" *Fourth.* The same may be said of the counteracting and neutralizing influence of the individual organs on each other, as of that which appertains to the different groups.

" For example: if the organs of Combateness and Destructiveness are very full, and those of Veneration and Conscientiousness are also very full, the latter will so counteract and neutralize the former, that the individual may live all his days in quiet, and not once manifest the smallest disposition to combat or murder. Or, if the organ of Acquisitiveness is large, and that of Benevolence is also very full, the two propensities being thus counterpoised, there may be no especial desire of accumulating wealth manifested, and as little of the spirit of liberal giving. And all the organs may be so accurately balanced, that the good shall counteract the evil desires.

" It is, however, a doctrine of Phrenology, that the temperament of the individual exerts a strong influence upon the action of the different organs,

and groups of organs ; and consequently must be taken into the account, in judging of their activity and power, whatever combinations they may exhibit.

" Before I close this letter, I must call your attention, for a moment, to another of the doctrines of Phrenology, which should be understood, in order fully to appreciate the philosophy of the practical application of the science. I refer to what is called the natural language of the organs.

" The doctrine is, that the action of the phrenological organs tends to controul the attitudes and movements of the body, as well as modify the expressions. That the actions of the body will be in the longitudinal directions of the organs. For example : if the action of Amativeness be strongly excited, and especially if the organ is large, the head will be thrown backward, because the base of the organ is situated in the lower, and back part of the brain ; and which is the reason, also, that lovers are prone to bring the back part of their heads in contact, when they approach each other.

" Combativeness, when strongly excited, gives a sudden backward and lateral motion to the head."

In his second lecture our author pursues his subject by endeavouring to show how far the science is reconcileable with the anatomical structure and organization of the brain, the cranium, and other parts concerned ; and here it is that his effort is particularly successful and cogent. He is of opinion that the anatomy of the parts concerned, is the proper and only standard by which to ascertain the truth of the theory, and therefore on these, rather than on metaphysical grounds, or the application to individual cases, which have generally been resorted to, he has instituted this examination of phrenology. The manner, for example, in which he points out how apt its advocates and professors are to betake themselves to outlets, when hardly pressed by mental facts, is striking.

" If an individual has a large head, and his mental manifestations are unusually powerful, the case is brought forward as a proof of the truth of phrenology ; but if the manifestations are feeble, it is said that the great size of the head is the result of disease, or that the brain is not well organized, or that other circumstances have exerted an influence in diminishing its power. If a small head is connected with a powerful intellect, it only proves that the brain, though small, is well organized, and acts with uncommon energy. If an individual has a particular propensity strongly marked in his character, and there is no corresponding development of the brain, it is said that the organ has not been thrown out by indulging its desires ; but if there is a large development of an organ and no corresponding propensity, then it is contended that the germ of the propensity is there, but that it has been repressed by education, or other circumstances ; or it is found that some counteracting organ is fully developed which neutralizes the first. For example : if the organ of Covetousness is large, and the person has no uncommon love of gain, and the organ of Benevolence is also large, it is urged that the action of the one neutralizes that of the other.

" I have already mentioned that the temperament also is supposed to

perform an important part in modifying the action of the different organs, and for which all due allowance is to be made.

"When all these fail in furnishing a satisfactory explanation, another method still more amusing is sometimes resorted to, in relieving phrenology from embarrassment. It may be illustrated by the following facts :

"There is a celebrated divine now living, in Scotland, equally distinguished for his amiable disposition, his gigantic powers of mind, and the great moral influence which he exerts upon the Christian world. This individual, it is said, has the organ of destructiveness very largely developed, and not having any counteracting organ very large, it is contended by those who are acquainted with the fact, that he manifests his inherent disposition to murder, by his mighty efforts to destroy vice and break down systems of error. In this way he gratifies his propensity to shed blood.

"By a recent examination of the skull of the celebrated infidel Voltaire, it is found that he had the organ of veneration developed to a very extraordinary degree. For him it is urged, that his veneration for the Deity was so great, his sensibility upon the subject of devotion so exquisite, that he became shocked and disgusted with the irreverence of even the most devout Christians, and that out of pure respect and veneration for the Deity, he attempted to exterminate the Christian religion from the earth."

In pursuing his investigation, the following points are discussed—

"I. How far phrenology is sustained by the structure and organization of the brain.

"II. How far facts justify the opinion that there is an established relation between the volume of the brain and the powers of the mind.

"III. How far it is possible to ascertain the volume of the brain in the living subject, by measurement or observation.

"IV. How far it is possible to ascertain the relative degree of development of the different parts of the brain, by the examination of the living head.

"V. Notice a few facts which have been used in support of phrenology, and conclude with some general remarks.

Under each of these, he finds that the facts, and the inferences to be drawn from such facts, are inconsistent with phrenology. We shall quote two or three passages which range under the fifth head. Upon the phrenological fundamental principle, that the powers of the mind, other things being equal, are commensurate with the volume of the brain, Dr. Sewall remarks,

"I do not deny that there is a difference in the natural capacities of men, some individuals being endowed with stronger, quicker, and clearer minds than others; but I am far from admitting that this difference depends on the amount of brain, or that the development of the mind in the progress of life is to be determined by the increased size of the head. If we look round upon the intellectual world, we shall find as many distinguished for intellectual power, with a head of a small or medium size, and as many with a large head possessing a feeble intellect, as the reverse of these; and had phrenology in its commencement received a different

direction, and a small head, in conformity with the preference of Aristotle, been made the standard of perfection, it would doubtless have enlisted as many zealous and confident advocates as are now found in its ranks. It is not the mere volume of the brain which determines the power of the human intellect. Neither facts nor analogy sustain the proposition. Men of the greatest physical power have not often the largest muscle. This is remarkably true of great runners, wrestlers, and boxers; and the same observations apply with equal force to brute animals. There appears to be far more in the organization and action of parts, than in the mere volume, in giving power."

Upon the alleged fact that there is a coincidence between the protuberances on the skull and the intellectual and moral character of man, the author states—

"It is no part of my purpose to disprove this coincidence. Whether there is a correspondence between the external form of the head and the character of the mind, I leave for future observations to settle. If I have established the fact, that a protuberance on the skull is no proof of a corresponding development of the brain, my end is accomplished; and this, I think, has been clearly shown.

"The idea that the brain is composed of a plurality of organs, and that each has its own appropriate functions, has elicited every argument which could be brought to its support. To sustain the proposition, volumes have been written, experiments have been made, and the records of medicine and surgery have been ransacked in pursuit of facts.

"If the brain be composed of a plurality of organs, as represented by the figured head, and that each is the seat of a separate faculty, it necessarily follows, that when any one of these organs is injured or destroyed, that its faculty must be injured or destroyed also.

"Yet in all the mutilations of the brain to which man has been subjected for two thousand years, it appears that the records of surgery do not furnish a single well authenticated case in which the loss of a particular faculty has happened according to the organ on which the injury was inflicted, while the other faculties remained unimpaired."

But it has been often urged in support of phrenology, that its principles must be sound, since these have in many cases been tested and proved by being put in practice—witness Dr. Gall's success as mentioned already. To this our author replies—

"An argument frequently urged in the support of phrenology, is the success with which its principles have been applied to practice in distinguishing character. Dr. Gall himself, we are told, subjected his theory to the most rigid scrutiny, with triumphant success; that on several occasions he was enabled to ascertain, by the developments of the head, the precise crime for which multitudes had been convicted and sent to prison.

"To expose the absurdity of this argument, it is only necessary to bring to view the fact, that men of the same natural propensities, perpetrate different crimes, when placed under different circumstances; and that individuals of different, and even opposite tendencies, commit the

same crimes when placed under circumstances which are similar; nay, that men often perpetrate crimes to which they have no natural propensity, but a deep abhorrence, when strongly operated on by external influences.

"One man commits murder wantonly, and apparently from the natural cruelty of his disposition; another, that he may inherit a post of honour, or possess himself of fortune; and a third, to conceal another crime which he has already perpetrated.

"One individual steals from the mere motive of acquisition; another, that he may possess the means to gratify his sensual desires, or foster his pride or ambition; while a third is impelled to the crime from extreme poverty.

"The history of man in every country and age, will show, that nine-tenths of all the outrages committed are the consequence of defective education, bad example, vicious company, or other circumstances which attend the offender, rather than any inherent propensity to the crime perpetrated."

We have now, besides giving a sketch of the early history of phrenology, which to few of our readers can be more than the means of refreshing their memories, presented some passages from Dr. Sewall's examination of its claims, in which examination some new views have been suggested and pursued in a manner which we think will give a severe blow to the theory.

We conclude with that part where he accounts for the fact that a number of literary and scientific men have become its disciples.

"Phrenology, if it did not originate with, was early espoused by zealous and distinguished advocates. Gall and Spurzheim were both men of genius and of letters, and the latter especially has shown himself to be a man of extraordinary zeal and perseverance; an eloquent writer, an untiring investigator, and possessed of extensive literary acquirements; and whatever may be thought of his phrenology, it is not denied, that his investigations of the nervous system have contributed something to physiological science; and more especially that they have excited a spirit of inquiry in others which has led to important results. We still have living advocates of phrenology who justly rank among the most eloquent writers of the age. Mr. Combe, of Edinburgh, is scarcely surpassed for the beauty of his style, his command of facts, the richness and facility of his illustrations, as well as for philosophical observation. Nor is our own country destitute of men of ability and high literary attainments, who give all their influence to the support of phrenology.

"These writers have intermingled with their doctrines so much of philosophy and truth, have introduced so many novel facts and illustrations, and have exhibited the whole subject in such an aspect, as to render the study exceedingly captivating."

ART. VIII.—*The Spas of Germany*. By the Author of *St. Petersburg*.
2 Vols. London: Colburn. 1837.

IN the course of our peregrinations through this weary world, it was once our fortune to come in contact with an aspiring genius who had started in life as a penny-a-liner. Pleased with the peculiarity of this specimen of a novel species, we invited him to dine with us, and discoursed at large with him upon literature and men of letters. The mock heroic dignity with which he delivered his opinions upon the former, and the ludicrous self-complacency with which he enrolled himself amongst the latter, tickled our fancy very agreeably. On the following morning he presented to us, with a face of solemn importance, *his* contribution to the republic of letters—the first born of his intellect, a tour to Windsor along the Thames. Excellent, we exclaimed as we glanced our eye over sunny waters—rich foliage—church spires—old mansions—excellent, you have thrown your mind into the subject, you have given spirit to the thing, while we longed for his back to be turned to give way to the strong desire to laugh.

On taking up Dr. Granville's book we were forcibly reminded of the aforesaid tour to Windsor and its amusing author. Though in the latter case we were not restrained by our polite notions from indulging in a loud and prolonged cachinnation. Such pompous inanity, such laborious dulness, and such self-complacent imbecility, it has seldom been our lot to notice. "It does not often fall to the lot of a writer, (begins the Doctor) who undertakes to add a fresh work to English literature, to light upon a subject absolutely new—a fresh work to literature," as if a tour to the German Spas could deserve such an appellation any more than the learned liner's tour to Windsor. Why, they are as well known to the English public as Hampstead or Highgate—as vulgar as Oxford Street.

The notices which induced the Doctor to compose his work, were most praiseworthy and disinterested. "It was," he says, "the total want of such a book in the English language; of course the ideas of puffing himself off and of fingering some of Colburn's guineas never crossed his imagination, or entered into the account. Oh no! the doctor saw with sorrow, there was no book on German Spas, so he generously stepped forward to supply the deficiency, what disinterested benevolence! He next proceeds to blow his penny trumpet, this fact shows that the subject in this country must be new—"I mean new, when treated as I trust it has been in these volumes, in the character of a general, full, extended and practical account of the principal and most celebrated of those waters." This is much, but mark what follows. "The public have shown by the

VOL. III. (1837.) NO. I. G

very flattering manner in which they were pleased to receive a former publication of mine—the title of which I have placed as my only distinction in front of my present work—that they did not consider a narrative of travels in which useful and even medical information were mixed up with entertaining and lighter matter, incompatible with the severer studies and pursuits of my profession. Encouraged by such a precedent, I have, on the present occasion, adopted the same, nay, a more discursive manner of imparting knowledge.” Bravo, doctor, then you would make us believe, that your cumbrous rambling tour to Russia actually did sell, notwithstanding the severe chastisement it received at the hands of the Edinburgh Review; we had fancied that it must long since have served to line the trunks of succeeding tourists: but no, it did actually illuminate the public, without at all benefiting the tallow-chandler. There are a number of quacks who realize splendid fortunes, by advertising in the daily papers the divine powers of their several nostrums, to a man of Dr. Granville’s stamp, this course would be out of character—but the necessity of puffing is strong upon him—nobody thought or cared about Dr. Granville—and so, *coute qui coute*, the public must be reminded that there is such a person in existence. The expense of compiling some hundred pages of twaddle, does not exceed that of a daily half guinea advertisement, though we question whether it will make as many dupes, skilful as the author may be in the grand art of mystification. Dr. Granville goes on to lament that previous publications on this subject are uncut on the shelf, in consequence of their scientific heaviness, but thanks the gods it is not so with his precious bantling, for that it has the precise quantity of the *dulce* with the *utile* to make it a palatable dose; the exact quantity of sail necessary to counterbalance its weight of ballast, and float it triumphant down the stream of popularity. Among other gentry the *bons vivans* must be captivated. The doctor is not such a fool as not to know how important a part of his book the *gourmandise* must prove. He says, “the reader will find frequent descriptions of dinners, &c. in the course of the narrative, which some persons may think out of place in a book of this character.” Not at all, good Esculapius, it is but fair that while you reveal the mysteries of purgatives, you should allude to the materials they are to act upon—the bane and antidote always go together. “It is useful,” says the doctor to an invalid, who is to travel abroad under the guidance of the present work (save the mark) in search of health, “to know beforehand, what, and how many different species of *cuisine* he is likely to encounter in each division of that empire.” So that the work is a *manuel des gourmandes*, as well as a *manuel des invalides*. This is a very scientific trap. “Whether,” pursues the preface, “I am mistaken in the estimate I have formed of what is likely to please,

time will show, (for time, read Colburn's ledger), but I feel confident of having, at all events, discharged the whole duty voluntarily imposed on myself, by conveying to the public, in a popular form, a more minute, a fuller, and a more practical account of the mineral springs of Germany, than has ever before been attempted in this or I may say in any country, considering the manner and form of the book, and the general collective character of its details."

The public are no doubt bound to reward the doctor's fine public spirit by its approbation, particularly when its effects are so highly recommended. But the doctor is not satisfied with blowing this grand flourish; he rises to a still higher key. "Germany," he remarks, "boasts of hundreds of publications on mineral waters, not a few of which are excellent. But a work presenting the narrative of a grand tour to all the most fashionable mineral watering places in Germany in regular succession—a tour in which amusement is blended with information, and descriptive sketches of 'the humours and fancies' of each Spa are mixed up with the accurate details, collected on the spot, of every thing that is useful in a medical point of view, such a work, I *believe*, does not exist in any language. Yet no one can doubt that such a work is sought for by all who wish to visit the spas of Germany. I have only to hope that the present one will have accomplished that desideratum." He beats George Robins hollow—the very sublime of puffery; the *beau ideal* of bawling quackery: Morrison is completely outdone—

Qui Goss non odit amat tua *puffa* Granville.

Who hates not Goss's, loves bold Granville's puffs.

VIRG.

Tired of puffing himself, the doctor commences a long discussion on the wonderful, the stupendous properties and effects of mineral waters in general, but of German waters more particularly. He concludes with this sapient council—

"To such as are able and willing to try the effect of some one of the German Spas, I would say, 'haste away and make the trial by any means,' (i. e. first providing yourself with my book). Do not waste your life and your purse in swallowing endless drugs, and ringing the changes of remedies and doctors, pent up in a hot house in London during the summer months, or in being lifted in and out of the carriage, the prey of some chronic and insidious disorder, which baffles your vigilant physician's skill, or in being sent from Brighton to Tunbridge, and from thence to Leamington or Cheltenham, merely to return again to Brighton or London, exactly as you left it, having in the mean time tried as many doctors as places, and as many new remedies and places as doctors, to no purpose. Fly, I say, from all these *evils*, proceed to some spring of health,

and commit yourself for once into the hands of nature—of moderated nature—assisted by every auxiliary which an excursion to a German Spa brings with it, and depend upon it, that either at the first, or the second, or the third occasion of visiting such spa, you will have reason to rejoice that you exchanged art for nature.” How very satisfactory to the medical men of England. Fly from these evils, says a brother of the craft; do not swallow their endless drugs; swallow my water; buy my book as Abernethy used to say, and pitch the whole medical fraternity to old Nick. We can imagine the generous indignation that will be aroused at this sweeping denunciation of the clique, what scientific bile will be put in motion, what a cloud of sarcasms will be levelled at the recusant doctor’s devoted head. But he is clad in the impenetrable armour of high principle; he devotes himself for the benefit of his fellow creatures; no sinister, self-interested motive warps his judgment, or biases his understanding. Pharmacopolists, says the quixotic doctor, you are knaves, knaves every one of you; and here am I, Doctor Granville, with my book in my hand, ready to give you all battle. Thus said Sangrado, the illustrious in days of yore; thus, says one as eminent in our own times. Will the German hotel keepers requite this zeal for the benefit of humanity? Will the little dukelings, who rule the land of book-worms and sour kroust, acknowledge their obligations to the doctor for converting their dominions into a vast hospital for the decayed *roué’s* of Great Britain. If they do not, we tell them they will stand convicted of base ingratitude. But princes have always been ungrateful, so that we would advise the doctor to depend more upon our coach-makers. Long-acre must feel the benefit of Dr. Granville’s prescriptions, and an additional fifty pounds laid on a travelling britska may, with great propriety, be transferred to the doctor’s pocket. We merely throw out the hint, out of our admiration for his disinterestedness.

The lodging-house keepers, or, as the vernacular sounds them, (the Privathüsern) will find their account in the doctor’s puffs, as witness the following—

“ If we reflect for a moment, that from the latter part of May, the ordinary time of the opening of the season at Baden, (although in the present year, visitors did not begin to assemble until much later,) to the day of our knocking for admission at the Golden Sun, on the 13th of April, 10,278 *personen*, (as the Badeblatt, or Register calls them,) had entered the town in search of similar accommodation; and that the whole quantity of house-room in Baden, with the exception of a few palaces, is calculated for its ordinary number of inhabitants only, amounting to little more than 5,000; we shall be puzzled to understand, how such a sudden influx of strangers can be conveniently admitted. The existence of huge hotels, containing two and three hundred sets of apartments, all of which are deserted in the winter, will explain part of the riddle. But the real secret lies in the intense determination of *all* the natives, who possess anything in the shape

of a dwelling, to make money by surrendering to strangers what little house-room they have to spare, for a period of about six months in the year; although by so doing, they and their children, and their servants, and their domestic animals, are often compelled to huddle together at night, in some little avenue or passage, or upon and under the stairs of their dwellings. What can be the incitement to all this sacrifice? The desire to share in the two millions of florins (170,000*l.*) which are yearly scattered by the visitors, among the members of this little community."

If this was the state of the things before Dr. Granville's book, what must it be after the publication of that powerful production? A new town must be built, and we would seriously advise those German transcendentalists, who are busy with their midnight lamp over the unseizable distinctions of metaphysics, to fling aside their pens, grasp the trowel or the plane, build houses at Baden, and become rich, instead of becoming celebrated.

Nor are the doctor's prospects less blooming at Baden-Baden, where, as he shows, the authorities are really alive to the interests of the place.

"Life at Baden, during the bathing season, may be best described by a short French phrase: *C'est toujours jour de fête.*' The very first movements of the throng, at the earliest part of the morning, are *gaiety*; and this presents itself, under some garb or other, at every hour of the day until midnight, to whatever part of this delightful place you may happen to wander. But the centre of attraction is the public promenade. Here a magnificent building, commanding attention by its lofty Corinthian colonnade, affords a hundred excuses for the assemblage of the many thousand idlers, who devote just one hour, in every four-and-twenty, to the one great object, health; and two-thirds of the remaining time to pleasure and dissipation. As these, more than the operations of bathing and drinking the mineral water, are the motives which sway the majority of those who visit Baden, where they squander, among the inhabitants, two million of florins in the course of the season, no means have been left untried by the authorities, to multiply them, and secure their attainment. To the late Grand Duke Charles the visitors are indebted for the largest share of their present gratifications. That Prince, having purchased a large tract of land to the south of the town, lying between the Ohlback and the foot of the Friesenberg and other hills, erected the present *Maison de Conversation*, connecting with it on either side, a gallery terminated on the left, by a public library and theatre, and by a grand *Restaurant* and gambling-rooms on the right. A gravelled terrace stretches in front of this imposing edifice, throughout its whole length of 140 feet; and before it, is a square lawn, with a circular sheet of water in the centre. Quadruple lines of chestnut trees encompass on three sides the grass-plot, and form as many shaded and well-frequented walks, along the exterior of which, ranges of little Bazaar shops, or light *boutiques*, have been established, filled with gewgaws of all sorts, and from all parts of the world, served out by smartly dressed, good-looking young women, clad in the costume of their respective countries. Behind, and near the western extremity of the Conversation-Haus, stretches the Park or Jardin Anglais—as the Prince Founder desired it

might be called. Pleasing and agreeable promenades are formed through this labyrinth, which insensibly ascend the nearest acclivities, and lead to many resting-places, particularly the *Sokraterhalle*, or Hut of Socrates. From this spot a most enchanting view is obtained of the town, stretched in the shape of an amphitheatre before us; with the dark forest and the ruins of the old Castle, as the left proscenium, and the valley of *Lichtenthal*, with its Cistercian abbey, as the one on the right; while the *Teufelskanzel*, or Devil's chair, forms the vanishing point of this beautiful vista.

"The reigning Duke, unwilling to be behind-hand with his predecessor, in increasing the number of temptations for foreigners to visit Baden, has expended, within the last six or seven years, eighty thousand florins to make an easy road of access to the celebrated Chateau, both for carriages and pedestrians, in behalf of whom, he has, moreover, contrived, best part of the way, a covered walk which shelters them equally during a sudden storm of rain, and in the hours of intense heat."

Now, the reigning duke, who has been so patriotic as to build a gambling-house, will doubtless take under his especial patronage a man who shall have contributed, in a greater degree than any other, to decoy good flats to his gaming-table. Englishmen are always flush of cash, and they are the most obstinate and reckless lovers of play amongst Europeans, so that we may very fairly conclude that the aforesaid gaming-table of the duke will prosper and flourish in the same ratio with the book on the Spas of Germany. As the book is unequalled in excellence, it must meet with success, and, ergo, so must the table. The least the duke can do, would be to decorate the doctor's button-hole with an inch or two of ribbon; we have no doubt he would prefer cheap rewards to those that are more costly.

The balls at Baden are composed of company which in London would be called mixed, and, in cant phrase, promiscuous.

"A servant out of livery, placed at the entrance of the Ball-room, within, and at the farther end of one of the gambling-rooms, receives three franks as the price of admission from any one who presents himself in a costume deemed respectable. The power of exclusion depends on no other condition. The 'external man' alone is considered, and the same of his fair partner. Hence it follows, that the assemblage within presents a coup-d'œil not easily defined. With the '*Sommilés aristocratiques*' of almost every nation in Europe, one sees the *Zeros* and the *Rogues* from the same countries, in no inconsiderable numbers. The presence of the truly amiable Dowager Duchess Stephanie, and of her daughter the Princess Marie, is not always a guarantee that the purest of their sex, only, will be admitted. The *melange* indeed is complete, and in this respect, Baden-Baden is inferior to Carlsbad and Bruchenaus, at both which places impudence finds less facility of introduction. The Princesses kept aloof, under the gallery, seated on ottomans, and surrounded by their ladies of honour, and the officers of their household. Between each dance they advanced, and received such of the company as the *Chambellan de service* thought proper to introduce. There is no other etiquette. All restraint is thus removed, and the affable

manners of the illustrious relatives put every one presented at their ease *Le Chambellan* is a quick-eyed man of the world, not easily imposed upon I should think; and his judgment and discretion are seldom at fault. By this means, even in this motley throng of real and mock exclusives, a positive distinction is soon established, after all the presentations have taken place, which becomes curiously visible in the gait and conduct of the different classes towards each other, throughout the rest of the evening; The Princess Marie frequently joins in the dance, and sustains an animated conversation with her partners, on all the topics of the day—making remarks which, in a young lady of nineteen, betoken talent and a careful education. Her countenance is prepossessing; she is not tall, but faultless in her figure. The *Cris d'oro*, which falls in ringlets, defines the contour of her pale face, and gives to it that pleasing character so peculiar among the fairest of the fair in Germany."

The confusion of tongues in this select circle is ludicrous enough. Each person displays his or her vanity in speaking the language of which he or she is most ignorant. Germans are speaking English, and Englishmen German. A hundred ill-assorted dialogues are thus going on in a crowded room at the same time, so that the music of the tongue becomes peculiarly agreeable.

The French and Italian phrases, of which our author seems as proud as a child of a new rattle, are, we fancy, borrowed from the fashionable novels so common some few years since, but now happily gathered to the tomb. Indeed, the general style of the doctor seems formed on a clumsy imitation of those flimsy productions—exhibiting the same laborious efforts to be lively and entertaining—the same abortive attempts at being witty and piquant. An elephant dancing, or a donkey wheeling in graceful evolutions, are the most characteristic illustrations we can find. Meeting some Sir John ———, an ex-medico botanist from London, he is accosted by him, but cuts him dead; upon which Sir John begs his pardon, saying—"Je pensais que vous êtes un des mes particuliers amis, le Doctor Granville, un des *celebres* medecins de Londres, &c." The doctor misses no opportunity for a puff. A cold sulphuretted spring was supposed to be discovered at Baden. Doctor Granville paid it a visit, and at once pronounced it to be spurious, as being produced by accidental deposits; and wrote a note to that effect to Dr. Van Ludwig, principal and body physician to the King of Wirtemberg. After his departure, he received a note confirmatory of his opinion. "This is gratifying," he exclaims; "C'est une petite gloriole for a chemist."

Dr. Giggart, the pet physician at Baden, is a dashing young man, whom a Madame la Baronne thus eulogises:—"Il a fait des grands études, a beaucoup voyagé, et il est fait *pour inspirer la confiance*. Ses malades le suivraient au bout du monde." 'He must be somewhat far advanced in years, then,' replied I. 'Not at all. He is quite young—only twenty-eight. To make a good

physician it is not age or long practice that is requisite, it is genius, (c'est le génie). A man is born a physician, as he is born a poet. At a single glance he tells you what is your complaint, and points out the remedy.' ”

The insinuation that the popularity of the young physician might in some measure be connected with his physical endowments and his eight-and-twenty years, is pretty broadly put ; and we have no doubt Dr. Granville's acumen is as infallible in testing the composition of a reputation as well as of a mineral spring. Nobody knows better of what singular elements such things are sometimes made up. Genius, in the case of Dr. Giggart, was his ability to please the fairer portion of creation ; in our practitioners, genius is the power of humbug. This Dr. Giggart lodges at a butcher's shop, and is thus described—

“ Dr. Giggart was in his robe-de chambre à grandes fleurs, drawn slightly round the waist by a thick cord with tassels, after the fashion of a capuchin friar, and was in the act of taking snuff out of a cubic tabatière, of which he made incessant use, when not employed in rubbing his hands, like one who is in the act of washing them. This action he accompanied with a knowing toss of the head, and a most significant hem, twice or three times repeated. ‘ Adieu, Monsieur le Marquis,’ said he to a tall good-looking person who was in the act of quitting the room ; ‘ prenez toujours deux bains—et ne buvez que six verres de nôtre eau artificielle de Carlsbad, le matin. Votre mal de gorge disparaîtra.’ He then welcomed me as his *très cher confrère—enchanté*, &c., and we took our seats before his *secrétaire*, upon which lay, scattered, in indescribable confusion, letters—pamphlets—books—journals—pipes—tobacco-bags, and the several piles of Thalers and *pièces de cinq francs*, which had been deposited there, I imagine, by the patients who had already consulted him at that early hour of the day.

“ Our conversation was long and at times animated. We discoursed on the nature and virtues of the waters at Baden, respecting which he informed me, that he entertained somewhat different views from those of his colleagues, even concerning their chemical composition ; as he had analysed them himself ; and in the *source du diable* he had found that azotic gas escaped—which had not been noticed before. I gradually discovered that he had, at one time, worshipped the idol Hahnemann—whom he now repudiated for a mere diet, and the *Ursprung*. On general medicine his observations were those of a well-informed and travelled physician ; but he seemed to have culled little philosophy from all he had seen and all he had read, when, with a sweeping and unqualified sentence, comparing the German, the English, and the French physicians together, he asserted that ‘ *les Anglais sont en arrière des Allemands, et les Français encore plus en arrière des Anglais.*’ Against the *Système Cathartique* (as he called it) of the English practitioners, and the anti-irritation nonsense of Broussais, the young doctor inveighed in no measured terms ; and he concluded by an allusion to several hundred cases of *Estomacs délabrés*, and ruined constitutions, which had come under his consideration, the result of French and English malpractices.

"While thus engaged in a lively and instructive dialogue, a patient was introduced, to all appearance, *un homme du pays*. Dr. Giggart, after a slight 'guten tag,' beckoned him to wait in the room—the only one at his disposal besides the bed-chamber—the door of which, being wide open and opposite to us, exhibited its slender furniture, and all other utensils, including a huge plate-glass electrical machine.

"In bowing to the new visiter, my worthy confrère made a slight movement of his knees, which showed that the most essential part of his garment had been left in the sleeping room. But the weather was intolerably hot, and no doubt the doctor fancied he could not be too lightly clad. My discovery, however, seemed to disconcert him a little; and as the patient, who had listened for a few minutes to our dialogue, appeared to grow impatient, I deemed it prudent to take my leave, not without expressing how thankful I felt for the information he had afforded me. I met Dr. Giggart out in the course of the day, so smart, so brushed up, and so dashing, that I scarcely recognised him again. He looked in fact as if he might be a *pet* physician."

Baden, it appears, is a cheap place of amusement.

"My readers will be able to form an idea of the very reasonable terms on which a gay life may be led at Baden, from the few particulars I have just given, and which may prove useful. But in order that my information on this head may be more complete, I will detail the several prices at which necessities and comforts are to be had during and after the season at Baden. I preface my statement by reminding my readers that three kreutzers are equal to an English penny, and that sixty kreutzers make a florin. A bachelor, then, may procure an excellent bed-room in one of the principal hotels, for a florin-and-a-half, or two at most. With a sitting-room the charge is from three to four florins; but there are inferior apartments which may be had for forty-eight kreutzers, or sixteen pence a-day. A *déjeuner Anglais* is thirteen pence; a *déjeuner simple*, with coffee and bread and butter only, twenty-four kreutzers, or eight-pence. The early dinner at the table-d'hôte is one florin, and four-pence more for half-a-bottle of Turbachen, *vin du pays*. At four o'clock the table-d'hôte dinner is three francs, (2s. 6d.,) with wine, and without it one florin and twelve kreutzers, or two shillings. Tea or coffee in the evening with *brioche*s, half-a-florin, or ten-pence. At the Great Chabert Rooms, everything is one-fourth dearer. A single night's lodging may always be had for forty-eight kreutzers, or sixteen pence, during the season, at an inn, and for one shilling and eight-pence in a private lodging-house."

These expenses are one-half less during the winter.

From Baden the doctor proceeds to Wildbad. This town stands amid the wilds of the Black Forest, on the eastern side of one of the numerous ranges of hills which form one of the imposing features of that country. The road by the Mourg he recommends as the best, but he complains of the impositions and lazy pace of the postilions. Wildbad is far from being a considerable watering-place, but the doctor lauds the efficacy of its waters, and the accommodations of its bathing, in equally unmeasured terms.

"Greatly as nature has favoured this spot, where a spring of health lay concealed for centuries, the hand of man has done but little yet, to embellish it with all those accessories which the polished and fastidious visitors of watering-places are now accustomed to look for and expect. Once fairly landed at the bottom of the valley, which stands at 1,323 feet above the sea-level, the approach to the bath is through a long and narrow street, the first part of which consists of miserable-looking houses. These are inhabited by humble and poor families, who must often feel astounded at the display of glittering luxury, and fine equipages, and cavalcades, which, during three months in the year, pass to and fro before them like dazzling meteors. At this end of the street the King's Platz is situated; and this, with the Conversation Saloon, the two principal hotels, (the Bear and the King of Würtemberg,) the promenades, the Bad-hof, and the *Maison des Pauvres*, or Catherine Asylum, form the whole of the fashionable part of this Spa. The vignette at the head of the present chapter presents all these various objects, as they are seen after passing through an arch, which divides the lower from the upper part of the long and single street of which this minor town or village consists."

"The Bad-hof, which forms the end of this Platz—where the drinking spring of mineral water before mentioned is situated—is a low building, irregularly divided in its interior into chambers, erected over the several sources of hot water which rise out of granitic rocks. This is collected, with its clean sand deposits, into square or oblong areas, of various dimensions, confined by wooden partitions, which do not rise to the height of the vaulted roof over them, and form bath-chambers, with fourteen or eighteen inches depth of water in them, at a natural temperature, varying from $23\frac{1}{2}$ to 30 degs. of Reaumur, or from 84 to 100 degs. of Fahrenheit, in different baths. In these the bather sits, or rather lies down, with the back of his head to the rock—where a board has been fixed for that purpose; and in each of them there may be from four to six or more such places, which are generally occupied at the same time. There are also single divisions or closets, perfectly secluded from the rest, where only one person at a time can bathe.

"One of the basins, into which the hottest spring (the Hölle) is received, and which consists of two divisions, the Herren-bad and the Bürger-bad, has an area of 1,064 square feet, and is covered with a gothic chapel-like building. In the first division twenty-two, and in the second fifteen bathers may be accommodated, together. There are, besides, nine closets, each for one bather—five of them appropriated to men, and the rest to women. A niche was pointed out to me in one of the sides of the first division of this basin, which penetrates deep into the rock, whence the principal spring of Wildbad emerges. On plunging the arm into the cleft whence the spring flows, its force and temperature may be at once ascertained. The heat in this place is just 100 degs., and sufficient steam may be collected from this aperture by pipes, to form, in convenient apartments, a vapour bath. There are adjoining to this basin and another, called the Fürsten-bad or Prince's baths, neat closets or dressing-rooms, and contrivances for administering the *douche* and shower-bath. The Frauenbad, or ladies' bath, has the same convenience. The temperature of both is 97 degs. or perhaps a little more. The Fürstenbad has an area

of 216 square feet, the Frauenbad one of 405. A fourth basin, of 420 square feet of surface, is divided into four compartments, two for each sex, at a temperature of only 88 or 90 degrees, which is very suitable and beneficial to many for whom the higher grades of heat would be injurious. As is the case at all the German Spas, the lower classes have been taken care of in Wildbad: a fifth bath-room, capable of accommodating ten persons of each sex, has been destined for their sole use."

The Wildbad water has neither taste nor smell—it is colourless, transparent, and brilliant. Its temperature has continued the same through a long succession of years.

"The best period of the year for using the Wildbad baths is in June, July, and August; and the fittest time of day for bathing, in those months, is from five to nine o'clock in the morning. Breakfast may be taken a quarter of an hour after the bath. Where the water is drunk at the same time, that which has a temperature of twenty-six and a-half degrees of Reaumur should be preferred; and the quantity used may be from eight to twelve glasses, of four ounces each. A large quantity of the Wildbad water may be drunk without any disagreeable effect. The water should be taken fasting; and the principal bath-physicians are of opinion that the water should be drunk first at five in the morning, and followed by a light breakfast—some time after which the patient may bathe."

Let us turn from the perpetually recurring jargon of springs, minerals, and diseases, and contemplate the doctor in his capacity of gastronome.

"The hotel at which I lived while at Stuttgart, and with the master of which, as well as with its accommodation, I have every reason to be satisfied, might very well be made a sort of head-quarters of this kind, for an invalid desirous to enjoy the benefit of the Cannstadt waters. At this hotel, (the König von Würtemberg,) situated at the confluence of four of the principal streets, (having, on the day of my return from Wildbad, missed the usual hour of the great *table-d'hôte*, which begins at one o'clock,) a private dinner for one florin and twelve kreutzers (2s.) was served up in about an hour, which will give an idea of the cheapness of living at Stuttgart, where so much, and that so good, can be obtained at an inn, for so little money. *Imprimis*, a basin of excellent soup, consisting of a good *bouillon de bœuf*, into which some baked flour resembling *semolina*, and a couple of eggs, had been mixed, beat up, and boiled. Next came four *cotelettes pannées*, with two attendant vegetable-dishes, the one bearing dressed French beans, the other some *cartoffel en chemise*. A trout followed, which in its turn made way for a plump *perdre au lard*, having on one side, a bowl of salad dressed in the Italian fashion, and a dish of *langue salée* on the other. A third course appeared next, with some *poires étouffées dans leur jus et au vin*, and a capital *omelette soufflée*. Four sorts of biscuits and *compôtes*, with fresh plums and pears, constituted the dessert; and all these good things were made still better, by plenty of bread of singular excellence, and a pint of Neckar wine, which was not despicable. What cockney, within the smoke of the kitchen of the Albion or of the Freemason's, can hope to linger over, still less to partake of, the tithe part

of this long list of *gustables*, at the bare name of which his mouth would water—for only twice twelve-pence of lawful British money?"

The doctor dilates, with true gastronomic satisfaction, on these good things. There is a raciness in this which shows the doctor to be more in his element here than at his drugs. From Wildbad he proceeds—through several towns, all of them possessing springs of greater or lesser efficacy—to Cannstadt, and thence to Boll. The springs of the latter place cure all sorts of cutaneous eruptions. It offers public and private amusements, and agreeable society. Then come Würtemberg and Ulm, with their usual quantum of palaces, pictures, platzes, and other memorabilia, that have furnished matter for the descriptive genius of writers from generation to generation. With the two latter places closes the first division of the doctor's book.

The second division comprehends the Saltzburghian Spas, Gasteen, Coss-Gasteen, and, incidentally, Munich, Salzburg, &c. &c. To Munich and its sights he devotes seventy-two cumbrous pages; it is wearisome in the extreme to turn page after page, and find nothing but the same tedious and long-drawn out tale of pictures and pilasters, statues and staircases, long galleries, lofty domes, gardens, fountains, &c.; in fine, all the dry bones of every guide-book repast, confusedly huddled together under our nose—in vain we seek for some of that interesting material which the doctor promised us in his preface—some of those humorous sketches that were to enliven our journey through this German wilderness. The doctor's facetiæ seem to be sown more thinly as he advances—scarcely do we meet with a sly puff. Speaking of travellers at Munich, he says—

"As usual among the guests, the English predominate. You can mark them at once by diagnostic signs which never fail. If you behold an unusually well-dressed individual, high-cravated, and clad in a Stolz *frac*, coming into the dining-room after all the rest of the people have finished their *potage*, be assured he is an Englishman. If he begins grumbling in indifferent French to the *kellner*, at the *bouillon au ris*, and turns up his nose at the *bouilli* which follows, doubt not that he is any other than an Englishman. If he beckons to the waiter to bring him a dish out of its turn, so as to derange, altogether, the usual routine to which every one cheerfully submits—he is unquestionably an Englishman. If he calls for a bottle of champagne when every one else is quaffing his *demi bouteille* of sour wine, the conclusion is inevitable: and if three or four such individuals cluster together, talk aloud, and d—— the cookery, at the same time that they admit how cheaply they can live and amuse themselves, the case is quite manifest: they are all from this side of the channel—landed from the Dampschiff at Frankfort, and recently imported into Bavaria.

"But these are venial peccadilloes, and innocent peculiarities, of which a certain mass only of travelling Englishmen partakes, and from which many excellent persons, and the *sommités aristocratiques ou fashionables*, are

entirely exempt. On the other hand, diagnostics equally characteristic, but of a more exalted description, denote the happy dweller of Britain, which more than compensate for his trifling eccentricities; while they open to the really polished and good, every avenue to select society abroad, and secure to them a hearty welcome."

So much for the feeders—now for the food.

"There is a treat which one gets genuine and good at the *Cerf-d'or*—and that is a *déjeuner Anglais*, served in the neatest manner possible, on one of the small tables in the great dining-room. Tea, good, and made quite *à l'Anglaise*—(the kettle boiling over charcoal embers in an appropriate vessel)—rolls of the whitest flour—excellent butter—eggs just laid for you—and some Bavarian ham or *saucisson sans* garlick, may be had any day, (damages fifty-six kreutzers a-head, or 1s. 6d.); and that is a real luxury. Who cares for any other repast after it? What meal is more philosophical than such a breakfast? To a traveller, and in rude health, it is the most wholesome repast of his day. To a travelling invalid it is not less so, excepting always the butter. But both will be sure to rise from it with a serenity of mind and a vigour of body, which they would in vain look for, and expect, from one of those more substantial entertainments which *mein herr Havard*, of the *Cerf-d'or*, will give them later in the day, at his *table-d'hôte*."

What egregious twaddle is all this—what ponderous levity—pompous vanity—in every line.

"The principal object of my journey to the continent," pursues the everacious doctor—"embracing as it did several important inquiries appertaining to political economy—required that I should see at Munich, as well as at all the other capitals I visited, some of the king's ministers."

The doctor bursts forth in a new character—political economist—diplomatic mission.

This is real; we had fancied that domestic or kitchen economy would have suited his taste and talents better than unsavoury calculations.

What weighty objects were discussed in those interviews with ministers, may be judged of from one with Prince Wallerstein, chronicled at full length in the doctor's pages, for what purpose, unless to swell their account, we are at a loss to discover. Prince Wallerstein alluded to a work of the doctor's, printed in England, on the cholera, with which, of course, the prince was so struck, that he meant to make it his rule of conduct should the disease visit the capital, to which flattering declaration the doctor responds, "*votre altesse a pleinement raison*;" but the most amusing part of this puff princely, this grand climax of quackery, is the doctor's attacking some rival scribe, who lashed him in the "*Edinburgh Review*:" here it is,

"*'Je serais bien curieux,'* resumed Prince Wallerstein, 'to know what such writers as professed those principles could now offer in extenuation

and explanation of their violent, persevering, and obstinate language in support of their errors, after what has taken place all over Europe, where no one has since acted, or would now dream of acting upon the principles urged by them more than six years ago.'—'Why! your highness,' I replied, 'it imports little what such individuals could say now. No one would listen either to their explanation or their apology. Their occupation is gone; the anonymous trash of two of those writers against all such as differed from them in opinion; and of one of them in particular, who got his mendacious article on a work of mine smuggled into a respectable Review, never affected me; and he had the mortification to find that I was not to be provoked into a reply to his calumnies and wilful misrepresentations. To all that which a writer of this stamp chose to bring against the author of 'Facts respecting the nature, treatment, and prevention of Cholera,' he only opposed the declaratory resolution which he had moved and carried almost unanimously at a full meeting of one of the most popular medical societies in London. It was after a discussion of some months on the question of the non-contagiousness of cholera, which he had introduced and repeatedly maintained before that society, that the resolution in question was adopted. It went to confirm, in every part, all that the author of the Catechism had advanced, even before the cholera had visited the metropolis; and the triumph was signal and complete. Your highness, therefore, cannot be far wrong in adopting the principle which led to such a resolution on the part of a large number of enlightened medical practitioners in London, who afterwards showed, that they knew well how to manage the disease without, and independently of, the machinery of Boards of health. I shall be most happy to meet in conference the medical gentlemen you have named, in order to develop to them the course which was followed by those of my brethren to whom I have alluded, as well by myself, who took voluntary charge of a large district during the prevalence of the disorder in the English capital."

The success of this conversation is so great that the doctor is summoned to expound his views upon the subject before the medical magnates of Munich, which he does in most masterly style, and with general approbation.

From Munich he proceeds to Saltzburgh, and from thence to Gastein. Of the latter place, he says—

"The object which soon calls the attention of the traveller, as he approaches nearer to Gastein, is the impetuous *Ache*, rushing down between two almost vertical mountains above the village,—where, having once reached its centre, it divides into two streams, presenting, at the distance of six miles, the aspect of a gigantic inverted Λ , made of silver, and stamped on the mountain side. To this one object the eye of the stranger is directed and fixed. The ear has not yet, at this distance, discovered the sound, nor the eye itself distinguished the foam, which proclaim that striking feature to be one of the principal waterfalls in Europe. But as he ascends higher and higher, and approaches nearer to the level of the region on which Gastein is seated, the figure of that object changes with the windings of the road and the position of the carriage, and he catches, at last, the distant roaring of the water, and perceives distinctly the

boiling of its falling surface, so as to leave no doubt of its reality. The thunder-like noise of the successive leaps deafened the ear, as we were entering the upper part of Gastein, and the dense, mist-like spray which enveloped us while we rapidly dashed over the bridge thrown across this majestic waterfall, hastened the conviction of our senses. In passing over this bridge, called the *Badbrücke*, we seemed to cut in twain this mighty cataract, the upper portion of which, on our right, is seen to descend nearly vertically from a shelving rock, 650 feet above us; while that on the left, after dashing under the *Badbrücke*, precipitates itself, into two branches, through the body of the village. The rubicon passed, the *britzschka* is instantly stopt in front of *Straubinger's Hotel*."

"I stated that on my first arrival at Gastein the carriage stopped before *Straubinger's hotel*, situated in a sort of *platz*, or open place, the only one of the kind in Gastein. Opposite to the hotel there is a moderately large building, to which the sounding title of *Schloss* is given. It is by the side of this edifice the *Fürsten quelle*,—which issues through a passage fourteen fathoms deep, cut into the rock of the *Schreckberg*,—descends at the rate of nine and a half cubic feet per minute, with a temperature of 115 degrees, and, uniting with the water supplied by the next source, called the *Doctor's-quelle* (which latter is forty-four feet lower than the first spring; and sixty feet distant from it) is driven, by means of a machine, up to the *Schloss*, and into the series of bathing rooms placed behind it. The water from the second spring just mentioned is nearly two degrees warmer than that of the first. It issues from a cleft in the rock, near the ruins of the house of a former physician, by whom it was originally discovered; and besides supplying the cisterns of the Archduke John, whose house is in the neighbourhood, it sends water also to the private bath of the *Schloss*, to the surgeon's and to the public bath, as well as to *Straubinger's douche bath*.

"Following the same line of road, we soon came to the third spring, formerly called *Straubinger's*, but now called *Franzens-quelle*, in honour of the Emperor Francis, by whose order it was restored to a comparative state of useful application, and its waste prevented. This spring issues from another mountain called the *Reichberg*, with a temperature of 116 degrees of Fahrenheit, and at the rate of from four to five cubic feet of water every minute. Before the late alterations in the spring, the temperature of the water was two degrees higher, and the quantity of it more considerable. At present it supplies the *Straubinger* and the *Schröpf* baths. Lower down this same mountain, ninety feet distant from the last-mentioned source, and thirty-nine feet below its level, we find what is called the *Spital Quelle*, which yields more than five cubic feet of water per minute, at a temperature of 118 degrees and a half of Fahrenheit.

"These four principal sources of hot water at Gastein are situated on the right bank of the *Ache*, in the centre of the uppermost waterfall of which, there rises a fifth hot spring, which mingles its water with the cold river stream, as it is precipitated from the high cliffs, and rushes through the middle of the village. The existence of this last spring is made manifest during the winter, by the visible steam which rises from it, through the water of the river."

If the doctor sees a fine view, it generally happens as he goes home from dining with some countess or princess, or other notable.

"The view of this panorama at evening, when, from the small casements of the wooden buildings, and the more pretending windows of modern built houses, lights glimmer in all directions; when the moon tips with silver their wooden or slated roofs, and the peaks of the mountains around; and when the deep darkness of the lowest basin of the valley is made visible only by the white foam of the torrent-river which precipitates itself into it—is very impressive and pictorial. I twice stood to contemplate it last night, as I returned from the Countess of ——'s, where I had dined and passed an agreeable hour in the evening."

The efficiency of the Gastein waters is very great indeed.

"The medical effects of the Gastein water, applied to the human body at a temperature varying from 90 to 98 degrees of Fahrenheit, have been too long known and ascertained for any one to deny their reality, on the ground of the apparent simplicity of its chemical composition. I have no more doubt of the power which this mineral spring possesses, in the diseases for which it has been recommended, than I have of the effect of bleeding in subduing inflammation. In all complaints which are not connected with increased action of the heart, or with excitement, or (as the German physicians properly term it) with a *morbid elevation of vital activity*, the Gastein baths, judiciously and sufficiently used, will not disappoint the patient. Universal debility, dependent on a derangement of the nervous system, without any apparent inward disease to account for it—depression of spirits and general languor of the constitution, from anxiety of mind—paralysis, in young as well as aged people, consequent on repeated rheumatism, gout, or apoplectic attacks, and such as is produced by irregularities of every sort—affections of the spine—hysterical attacks, and other sufferings owing to sexual disturbance in females—erotic diseases, imperfectly cured—contractions in the muscles of the limbs, or in the joints, and the hip-disease—premature old age—chronic ulcers or eruptions—genuine gout and rheumatism—lastly, derangement of the digestive organs, accompanied by laxity or inactivity of the stomach, or following obstinate diarrhoea and dysentery;—these form the catalogue of disorders in which the Gastein water has evinced its marvellous power."

Again—

"I had a specimen of these things on the morning of my arrival, when urged by an appetite of sixteen hours, I transferred myself, under the guidance of the Hon. Mr. —— and Lord F——, well acquainted with the localities, from my chamber in the New, to the grand *Salle de Conversation*, in the Old Straubinger hotel—where those gentlemen left me to try my luck at a breakfast. This *salle*, which is a sort of general assembly-room, was just made ready for the expected guests, who, placed before three long tables, arranged in the shape of the Greek letter Π , *table-d'hôte* in this place at *meridien*, for fifty kreutzers a-head, *sans façon*, with good humour, and a positive determination to put up with the same eternal 'quatre plats' with which Master Peter supplies them every day."

The following does honour to the doctor's feelings, meeting a pretty English girl in the wildest part of the Tyrol.

"Oh! the gladness of the heart," exclaims the enraptured traveller at the sight, "is great: for it recalls home, wife, and child, whom we can leave behind, but never forget." We say this is very creditable to the doctor's feelings as a family man, and places his character for the domestic affections in a very high point of view.

ART. IX.—*Chapters on Early English Literature.* By J. H. HIRFISLEY, Esq., M. A. London: Moxon. 1837.

In a barbarous age the imagination exercises a despotic power. So strong is the perception of what is unreal that it often overpowers all the passions of the mind and all the sensations of the body. At first, indeed, the phantasm remains undivulged. It is like the voice of the oracle proceeding from the inmost recesses of the temple; it awes and overwhelms, but it is shapeless and undefined. But very soon it struggles to reveal itself in a palpable and embodied form. It draws to itself the elements which accident has rendered most suitable for its manifestation, and displays itself to the eyes of its votaries to enchant, to dazzle, and amaze.

The first works of the imagination are poor and rude, not from the want of genius, but from the want of materials. Phidias would have done nothing with an old tree and a fish bone, or Homer with the language of New Holland.

Yet the effect of early performances, imperfect as they must be, is immense. All defects are supplied by the deficiencies of those to whom they are addressed; we all know what pleasure a wooden doll will give a little girl—she will require no other company, she will nurse it, dress it, and talk to it all day. No grown-up man takes half so much delight in the incomparable babies of Chantrey. In the same manner savages are more affected by the rude compositions of their bards than nations more advanced in civilization.

In the course of time the instruments by which the imagination works are brought to perfection. The imaginative power remains the same, but the works it produces are superior in quality, and even if we admit a diminution of the imaginative power, that diminution is more than compensated by the improvement of all those appliances and means of which those powers stand in need. As the development of the mind proceeds, symbols, instead of being employed to convey images, are substituted for them. Civilized men think, as they trade, in a circulating medium. In these circumstances the sciences improve rapidly, and criticism among the rest; but poetry, in the highest sense of the word, disappears. The age of critical poetry succeeds, of poetry by courtesy, of poetry in which

the memory, the judgment, and the wit contribute far more than the imagination.

The critical school of poetry improves as the science of criticism improves, and this is constantly tending towards perfection. In our English literature, we find that the downfall of the creative schools, and the rise of the critical, were separated by a long interval. From Chaucer to Spenser, from Spenser to Shakspeare, is the limit of the first, from the latter years of Elizabeth; from the Cowleys, the Donnes, we may state the commencement of the second. In Greece the same phenomena strike our eyes; we see the imaginative school gradually fading into the critical; Eschylus and Pindar were succeeded by Sophocles, Sophocles by Euripides, Euripides by the Alexandrian versifiers. The splendid and grotesque fairy land of the old comedy, rich with such gorgeous hues, peopled with such fantastic shapes, and vocal at once with the sweetest peals of music, and the loudest bursts of elfish laughter, disappeared for ever.

In the latter years of Elizabeth, the spontaneous bursts, wild and graceful play of the imaginative school, were fast merging in the measured and methodical affectations of the critical. Alliterations, puns, quibbles, antitheses, and affected allusions to objects the most remote, began to deform the aspect of literature, and to supply the place of the simple and genuine graces of nature. Shakspeare, himself, was infected with the prevailing extravagance. In the reign of James I., the evil was still further increased. The eloquence of the bar, the pulpit, and the council board was disgraced by conceits, that would have shamed the dilettante of an Italian academy. Instead of producing, writers began to reason about their productions. They wrote by rule and compass, and the creative school was without a representative until the appearance of Milton.

The object of the author of this work is simple and unpretending; like Teucer among the Greek chiefs, he sallies forth upon a battle field, and in a cause in which heroes of loftier post and more stalwart form have reaped a rich harvest of renown, but where there is still room for the display of his precision and dexterity. There are laurels to be reaped by the Paris and Teucers of literature on the ground where Hector and Achilles have fought before them.

Our author does not enter the field with the haughty trait of the heroes to whom we have compared him. He does not come forward to supply the deficiencies of those who have preceded him, but to aid, by his humble yet confident and well-directed efforts, the impressions they have made, and the good they may have produced. With every becoming modesty, Mr. Hippiusley apologizes for his appearance in such a cause, and declares himself a compiler, and nothing more. Now we think a compiler an exceedingly useful person in his way, and we are satisfied that no class of writers con-

tribute more effectually to the interests of literature and the general diffusion of knowledge.

"The only excuse," says Mr. Hippisley, "for the publication of the present volume must consist in apparent or possible utility: the well-informed reader, who has already been abundantly supplied with works of professed antiquaries, scholars, or critics will discover in these pages little of novelty or interest. It is therefore my desire that this work should be received not as intended for the scholar or the man of letters, but as originating from a belief that some elementary knowledge in Early English literature might be imparted to the young and unpractised student in a more compendious form than has hitherto been adopted."

This is extremely well put, and very fairly argued. To sift what is excellent from what is mediocre, the corn from the chaff, the pure essence from the noxious grasses with which it is combined, is highly meritorious in itself, and there can be no doubt that by performing it dexterously, a writer may acquire a niche in the temple of Fame, at no great distance from the illustrious originals. The history of literature is in fact the moral and intellectual history of mankind. The character of a period is stamped upon its productions; not unfrequently those productions are the most faithful chroniclers of the period. The songs of the troubadours and the provincial minstrels are the only authentic records of the history of their times; and the picturesque views of many a well-fought field, with the exterminating hate that nerved the arms of the Moors and Christians, still shine in the Spanish metrical romances. In fact, the materials of the history of the middle ages are borrowed entirely from these sources. In this kind of historical interest there is no national literature more fertile than our own. Chaucer alone exhibits in his own proper person, independently of the literary charms with which his work abounds, an index of the intellectual state of the age, and reflects as in a mirror the manners and opinions of his times. Dante supplies a valuable commentary upon Italian history: he passes in review the most conspicuous characters of the age, and makes strong allusions to the events which marked their careers; but in those particulars the northern is even superior. Dante is particular—Chaucer is universal. His works may be regarded as an epoch in the language, as laying the foundation for an immediate change.

All literature must at first be didactic or sound, for a barbarous age is incapable of estimating the true and legitimate pleasures of an art. This illustrates the position occupied by Chaucer. In him the age may be said to be represented, he is an epoch in himself, "the pleasant field amid surrounding barrenness." Tyrwhitt, observing upon the earliest court appointment of Chaucer in 1367, seems disappointed at not being able to discover, that it was granted to him in consequence of his poetical fame; we have no

proof that it excited much interest at the court of Edward; nor is it probable that a literary reputation was much appreciated by the mailed knights, who made it their boast that they could not read or write. Of the other powers Mr. Hippiusley writes thus:—

“The hostility to elegant literature, entertained by the schoolmen and the clergy of Chaucer’s day, was much like that professed by the sophists and philosophers of Athens towards the poets and dramatists. In all ages, indeed, there have been two parties in literature, one of which has been strongly opposed to all learning which did not immediately bear, either upon religion, or practical utility. In the age of St. Jerome, and in that of Gregory the Great, the anti-classical spirit became conspicuous amongst the Christian clergy. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the style of their Latin writing evince some degree of attention to the best authors; but the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are marked, in Europe, by a decline of learning among the clerical orders, caused principally by the relaxed and indolent habits of the seculars, as well as regulars, and by the introduction into the universities, chiefly through the mendicant friars, of the scholastic philosophy.

“Meanwhile the vernacular literatures received a polish from the genius of distinguished laymen, which they had scarcely hitherto possessed. Of these, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio in Italy, and Chaucer in England, are the most conspicuous in the fourteenth century.”

It was not until a much later period that the *Canterbury Tales* acquired their celebrity. Mr. Hippiusley details their progress to notoriety, and the varieties of contemporary criticism with clearness and conciseness. The ground has been so often travelled, that we shall refrain from any lengthened disquisition on the merits of the subject. The lovers and admirers of the pure well of English undefiled, will find that our author treats the subject in the true spirit of enlightened criticism; but we shall let the author speak for himself.

“Shakspeare is the earliest of our great and distinguished poets, who gives evidence of a fine taste and relish for the comic powers of Chaucer. There is, indeed, much in the comic genius of our eldest poet, which closely resembles that of his admirer and imitator. In the use of Satirical Parodies, the two poets appear to have been animated by the same spirit. Chaucer, in his ‘Rhyme of Sir Thopas,’ openly ridicules the metrical romances of his day. In the minute discriminations of trees and of birds in the ‘Parliament of Fowles,’ and in the allusions to the pomp of Cambuscan’s feast, and Custance’s wedding, in the *Knight’s*, and in the *Man of Lawe’s Tale*, the tedious descriptions which frequently occur in contemporary poetry seem to be tacitly satirized. In the jocose style, also, in which the gravest philosophical subjects are treated in the *Nonne’s Priest’s Tale*, and in the medical advice which Pertelotte gives to Chaunticlere, the pedantry and quackery of the day are probably condemned. All this is much in the spirit of our great dramatist; and for the satire contained in the ‘Rhyme of Sir Thopas,’ an exact parallel may be found in the play performed before the Court in ‘*Hamlet*,’ and in the

bombastic language of Pistol; in both of which, the turgid and affected style of contemporary play-writers is exposed.

"The only one of Shakspeare's comic characters, which has fairly survived the change of society and religion, intervening between his time and that of Chaucer, is the Host of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' The pedant, the ignorant curate, and the country justice of the Elizabethan period, were very different characters from the learned clerks, the friar, or the frankleyn of the fourteenth century: and the Euphist had no parallel in that day. The Host, familiar with all his guests, yet discriminating in the titles of courtesy applied to each, preserves, in real life, the same station in society, the same professional character, in both ages. The poetical part, also, which he is called upon to enact, is the same in the drama as in the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage.' In both, he is the centre upon which the plot turns, the president and director of the whole proceedings: and as mediator, the Host of the Garter may even yet more aptly be compared to the Grecian Chorus than Harry Bailey himself.

"Perhaps the closest similarity between the comic genius of the two poets may be seen, in the clear markings which each has left us of the personal defects of their characters. We have before us the portraits of Slender or of Falstaff, of the Reve or of the Host, as distinctly as if they had been painted instead of written. But the most striking coincidence between Chaucer and Shakspeare in this respect, exists in the fiery features common to the Sompnour and Bardolph. The very terms employed by the two Poets are the same. The fire-red cherubim's face of the drunken Sompnour, with its 'whelks and knobs,' is a clear and evident prototype of the 'malmsey-nosed knave,' whose face is described by Fluellen 'as all bubucles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire.' From the days of Shakspeare, the comic powers of Chaucer have been the constant theme of admiration both with critics and poets. In allegorical description he may have been excelled by Spenser, in pathos by Shakspeare, in sublimity by Milton; but in true comic humour, and more especially in the delineation of professional characters, he has few equals, no superiors. Pope, with the intention of selecting a favourable specimen of his comic powers, has modernized the Merchant's Tale, and the Prologue of the Wife of Bath. Dryden, in his choice of the Nonne's Priest's Tale, has fixed upon one of our author's works, which, while it equally abounds in wit with the selections of Pope, is less objectionable on the score of indecency. Warton gives the preference to the Miller's Tale, a work which Tyrwhitt supposes original, but which is now believed to have been borrowed from a common source with one of the stories of Masuccio."

The attempt of Dryden to array Chaucer in a new and fashionable dress of his own cutting out, was not successful. He fancied that if he had been obliged to omit some beauties, he had supplied others which might balance the poetical account; but in that, his improvements and additions are as great blemishes.

"Compare, says our Author, in this point of view his character of the Good Parson, and his introductory lines to the Wife of Bath's Tale, with the originals of these two celebrated passages. In the former we have a

cold and unnecessary allusion to the politics of Richard the Second and his successor. In the latter we find the fairy mythology of Chaucer supplanted by the popular creed introduced by Shakspeare. In this latter respect indeed, Pope, in his 'January and May,' is equally faulty with Dryden. But the imitations of Pope have all the freshness of original poems : while the lines of Dryden, from their very closeness and similarity, are constantly reminding us of the original ; and this more particularly in the most descriptive passages."

Pope's refinement was better and more enduring ; but Dryden's will ever be regarded and esteemed. The original is far beyond both, for no translation, no refaciments can afford an equivalent for the works of a poet of other days. His idiom is in keeping with the habits, opinions, and humours of his age. It gives vividness and reality to the picture, which becomes thin and indistinct by passing through the hands of the varnisher ; and so rigid are Mr. Hippisley's antiquarian notions on this subject, that he holds even a modernised orthography to be inadmissible as transporting us from the days of the Plantagenets to those of the Stuarts. The review of Chaucer's writings closes with this elegant passage.

"On a general review of the history of Chaucer's reputation, we may say that his language, which seems chiefly to have attracted the notice of his immediate successors, rude as it now appears, was with reference to his own age in itself a marvel. How just were the grounds upon which the critics of the days of Henry the Eighth extolled his learning, will be more fully shown in the following chapter. His pathetic powers, which engaged the admiration of the poets and critics of the age of Elizabeth, continue even now to rival his genuine comic humour. Without, therefore, attempting to defend the ribaldry of some of his ludicrous tales, the homeliness of his diction, or the occasional lameness of his versification (on all of which failings he himself, with his usual candour and modesty. I had almost said naïveté, observes), in all the sterling and substantial qualities of a true poet, he may well bear a comparison with the master-spirits of all ages. The vigorous yet finished painting—both of scenes and characters, serious as well as ludicrous—with which his works abound, are still, notwithstanding the roughness of their clothing, beauties of a highly poetical nature. The ear may not always be satisfied, but the mind of the reader is always filled ; and even the roughness of his verse, which may offend some readers, is in many instances—at least in the case of his earlier poems—rather to be attributed to the errors of transcribers (that mis-writing and 'misse-metring' against which he warns his copyists) than to his own negligence."

After the preliminary view of Chaucer's works, taken in connexion with the time in which he lived, our author passes on to the biography of his bard, dwelling with affectionate admiration on every incident of his life. The literary pursuits of the bard are thus sketched.

"In extent and variety of attainment, Chaucer is, perhaps, with reference to his opportunities, inferior to no poet of any age or nation. It was

not possible that he should have possessed the Greek scholarship, or even the extent of the Latin acquirements of Ben Jonson or of Milton. Yet it is very certain that not even these two learned authors evince in their writings either a stronger attachment to elegant literature, or a deeper acquaintance with the abstruse questions of their day, than does our eldest English poet.

"In elegant literature, amidst the variety which his translations and citations are continually presenting to us, Virgil, Ovid, Statius, Livy, and Dante, appear to have been his favourite authors. To the Italian works of Boccaccio, our poet seems to have been less addicted than has been generally supposed: since it is plain from his own authority that he was indebted to that author for the originals, neither of his *Troilus and Criseide*, nor of his *Clerk's Tale*. Petrarch he characterizes very appropriately, as,

"The laureat poete
Whose rethorike swete
Enlumined al Itaille of poetry;"

whereas Dante is judiciously styled by him 'the greate poete of Itaille.'

"In French literature, nothing existed in the days of Chaucer, which we should now term classical; but the attention of the poet to the most popular French works of his day, is evinced by his translation of the *Roman de la Rose*, as well as from his borrowing the materials for his *Nonne's Priest's*, and *Frankleyn's Tales*, from the '*Lais*' of Marie de France.

"From the preceding observations, it will appear, that, besides his acquirements in French and Italian, Chaucer was intimately acquainted with all the best Latin classics procurable in his day. Previous to the days of Poggio Bracciolini, and the revivers of classical literature, the conventual and other libraries were chiefly filled with the controversial works of the fathers and schoolmen. These were diligently studied in Latin; but Greek was scarcely known.

"Amongst the Latin fathers, the works of St. Austin and Tertullian are occasionally alluded to by Chaucer; but it is not always safe to infer his knowledge of an author, from mere illusion to his name. On some of the popular questions of his day, such as those regarding celibacy, or the philosophy of dreams, he seems to have been possessed of two or three text-books, from whence, on various occasions, he discharges an overwhelming, and generally an unexpected, mass of learning. The catalogue of his Doctour of Physicke's Library, is, probably, derived from some source of this kind, though it contains the name of one author, who may be regarded as a contemporary with Chaucer. On the two questions above alluded to, Macrobius's *Commentary on the Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero, was his chief authority for the philosophy of dreams; as was a treatise of St. Jerome, on the topic of the question of celibacy. To this he added a tract, entitled '*Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum de non ducendâ Uxore*;' and, perhaps, a chapter of the '*Polycraticon*' of John of Salisbury, in which the former treatises are embodied and cited."

A freedom from credulity and superstition was one of his most striking characteristics. Priests and alchymists suffer beneath his lash,

and all things considered, the extent and variety of his attainments were certainly extraordinary.

The explanatory criticism on some of the poems is curious and interesting.

"The 'Floure and the Leafe' opens to us a scene which was unknown in the days of William of Lorris and John of Meun. The floral games were instituted in 1324 by Clementina Isaure, Countess of Toulouse: they were celebrated annually in the month of May. 'Clementina,' says Warton, 'published an edict, which assembled all the poets of France in artificial arbours dressed with flowers; and he that produced the best poem was rewarded with a violet of gold. There were likewise, inferior prizes of flowers made in silver. In the mean time the conquerors were crowned with natural chaplets of their own respective flowers. He who had won a prize three times, was created a Doctor 'en gaye science:' this institution, however fantastic, soon became common through the whole kingdom of France.'

"Chaucer twice quitted this country on embassies; once to the court of France, and secondly to Genoa. In the course of these expeditions he may have been a witness of the Floral Games. The Lady of the Floure and the Lady of the Leafe, the crowning of the two parties which are attached respectively to the two ladies, and the arbour in which the spectator is seated, have all reference to the Floral Games. With this subject is mixed up the mythology (if it may be so called) of the daisy. The praise and worship of the daisy, contained in the poem before us, as well as in the prologue to the 'Legende of Good Women,' was one of the affectations of our poet's day, and probably derived to him from Froissart, who, during one year at least, held office at Edward's court at the same time with Chaucer.

"The rural imagery of this poem is enriched with the description of chivalric pageants. Troops of knights and ladies advance; one party of whom do honour to the leaf, and the other to the flower: among the former are the Nine Worthies, the Knights of the Round Table, and the recently installed Knights of the Garter. The whole scene is one of lively motion and gaiety. The noise of the thundering trumps, the dance, the tournament, and the gorgeous accoutrements of the array, form a striking and pleasing contrast to the rural and retired tranquillity of the opening scene of the poem, when the spectator (a lady) is seated in an arbour, listening to the songs of the goldfinch and the nightingale."

With regard to the Canterbury Pilgrimage it is not only in its outline, but in many of its details, strictly grounded on fact; but we think the author pushes speculation a little too far in this particular. He says—

"It would be an amusing speculation to search among the few friends or acquaintance of Chaucer, whose names have come down to us, for the possible originals of some of the Canterbury Pilgrims. Was the Parish Priest, Wickliffe? or the Clerke of Oxenforde, the philosophical Strode? Was Harry Bailey, the Host, a real character? A name seems to stamp him with individuality. But if there is any thing in a name, did Osweold the Reve ever enjoy his picturesque rural dwelling, and

Ride his right good stot,
That was a pomelee grei, and *highte Soot*.

And did the poet, in this instance, as well as in that of Huberd the Friar, indulge in the personal satire of the older Greek comedy? All that can be offered in answer to such questions is, that there is in many of the characters, as well those of the prologue as those described in the tales, an individuality, which renders it highly probable that they were drawn from the life."

His account of the Friar contains some curious facts which are worth extracting.

"The learning of the friars was, as is well known, scholastic, and not classical; and a passion for the scholastic philosophy, disseminated by the friars, must be ranked among the chief causes of the then crowded state of the universities. Classical learning was at a very low ebb: very few good Latin authors, and scarcely any Greek, were known or even possessed, and the libraries of the day were principally composed of the works of the Latin fathers and of the schoolmen. Among the latter class must be ranked Bacon (who, in the century preceding that of Chaucer, had been mainly instrumental in establishing the scholastic system of education at Oxford), Duns Scotus, and Occam: all these celebrated men were friars, and most of them, as well as other distinguished men of the day, were of Merton College, in Oxford. But the friar of the Canterbury Tales is a being of a very different class from that of the philosophical inhabitants of the universities; he is distinguished neither by the astrological and alchemical knowledge of Henry Nicholas, nor by the logic of his fellow pilgrim, to whose taciturnity the merry and gossiping Limitour affords a marked contrast."

Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstere.

"It is observable, that both Nicholas and the friar are distinguished from the clerk, by their musical tastes and talent. Above the 'bokes gret and smale,' the 'astrolabe,' and 'augrim stones' of the former, lay the instrument to which the clerk is said to prefer 'Aristotle and his philosophie:'

A gay sautrie,
On which he made on nightes melodie,
So swetely, that all the chambre rong;
And 'angelus ad Virginem' he song.

"The musical performances of the friar, who is altogether a less accomplished man, are less elaborately described:—

And certainly he had a merry note;
Well coude he singe and plaien on a rote.

"And it would seem also, from the following lines, that his songs were in English rather than Latin:—

Somewhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge,
And in his harping, when that he had songe,
His eyen twinkled in his hed aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night."

The pardoner, the serjeant at law, the yeoman, and the franklin are sketched successively, and closely placed before us. The skill of the poet showed itself in the selection and discrimination of each character, and in the combination of the whole proceedings under the guidance of the host. It is this excellence which makes Dryden exclaim—

“Chaucer has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales*, the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptiste Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity. Their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some are virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different. The reve, the miller, and the cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing lady prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of Bath.”

From Chaucer our author proceeds to his contemporaries, Mandeville, John de Trevisa, Wickliffe, and from them the writers intervening between Chaucer and Spenser. They present little to interest until we arrive at the period of Shakspeare. The review is merely intended to recall to the reader's recollection some of the most prominent features of a subject which has filled volumes, and puzzled the most ingenious heads. It is clear, concise, accurate, and elegant; and we may sum up our observations by expressing entire approbation of the work as being fully adequate to the purposes for which it is intended, and as displaying a correct and elegant taste, sound critical judgment, and considerable ease and simplicity of style; and we have no doubt that among the class of readers who have not time or opportunity to consult more voluminous productions on the subject, it cannot fail to be decidedly popular.

ART. X. — *Abstract of Proceedings relative to the Trade and Navigation of the Indus, since the settlement of the last Treaty regarding that River.* London: Unwin. 1837.

SOME twenty-five years ago, we remember to have heard a sagacious farmer of the old school, when describing the improvements that were in progress on one of the highways in his neighbourhood—these improvements consisting of some obdurate hills being thrown

into the intervening hollows, and thus making a road as smooth and regular as a bowling-green—exclaim, “why, nothing will be left for the next generation to do, but keep in repair that which we have left!” Now, we believe that this is a sort of an opinion which is not extremely rare among plain and well-meaning people. Indeed it requires an effort of hopeful liberality and enlightened foresight, somewhat greater than the mere utterance of a few vague phrases about the onward march of civilization and the unlimited capacities of human invention and power indicate, to show that a person is convinced that any thing can ever surpass that which may have engaged his admiring wonder, and which from its beauty and ingenuity may seem to have reached perfection. Of very late years, however, the advancement in certain spheres of art and enterprize has been such as should help to correct a conclusion so hastily come to. It requires neither laborious nor subtle reflection to convince one that the most enlightened and active nations of the world have not arrived at the acmé—at the last stage of civilization and improvement. The history of steam upon land and water is of itself a sufficient illustration—a power which bids fair to unite districts which have hitherto been divided by deep ravines and towering eminences, to causeway bogs and marshes, and to perforate rocky mountains, in endless succession and with spider-like intricacy—a power which already shoots across wide oceans, and into numberless inlets of the peopled earth, as well as wherever lake or fresh-water stream admit of its progress, or call for its exertions.

There are seas and rivers, however, which have not yet been brought under the complete controul of steam navigation, and which have hitherto been thought, when spoken of as lines of commercial traffic, to present almost insurmountable obstacles. We may refer to the route, lately so much discussed, from England to India by the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; or to what more immediately concerns us at this moment—to the Indus, a majestic and far-stretching river, which guides to central Asia, and, if navigable, would become the channel of an enormous trade, such as no other opening in the world is likely to present for many years. The pamphlet before us treats of this subject, we are happy to say, briefly, interestingly, and so satisfactorily, as without doubt will speedily lead to such practical measures as can admit of no further speculations regarding its merits. It will be our endeavour now to lay before our readers the most important information which it contains.

Colonel Pottinger, the Governor General's agent in India for the affairs of Sind, entered some years ago upon certain negotiations with the Ameers of that territory, which ended in the opening of the Indus. Little, however, was done towards the introduction of British trade on that river, until towards the end of 1835;

and owing to the commercial crisis which has lately taken place, the project may be said to have been hitherto suspended. It is remarkable that this natural channel of intercourse with the interior of Asia, and of commercial transactions in many tempting markets, has not long ago been turned to good account under the auspices and protection of the East India Company. Very erroneous impressions seem to have been allowed to exist till recently, not merely with regard to the outlets for our merchandise on the Indus, but as respected its capabilities as a navigable river. But in reference to both of these points, there is now little uncertainty, as we are about to see. First of all as to the river, although it has now been ascertained that its mouths are liable to constant changes, and to such a degree, that while one of them is often blocked up by the inundation of a single season, another and totally different one is formed by the same means, and also that boats drawing more than four feet of water cannot be used with advantage or safety, during the first sixty miles of its course from the sea—yet Colonel Pottinger says—

“‘The state of the banks of the river are sufficient proof of the discouragement that intercourse up and down the river labours under. They are in most places covered down to the very edge of the water with thick jungle and trees, which render tracking not only most difficult, but now and then impossible, and the first obvious step for an enlightened government to take would be to clear away (which might be done at a very small expense) a path from 20 to 50 paces broad, agreeable to the nature of the soil, along both sides of the river.’”

“‘This simple operation would remove at once one half the natural obstacles to the *upwards* navigation. The *downwards* navigation is quite independent of the state of the banks, as all that is required in it is to keep the vessels in the strongest part of the current, which is easily done by occasionally rowing, or setting a lug sail on a small mast in the forepart of the boat.’”

“‘The usual depth in the stream was from four to six fathoms, nor was it sounded in any spot where it was less than the former, whilst in some it amounted to ten and twelve; many of the very minor branches, through which boats proceed upwards to avoid the strength of the main stream, are in themselves fine rivers.’”

“‘To ascend the Indus with steam boats, or to descend it without them, all seasons and states of the river will be found to afford the greatest facilities; but for trading vessels, *depending on the winds*, the best period to quit the sea-ports (Dharjee, Shah, Ghora, &c. Bunders) is the end of March, or early in April, when the south-westerly gales which precede the Monsoon have set in on the coast of Sind, and appear to follow the course of the river, at all events as high up as Bukkur, thereby ensuring rapid progress.’”

“‘With regard to *tracking*, the months of December, January, and February, strictly speaking, are the most proper, because the river is then at its lowest; but the cold northerly winds (which often blow very violently)

are so keen and cutting, that the boatmen neither can nor will work as they do when the weather is milder; and although the rising of the river, which usually commences in April, may render tracking more labourious, a boat will then make more way in a day than in the winter."

To this may be added the testimony and opinions of Captain Burnes.

"It is imperatively necessary to adhere to the mould of boats which are now in use on the river Indus. Science may in time improve them, but disappointment will, I believe, follow all attempts at it, till further experience is obtained. A boat with a keel is not adapted to the river Indus.

"Though the Indus is accessible after November, the labour of tracking up against the stream is at that time great. The river is then, and for the three succeeding months, about its lowest, which prevents the boatmen from seeking the still water, and drives them to the more rapid part of the current. The northerly winds which blow till February, make the task more than ever irksome, and extra trackers are required. The treaty too encourages large boats more than small ones, the toll on both being alike, and these unwieldy vessels require many hands, which adds to the expense.

"After February, the voyage from the sea to Hyderabad, which would previously have occupied nearly a month, may be performed in five days; the expense of trackers is avoided; the river has less dangers; and the merchant thus saves his time, labour, and interest. The swell of the Indus does not prevent vessels ascending to the Punjab, for at that time the southerly winds prevail.

"It is these southerly winds which give to the Indus, in its navigation, advantages over the Ganges. The course of the one river is about east and west, that of the other north and south. Use must therefore be made of this natural advantage to make merchandize profitable by the route of the Indus.

"The obstacles to navigating the Indus at its mouth are, no doubt, great, but they have been magnified. Above Calcutta, for a considerable part of the year, there is no greater depth in the rivers Bhagruttee and Jellingee, which lead from the Hoogly to the Ganges, than two and three feet. In the Indus a greater depth than this will always be found somewhere, to lead from the sea-ports to the great river. This, then, is a decided advantage in the inland navigation, though the Indus has not a mouth accessible to large ships like the Ganges. It proves too that a portage, or even a canal, (were it possible to cut one) is unnecessary, as it must never be forgotten that the largest boats of the river draw but four feet when heavily laden."

As to the kind of steamer for the Indus, Captain Burnes expresses his belief that the present description of vessel is well suited, and appears to have founded his opinion on the evidence of Lieut. J. Wood, of the Indian Navy, who had, along with Lieut. Carless, been despatched by the Bombay government to survey the mouths of the river, and to report on the other points connected with the navigation of these mouths.

We do not enter upon a particular review of the arrangements that have been made for the traffic on the Indus, as respects the toll to be levied, or the rights of navigation. These will be found detailed in the present publication. We therefore call attention to the trade, which it may fairly be anticipated is about to be established, but which, for the present, to quote the words of Captain Burnes, "is a trade *by* the Indus, and not *on* the Indus."

To begin with that sketch and those forkings of the river which are within the Sinde territories, these are reported by Colonel Pottinger to extend five hundred and fifty miles; that is from the sea to Mithankot, though on the left bank it is twenty-seven miles less. In one of the papers which appear in the present pamphlet, Captain Burnes has furnished an extremely clear and interesting sketch of Sinde. From this account, and which the map of the country plainly shows, the Indus is its great feature; first, as it sweeps in one unbroken trunk, and more remarkably after it begins to throw off branches, which, on entering the sea, are in number eleven, presenting a face of one hundred and twenty-five British miles towards the ocean.

Sinde has an uninteresting aspect—a great proportion of the country being flat and covered with bushes or sandy deserts; other parts are rocky. The Delta of the Indus, however, does not differ from that of other rivers, and is rich, though poorly cultivated. Rice is the article which is almost alone reared in these fertile spots; indeed it is the staple of Sinde—the inhabitants living upon it, the merchants exporting it, for it far exceeds the consumption of the country.

The population is much scattered, but yet the country is not abundantly peopled; the whole, says the Captain, may amount to a million. They are chiefly Mahomedans. The government may be called despotic—its rulers, the Ameers, being restrained by no laws. Without political freedom, and with misdirected religious zeal, the people generally cannot enjoy a tempting condition. Some are rich, but the mass are poor, and the mendicants more numerous than in any other country in Asia. "They can scarcely be called beggars, for they levy tribute in crowds, and, by threats, with great arrogance."

In physical form the inhabitants of Sinde are represented as being adapted for activity, but the reverse is their character; for their faculties are benumbed by intoxicating liquors and debauchery. Their amusements even are gross and sensual. Still, says our authority, they are less degraded than might be looked for. "If trusted, the Sindian is honest; if believed, he is not false; if kindly treated, he is grateful." But he is passionate as well as proud, and has much supple flattery, which, however, does not deceive in Sinde.

A despotic government is necessarily upheld by force ; the citizen is therefore lost in the soldier. It very naturally results from this state of things that the soil should be chiefly held on the tenure of military service ; and such is the case in Sind. Yet external enemies are not much to be dreaded, although hitherto the subjugation of the country has always been facilitated by the Indus. We hope that this majestic river is the appointed channel by which one conquest more is speedily to be achieved, viz. the victory which mercantile intercourse obtains over apathy, and ignorance ; truth, light, and activity will then exalt the Sindians to a level with civilised nations. In the meantime, however, neither do the vegetable and animal productions of the country, which in kind do not differ much from those of other parts of India, nor the enterprise of the people, offer any very flattering or tempting prospects to the European merchant. But it is to be observed, according to the documents before us, that the better sort of calicoes of Sind are now quite superseded by the manufacture of Great Britain ; and although the Ameers evinced at first great repugnance to the opening of the Indus, they have now shown that they are by no means blind to the advantages of encouraging traders to settle among them. Besides, "the system of remission which they follow (like every other native government) is so undefined and extensive, that it seems a matter of some doubt whether the duties *actually* paid in Sind are higher than those of the surrounding countries."

But Sind is by no means the only or the principal country contemplated by those who have turned attention to the opening of the Indus for commercial enterprise. To quote from the sketch that prefaces the several documents which constitute the present "Abstract of Proceedings :"—"The importance of extending our political and commercial relations with the tribes and states north of the Indus as far as Caubul and Bokhara, seems to be fully recognised by the government of India, and one of their last acts has been to despatch a mission under Capt. Burnes, for the purpose of entering into commercial treaties with the rulers of the countries in question. This officer at the same time has had placed under his command engineers and other officers, for the purpose of effecting a scientific survey of the countries he is to pass through ; and the Government of India have determined upon procuring a perfect survey and map of the Indus throughout the whole course of its navigation."

To show what is the nature and extent of the trade with certain parts of central Asia, the supreme Government of India has published a document furnished by a Mr. Masson, who has long been resident in Caubul, and which is republished in the present pamphlet. From this document extremely important information is derived,

and therefore we must quote copiously from it. It is dated so recently as the 16th November, 1835.

"Kábul, the capital city of an extensive kingdom, is not only the centre of a large internal traffic, but, enjoying eminent advantages of locality, ought to possess the whole of the carrying trade between India and Turkistán. A trade has ever existed between India and Afghanistan; the latter deriving from the former a variety of commodities, foreign to the produce of its own soil, climate, and manufactures, while she has little to return beyond fruits of native growth. Afghanistan is dependent upon India for articles indispensable for the convenience of her inhabitants, and the carrying on of her few manufactures, as fine calicoes, indigo, spices, drugs, &c. Of late years, the introduction of British manufactured goods, as fine calicoes, muslins, chintzes, shawls, &c., has produced a new æra in this trade, superseding in a great measure the inferior importations as to quality from India, and the more expensive fabrics from Kashmír. The consumption of these manufactures at Kábul, although extensive and increasing, will, from causes, have a limit, but to what extent they might be transmitted to the markets of Turkistan, cannot be so easily defined. At the same time that British manufactured goods have found their way to Kábul, so have also Russian, and what is singular, even British manufactured goods may be found at Kábul which have been imported from Bokhara.

"The anarchy reigning in Afghanistan for a long period, and the ambiguous political relations of the several petty governments at the present time established in it, have not been favourable to the prosecution of its commerce; yet it would appear that during the last few years the trade of Kábul has considerably increased,—the custom-house of Kábul, under the Suddozie princes, being farmed for only 25,000 rupees per annum, and that of Ghanzi for only 7,000 rupees per annum; whereas the last year (1834) the former was farmed for one lack and 40,000 rupees, and the latter for 80,000 rupees,—while the duties levied are at the same rate, viz., a chahalek or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. ad valorem. With respect to the value of the trade of Kábul, it may be observed that there are six points within its territories where duties on merchandise are levied; viz.—Kábul, Ghanzi, Báman, Charreekar, Loghur, and Jalalabad."

Having given a table of the transit duties at these several places as they were farmed in 1834, Mr. Masson goes on to state that this table only correctly points out the benefit derived from direct duties on merchandize, as duties are levied on the same goods frequently at two places; but he adds, when it is considered that the farmers of them expect to reap a profit, and that smuggling to a very great extent prevails, while there are also many evasions of payment otherwise made good, for instance, through favour or power, he thinks that the trade of Caubul with her neighbours may be of the value of one million at least. Then think of what would result from the opening of the navigation of the Indus, and the establishment of British factories at certain points, both in connection with Caubul and Turkistan.

And here it is necessary to inform our mercantile readers, that one of the objects of Capt. Burnes' mission already alluded to, is to ascertain the practicability of establishing large fairs, like those of Leipsic and Novogorod, on the banks of the Indus, for the sake of British trade with central Asia, which at present is almost exclusively carried on at the latter mart. As stated in the Pamphlet, "the position of Mithankot on the Indus, is deemed peculiarly favourable for this purpose, as it is only half as far as Novogorod from Bokhara, through which a large portion of the traders from Cashgar, and the southern and south-eastern portions of Asia, pass to the former place. The project, too, seems feasible enough in other respects; as assemblages, such as are proposed, accord with Asiatic habits of dealing." After reading this intimation the next extract from Masson's paper will be particularly interesting.

"Perhaps no spot could have been selected for a mart on the Indus, offering equal advantage with Mithankot, being at once the key to the rivers of the Punjab, and the point nearly at which the merchandize of India is at the present day transmitted to Afghanistan by the medium of the Lohani merchants. It was no trivial point gained, that by the selection, a great portion of the extended trade will be confined to them, as the limited trade is now. Independently of the wisdom of causing no unnecessary innovation in the established usages and practices of a people, the commercial Lohani tribes may be expected to lend every assistance to measures which decrease their labours and lengthened journeys, and increase, consequently, their gains. They have long engrossed the trade between Kábul and Multan, and the monopoly was and is due to their integrity, valour, and industry. No other men could travel even in kuffilas from Kábul to Darband. The Lohanis pass *vi et armis*, and as they pay no duties on the road, and the camels (the beasts of burthen employed) are their own property, no other traders can afford to bring or carry merchandize at so cheap a rate, and they have therefore no competitors in the markets they frequentable to undersell them. Moreover, at Kábul and Ghazni, on account of being Afghans, and in conformity to ancient right or indulgence, they pay duties on a lower scale than other individuals. But the Lohanis, a patient and persevering class of men, accustomed to a regular routine of trade, are, from their habits, little likely to embark in any new speculations, unless encouraged and invited to do so. Their caution, and perhaps apathy, cause them to form their investments of such goods as they know will sell, and by no means of such as may sell, seeming to prefer a certain but small profit, to a larger but doubtful one. These reasons, I apprehend, account for the non-appearance of very many articles of British and Indian produce and manufactures in the Kábul market, while many articles are found there brought from Russia, *viâ* Bokhara, which might be procured better in quality and cheaper in price from India.

"In proportion to the extent and variety in the assortment of goods at Mithankot will, of course, be the facility of introducing and disposing of them. At Qandahar, whose commerce is very short of that of Kábul,

but whose merchants generally proceed to Bombay, where there is no want of allurements to purchase from deficiency in the abundance, variety, and display, of goods, there are an infinity of articles to be found which are in vain sought for at Kábul. Of the commodities of India and manufactures of Britain, which would find sale in Afghanistan and Turkistan, the former are well known, and would remain as at present, the demand being only increased, as spices, indigo, muslins, fine sugar, drugs, &c., were diminished in price by the additional facilities which would be given to commerce, but of the latter a great variety of new articles might be introduced,—chintzes, fine calicoes, muslins, shawls, &c., of British manufacture, have now become fashionable; and investments of broad cloth, velvet, paper, cutlery, china-ware, gold and silver lace, gold thread, buttons, needles, sewing silks and cotton thread, iron bars, copper, tin, brass and quicksilver, iron and steel wire, looking-glasses, with a multitude of various little articles conducive to comfort and convenience would be readily disposed of. It is singular that not a sheet of English manufactured writing paper can be found in the bazaar of Kábul, while Russian foolscap, of coarse inferior quality, abounds, and is generally employed in the public departments."

A list of articles is then appended of some of the manufactured articles which form the bulk of the exports from Russia to Bokhara, and of such as find their way to Caubul. Among which hard and soft goods, useful and ornamental, &c., are found. Mr. Masson proceeds,—

"In glancing over this imperfect list, it will be obvious that many of the articles of Russian manufacture most largely imported to Kábul *via* Bokhara, ought to be superseded by similar ones from Bombay. From Orenburg, the point whence traffic between Russia and Bokhara is principally conducted, there are sixty-two camel or kafia marches, and from Bokhara to Kábul thirty-five camel or kafia marches, being a total of ninety-seven camel or kafia marches, independent of halts. In the distance travelled duties are levied at Khiva, Bokhara, Balkh, Muzzar, Khulam, Hybuk, Qunduz, Kahmerd, Sohghan, Bámbian, and Kábul. That the supplies from Bombay to Kábul have been hitherto inadequate for the wants of the markets, is in a great measure owing to the sluggishness of the Afghan merchants; that they will cease to be so, may be hoped from the opening of the navigation of the Indus, and the conversion of Mithankot into a mart, which will bid fair to become a second Bombay for the merchants of these countries.

"Broad cloth, largely imported from Bokhara, is a regular article of consumption at Kábul, being used for the chupkins, kabahs, sinabunds, &c., of the opulent, as coverings to the holster pipes of the military, and as jackets for the disciplined troops; dark colours are generally preferred, but blue, scarlet, and drab, are also in vogue, and fine and coarse qualities are alike saleable.

"In fine linens and calicoes, the Russian fabrics are unable to contend with British manufactures at Kábul, either in quality or price, and some of the latter even find their way to Bokhara. Russian chintzes are esteemed more durable than British, as being of coarser texture, but with

less elegant or fast colours, and, although occasionally brought to Kábul, afford no profit to induce further speculations.

"Silk goods, which are brought to Kábul from Bokhara, of Russian manufacture, and in large quantities, would appear to have every chance of being superseded by better and cheaper importations from Mithankot or even Bombay, where certainly the fabrics of Bengal and China, if not England, must be abundant. Amongst a variety of modes in which silk goods are consumed at Kábul, permanent ones are in the under garments of both male and female inhabitants who can afford it. The colours most prized are red, blue, and yellow. Silk handkerchiefs of various colours, and even black ones, would probably meet a ready sale, as would some articles of silk hosiery, as socks, and even stockings. Silk gloves, lace, ribbands, &c., might not be expected to sell, there being no use or idea of them."

He goes into particulars respecting many sorts of goods which, if of British manufacture, could not fail to obtain a preference, or create a new demand—such as gold and silver lace, steel and copper wire, china-ware, glass-ware, &c. Our last extract from Mr. Masson's communication contains several valuable suggestions.

"The merchants of Kábul have many of them commercial transactions with Russia itself, and their agents or gomashahs are resident at Orenberg and Astrakan, while their intercourse with India seems to exist rather from necessity than choice. The reason for the traffic of Kábul inclining towards Russia for articles of European fabric, may perhaps be discovered in the remoteness from it of any great mart for British manufactures. Bombay, until lately the nearest, being to be reached by sea, if *viâ* Karachi, Bunder, or through countries unknown even by name here, if by a land route from Hyderabad. Sea voyages are generally much dreaded, and a journey to Bombay is seldom performed by an inhabitant of Kábul, unless as a consequence of one of the last and most desperate acts of his life, the pilgrimage to Mecca. It may also in part be ascribed to the comparative facility and safety of the communications between Kábul and Bokhara, which excepting one or two points are tolerably secure, while the rulers of the intermediate regions are content to levy moderate *Badj* or duty upon merchandize, the Governments of Bokhara being in this respect singularly lenient and liberal. The routes between Kábul and India are with the exception of the dreary and desolate one of the Gomul, impracticable to any Kafia of whatever strength, and this can only be travelled by the Lohanis, who are soldiers as well as merchants. But these being also a pastoral community, for the convenience of their flocks make but one visit to India during the year, and the route is closed except at the periods of their passage and return. The Lohani, born and nurtured in the wilderness, and inured from infancy to hardship and danger, will encounter from custom the difficulties of the Gomul route, but the merchant of Kábul shrinks from them, and the route is likely ever to be monopolized by the Lohanis, and never to become a general one for the merchants of Kábul. The intercourse between Kábul and India would be exceedingly promoted by opening the anciently existing high road from Kábul to Multan, &c., *viâ* Bungush and Bannu. This route is very considerably shorter, leads chiefly through a

level, fertile and populous country, is practicable at all seasons of the year, and no doubt could be rendered safe were the governments on the Indus and of Kábul to co-operate.

"The traders of Russia appear very accurately to study the wants and convenience of the people with whom they traffic, and to adapt their exports accordingly. The last year (1834) a species of Russian chintz was brought as an experiment from Bokhara to Kábul. It was of an extraordinary breadth, and of a novel pattern, and was sold for three rupees the yard; in like manner was brought Nankah, or linen stamped with chintz patterns, and the readiness with which these articles were disposed of will probably induce larger exports. The last article is one calculated to supplant the present large importations of British chintzes or stamped calicoes. The advantage of superior machinery enable the skilful and enterprising artisans of Great Britain to effect a memorable revolution in the commerce of Asia, and their white cottons and printed calicos have nearly driven from its markets the humbler manufactures of India. Slight cotton fabrics are, of course, eminently calculated for so sultry a climate as that of India, but less so perhaps for one so variable in temperature as that of Afghanistan. Its inhabitants, while from necessity they clothe themselves in calicoes, will naturally prefer the better fabrics of Britain; but if they were offered linens of equally fine web and beauty of printed patterns, there can be no doubt which would be selected. It is not improbable, but that sooner or later, manufactures of flax and hemp will in some measure supersede those of cotton for general use in Afghanistan.

"I shall close these remarks which principally turn on the trade between Russia and Kábul, viâ Bokhara, by observing that the Russian merchants so nicely study the wants and even disposition of the people with whom they traffic, that multitudes of the inhabitants of Kábul are to be seen with Chupans of Nankah on their backs, actually got up and sewn at Orenberg—while all the shops in the city may be searched in vain for a single button of British or indeed any other manufacture, when one, two, three, or more are required for the dress of every individual, as substitutes for which they are compelled to use thread simply twisted into a spherical shape."

Although the Indus has hitherto been turned to much less account than it might have been, it has recently, as we learn from the prefatory narrative before us, been made a channel of a considerable and rapidly increasing commerce in wool with the Beloochee and the Afghan tribes, and which has extended even as far as the eastern portion of the Persian province of Korassan. This traffic may be presumed to be but in its infancy, for the flocks possessed by the Nomad and other tribes of Asia are exceedingly numerous, the expense of transit by means of camels small, and the price of wool trifling. The demand for British goods is represented to be limited to the north of the Indus only by the means of payment. The Company's political agent at Loodianah, who has lately ascertained the prices of the principal articles in which the British would be especially concerned in the markets of Caubul and Bokhara, says,

"With the exception of some few articles, I found that we enjoyed a

decided advantage in the sale of every description of piece goods at Bokhara over the Russians; and consequently at Caubul.

“ If we could afford to undersell them under all the expenses and delays of an overland route, which will be at least half abridged by the opening of the Indus, the advantageous prospects that are held out to our merchants, who may engage in the navigation of that river, seem to me to be far from chimerical; unless, indeed, the recent establishment of a Russian port at Mangalak should have placed the commercial relations of Russia with Turkistan on an improved footing, which I have no reason at present to suppose.”

According to the statements of the same gentleman we are led to understand, that the prices current of British goods in the places now mentioned, are as respects certain articles, 90, and as respects others 40 per cent. more than in the market of Calcutta. He also communicates the discovery of a bed of coal on the banks of one of the tributaries of the Indus. When all these things are considered, it is more than probable that this river will become very soon the channel of an enormous amount of British trade; nor is it a rash anticipation when it is added that the stream is likely at no distant date to form the advanced post, if not the boundary, of British power in India. It could, at any rate, require but a very few thousand pounds to try in the way of experiment a single steam-vessel, either as suggested in the Pamphlet, as a tug or a cargo-boat. Indeed a prospectus for a company to undertake the steam navigation of the Indus was published in the spring of last year, which however, as before hinted, was suspended. Before closing our paper with an extract from that Prospectus, it is not venturing a bold prediction, when we express a confidence that the gradual reviving spirit of commercial confidence and speculation will be strongly re-attracted by the appearance of the present Pamphlet to the East—a Pamphlet which, independent of the light it throws upon one of the grandest channels for the enterprise of Britain and her colonies, contains a considerable amount of geographical and statistical information that is new or difficult to be elsewhere obtained. The map that accompanies the Pamphlet is worth the price set upon the whole publication.

Compare now the prices at which goods have been conveyed by land, to what may be expected of the communication by the Indus to similar destinations.

“ The expense of conveying goods by land carriage from Bombay to Umritsir, via Bhownuggur, varies according to the description of the article; from the best information on the subject, it averages not less than 34 per cent. on their value.

“ Owing to the ruinous expense attending the conveyance of heavy and bulky articles by the land route, the base metals, which form one of the most important articles of foreign import, to the Punjab, and countries beyond the Indus, are never sent by it; all the metals, therefore, required

for the consumption of the countries beyond the Sutledge and Indus, are sent by the circuitous route of Calcutta and the Ganges, and Jumna; the rate of freight, at present, by the native boats, on the Ganges, from Calcutta to Allahabad, which is about the same distance that Loodaanna and Attock are from the mouths of the Indus, or about 800 miles, is 54 rupees, or £5 : 8s. per ton, and that charged by the Bengal Government from Calcutta to Allahabad, a distance of 800 miles, by the iron steamers, one rupee and a half, or 3s. per foot on measurement goods, or £6 per ton of 40 feet, and one per cent. on treasure. The charge for passengers is, for the first class cabin, 6 annas, or 9d. per mile. Second class, 5 annas, 7½d. per mile. Third class, 4 annas, or 6d. per mile, with one servant and 6 cwt. of baggage, exclusive of provisions.' "

ART.—XI. *Views of the Architecture of the Heavens, in a Series of Letters to a Lady.* By J. P. NICHOL, LL.D. F.R.S. &c., Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. EDINBURGH: W. Tait. 1837.

IT is not often in the course of a reviewer's lifetime, that he is called on to announce the advent of an author who all at once, and though unheard of before, takes the admiration of the world captive, and establishes himself among the potentate geniuses of an empire. Yet sometimes it has been our lot to witness the appearance of an artist, a man of science, or of literature, who by one public effort has burst upon us with a force and a promise which admitted not of a doubtful construction. Yet that effort may have been by one who did not seem conscious of having taken a high aim, or performed a great achievement. It may have been, indeed, that the proofs of unquestioned genius were elicited upon a comparatively slight occasion, thereby, however, becoming the more striking by means of contrast, and showing how much instruction and delight may be communicated by one man, where others would have been dull or commonplace. These remarks have been forcibly suggested by a perusal of the present work, which, so far as we know, is the first publication by its author; but one, which we defy any man to peruse without being convinced that if its authors's life be spared, will be succeeded by a brilliant display of the triumphs of his genius. And yet Dr. Nichol's "*Architecture of the Heavens*," only professes to be a compilation of that which has been discovered and described by other men. To be sure, these discoveries and descriptions belong to the most stupendous and august subject which physical science comprises. But marvellous and sublime as these are, our author has dealt with them in such a masterly though popular style as to impart to them the beauty and freshness of originality, together with an unsurpassed eloquence that is both arousing and subduing.

Dr. Nichol modestly lays claim merely to having given an expla-

nation of the astronomical discoveries which have been made in recent times, especially by Sir William Herschel and Laplace. These have previously only been fully expounded to scientific scholars in the voluminous and dry collections found among the archives of scientific and learned societies. But now they are here arranged and laid open with a clearness and plainness which every ordinary understanding will easily appreciate, and with a simple eloquence befitting the grandeur and the vastness of the theme. This theme is discussed within three great divisions—the first having the form of the universe and its firmaments for a subject—the second, the mechanical arrangement and vital principle of, not only the Solar, but the whole Stellar system—and the third, the supposed origin and destiny of the same unlimited creations. In treating of these stupendous subjects, the author's demonstrations and speculations are all so intimately linked together and reciprocally dependent, that without reading the whole, it is impossible duly to appreciate the cogency and beauty of any part of his reasoning; so that by quoting some of his most amazing and gratifying conclusions, minds unused to such themes and speculations may be startled, or, perhaps, offended. Let it be borne in mind, however, that where there is nothing but conjecture or probability for it, Dr. Nichol's statements never claim a higher authority. At the same time, very many conclusions which may appear to the unlearned to be wild and audacious dreams, are just as capable of being clearly and incontrovertibly demonstrated, as the most familiar facts in the material world. Gravitation, for instance, regulates certain motions of the heavenly bodies, just as truly as of the stone which one throws aloft into the air. There are simple phenomena detected by science in the regions of space, which the naked eye never reached. The form which a drop of water assumes, is not more easily explained than the rotundity of a planet or a sun; and the lights which the human intellect can gather from this round form, and the motions to which, in either of its instances, it is subjected, enables the speculator to rise to more distant creations, and indeed to traverse the realms of universal space, even while sinking beneath the ideas which such infinitude necessarily calls into operation.

In our endeavour to convey a distinct impression of the manner in which Dr. Nichol treats of the Architecture of the Heavens, it will be necessary for us, according to our limited space, to confine ourselves chiefly to one of his speculations. There are abundance of these from which to select, and which are sufficiently curious and exciting, besides being wonderful and exalting. We might turn to his account of the firmaments, in which the millions upon millions of Suns or Stellar systems move—or to certain arrangements which seem to prevail among these bodies, such as the mode of being in doubles and trebles—or to the likelihood of the whole of

the bodies in the whole of the firmaments being finally destroyed, according to the law of gravitation, by which they are at present maintained in their regular order. But we rather incline to direct attention to the speculations in which the greatest recent astronomers have indulged, and upon which Dr. Nichol has thrown additional light, by his comments respecting the origin of our system, and the formation of new worlds.

It is a considerable number of years now since astronomers began to speculate much concerning certain nebulous bodies suspended in space, which became visible on the application of the strongest glasses. At length, Herschel observed one star, which, he writes, "is perfectly in the centre; and the atmosphere so diluted, faint, and equal throughout, that there can be no surmise of its consisting of stars." His reasons for so thinking are these—"In the first place, if the nebulosity consists of stars appearing nebulous because of their distance, which causes them to run into each other, what must be the size of the central body, which, at so enormous a distance, yet so far outshines all the rest? In the next place, if the central star be no bigger than common, how very small and compressed must be the other luminous points which send us only so faint a light? In the former case, the central body would far exceed what we call a star; and in the latter, the shining matter about the centre would be too small to come under that designation. Either, then, we have a central body which is not a star, or a star involved in a shining fluid of a nature wholly unknown to us."

To this, Dr. Nichol adds,—“The latter alternative may, at first sight, appear the strangest and the most remote, yet it is one to which the balance of probability manifestly inclines. And our judgment rests upon this: the nebulous fluid, supposing it to exist, could not become known under any *other aspect or modification*; while, if stars of enormous comparative dimensions were scattered through space, the likelihood is, that some one such body would be sufficiently near us to *permit of our recognizing it under less ambiguous characters*.”

In accordance with these speculations and scientific conjectures, it is supposed that the vapoury matter alluded to is a substance which is gradually conglomerating into stellar bodies, and if so, it is shown that these bodies must commence a rotatory motion. Let us now see with what a lofty, but steady train of astronomical reasoning all this is explained, and how strikingly it seems to throw light upon the eras in our own cosmogony.

Having stated that our Sun or Star is surrounded by Planets belonging to it, which have manifestly originated in the process which brought it into an organised condition, Dr. Nichol discusses the question which immediately occurs, viz. whether the origin of these smaller bodies, and their motions and mechanism can be

satisfactorily explained by the Nebular cosmogony. To this he first of all answers :

"The preservation and permanence of the place of a revolving body depends, as I have said, on the circumstance that the centrifugal force is not greater than the power of the central attraction. The inevitable consequence of an excess of the former is seen in simple operation in a common phenomenon. You may have heard of a fact known to most mechanics, that a grindstone may be made to revolve with a rapidity sufficient to cause splinters to fly off from its rim, and even the whole rim to break in pieces—indicating that the centrifugal force of the rim with that velocity, more than counterbalances the mutual attraction or cohesion of the particles of the stone. Now, if the rim, instead of being formed of brittle stone, had consisted of an elastic belt, say of caoutchouc, what would have resulted in such a case? Clearly a separation of the rim from the mass of the rotatory body—it would have expanded somewhat, just as the orbit of a planet in a similar position; and had other circumstances permitted, would have revolved around the stone as a separate ring at a distance where the balance or equilibrium of the forces was restored. We have already seen that causes continually operate to increase the velocity of the nebula's rotation; but when this velocity became in any case sufficiently great to communicate an overbalanced centrifugal power to the exterior portion, that phenomenon must result which we have illustrated by the grindstone—the outward part of the elastic nebulous fluid would somewhat widen its diameter, separate itself from the parent mass, and assume the position of a *distinct portion of matter revolving in some form around the central body*. There is no doubt whatever of the mechanical principles on which these inferences rest; and it is equally certain that there are almost infinite chances against the condensation of any large or original nebula, without the occurrence of circumstances which would cause it to throw off numbers of such rings, so that, in a more advanced condition, every such mass might (if the forms of the thrown off rings had not altered) present the appearance of a large central nucleus, with subservient rotating annuli, composed of quantities of matter necessarily very small, compared with the main body.

"Here, then, have we our first idea of the origination of planetary—or of quantities of subservient revolving matter; and the next question is, what forms would these rings probably ultimately assume? There are three possible forms. 1. The mass, if tolerably equable in its original constitution, and undisturbed from without, might condense as it is, or into a *rotating solid ring*; but the chances against such a result are so numerous, that we would expect the phenomenon to be very rare in the universe. 2. If the mass broke up or separated while condensing—as its own internal irregularities would in all probability constrain it to do—it might divide into a number of portions so equal in attractive energy, that none of them would have any tendency to coalesce with or fall into the others; so that the ring would ultimately be transformed into a number of distinct small solid bodies, revolving around the central mass at nearly the same distance from it. These bodies, it is clear, would in

their final state be *spherical* or *round planets*: and although not so evident, it is yet mechanically certain, that they would necessarily rotate on their axes in the direction of their revolutions. 3. Even this second supposition, however, is not a very probable one, inasmuch as its essential condition—the attraction of the mass of the ring towards equally balanced centres—could in the nature of things occur but rarely. By far the likeliest result is the division of the annulus into nuclei of unequal power—the larger of which would, by its superior attraction, assume the others into its mass—the whole solidifying into one considerable globe. Such globes would likewise invariably follow the law of rotation above specified; and every one of these secondary masses might, during the phenomena of its subsequent condensation and augmenting velocity of rotation, throw off rings corresponding in all respects to the rings around the primary nucleus—these condensing in their turn, and, according to the foregoing laws, into solid annuli and *Satellites*."

Dr. Nichol next remarks on the correspondence of these general results with the character of the bodies in our solar system. He says—

"*First*, we have a central massive globe, with subservient globes engirdling him at such distances, that when the sun in a diffused state is stretched out to their respective limits, his rotation must have been equal to the periodic times observed by the planets at the present day—some small allowance being made for changes which must have supervened during the long lapse of ages. *Secondly*, The fundamental principle of the theory being verified, in so far as it is capable of verification, cast your eyes over the masses which compose our luminary's cortège! 1. The great proportion of the planets belong, as we would expect, to the last of the three defined classes of forms into which a ring might break up. MERCURY, VENUS, the EARTH, MARS, JUPITER, SATURN, URANUS, are single globes, revolving in orbits of their own, and around some of them are dependent satellites. 2. In one instance only, does the ring seem to have divided into equally balanced parts—I allude to the four small planets, those ASTEROIDS between Mars and Jupiter, which have nearly a common orbit, or which revolve at almost the same distance from the sun; and 3. We have also in one solitary instance, a specimen of that most singular of cosmical appearances—AN ORIGINAL RING, solidified in its pristine condition, and revolving around the planet SATURN."

Having arrived at a connected origin of the several bodies composing our planetary scheme, our author addresses himself to the question, how far can the cosmogony thus laid down be reconciled with the condition of the entire system of the Universe. He says,

"What I refer to, is as follows:—The planets, without exception, move around the sun in ovals differing little from circles, and lying almost in the plane of the sun's equator; they all revolve in these orbits in the direction of the sun's rotation on his axis; they rotate on their axes in the same direction, and—excepting what we have been told concerning the still enigmatical and but partially known body Uranus—the whole

satellites, including the rings of Saturn, revolve around the primary planets also in that direction; nor are the rotations of these secondary bodies, in so far as they are known, subject to a different law. Now, these phenomena receive no explanation from what we usually term the law of gravitation, inasmuch as gravitation could sustain systems distinguished by no such conditions—nay, it actually does so, for the comets are free from all these laws; they move in very eccentric orbits inclined to the plane of the sun's equator at all degrees, and their motions are as often retrograde as direct. Most fortunate it was that an inquiry baffling even the resolving power of Gravity, and thus profounder than any undertaken heretofore, fell into the hands of a philosopher whose knowledge of celestial mechanism was then complete, and whose capacity to trace elementary laws to their remotest consequence has never been surpassed! It occurred at once to the illustrious Laplace, that the ordinary operation of Gravity is to sustain or regulate systems which have been brought into being; and that the higher conditions of which I have spoken, pertained directly to the manner of our system's origin; nor did he meditate long ere the splendid speculation I have detailed arose in full maturity in his mind, and connected itself with the revelations men were at that time first receiving from the telescopes of Herschel. Observe how intimately the system of the generation from *rings*, co-ordinates with these constituent phenomena. The rings in the first instance must be circular, and thrown off at the sun's equator where the velocity of rotation, and therefore the centrifugal force, is the greatest; the bodies revolving from them must revolve all in one direction, and with velocities corresponding to the velocity of the nebulae at the period of their separation; the separate and consolidated masses resulting from their destruction must, as stated, rotate on axes in the direction of their revolution; and, finally, all satellites subsequently formed must both revolve and rotate according to the same order! The Cosmogony has thus every mark of truth: its roots are *seen* in the Heavens, and it appears to go through every nook and alley of solar and planetary arrangements, not only explaining them, but comprehending their variety, and deducing the whole from one grand principle. The theory is so beautiful and so perfect, that perhaps we might have assumed it to be universal, and asserted that every planet springing out of rotation, and engirdling each of those infinite orbs, must be subjected to the chief laws which control the earth—had not presumption been checked by one emphatic indication. If, as we are informed, the two least problematical satellites of Uranus have retrograde motions, that is, if they move in directions opposite to the general one, there must be some influence or law capable of checking in so far and modifying the operations indicated by the Nebular Cosmogony; and this intimation reaches us from the farthest verge of our system—that confine where novel external actions would be the most sensibly felt. Whatever this influence is, it cannot invalidate the theory of Laplace. The laws of nature never destroy, but only modify each other—just as the systems of circular waves diffused from two centres in a pool, intermingle and affect each other's undulations—each spreading meanwhile out to the extreme limits of the sphere."

These are ennobling and arresting speculations. What magni-

ficient and overwhelming sentiments of wonder, awe, and adoration do they awaken? Nor is there any feature in Dr. Nichol's work more delightful than the fervent piety and sublime feelings which crown his speculations, and with which he sends them home to the heart of the reader. Let us hear what he has to say to the question—"Can the Nebular Hypothesis *explain the stars?*"

"Somewhat indeed remains to be fathomed, and phenomena apparently disparate may still be found in the sky; yet, short way as we have gone, every one of the grand features of the stars—facts, which but to mark, have often worthily conferred deathless fame—are seen in union and harmony the most unexpected, proceeding hand in hand from the bosom of previous night, and going through untold ages in singular companionship. Who can ascend so far up that vast chain which unites the eternal past with the fleeting present; who—to go no higher—can dwell on the idea of our sun being born from one of those dim nebulae, order growing within him by effect of law, and the worlds he illumines and sustains, springing gradually into being—without engrossing emotions! Sometimes on contemplating this mighty progression, and thinking of the changes, visible and concealed, which must have marked the advance of an organisation so majestic; asking, too, what is man, save a transient organisation, with whose progress the education of a Spiritual Being has been for a moment connected—I confess I have been so fanciful as to doubt whether those great and good men who endowed the stars with spiritual principles, ought to be deemed mistaken—whether that orb, during its fathomless evolutions, may not have been the seat of a SPIRITUAL POTENTATE, gifted with the glorious capacity to rise in knowledge, power, and beneficence, by experience of all the vast events of which he is the centre—whether we should not look upon these HOSTS of HEAVEN, as something still more awful than inanimate worlds fitted to sustain a life like ours? Far as our ken has reached between us and the HIGHEST, there is still vastness and mystery: sometimes to take wing beyond terrestrial precincts, perhaps, is not wholly forbidden; provided we go with unsandalled feet, as if on holy ground.

"Apart, however, from all speculation—surely the view of an actual order whose beginnings are hid in what seems in our eye nothing less than Eternity, cannot but elevate our thoughts of that BEING, who, amid change alone, is unchangeable—whose glance reaches from the beginning to the end—and whose presence occupies all things! If uneasy feelings are suggested—and I have heard of such—by the idea of a process which may appear to substitute *progress* for *creation*, and place *law* in the room of *providence*, their origin lies in the misconception of a name. LAW of itself is no substantive or independent power; no casual influence sprung of blind necessity, which carries on events of its own will, and energises without command. Separated from connection with an ARRANGER in reference to whose mind alone, and as expressive of the creative idea, it can be connected with the notion of control—law is a mere name for a long order—an order unoriginated, unupheld, unsubstantial, whose floor sounds hollow beneath the tread, and whose spaces are all void; an order hanging tremblingly over nothingness, and of

which every constituent—every thing and creature, fails not to beseech incessantly for a substance and substratum in the idea of ONE—WHO LIVETH FOR EVER !”

If this is not eloquence of a very high order expended upon one of the most stupendous themes that can engage the heart of man, and if not calculated to inculcate humility, hope, and adoration, we know not what else can be pointed out among the utterances of men which ought to do so. Having now, however, obtained a glance at the manner in which our author has treated of some of the most striking topics connected with the Architecture of the Heavens, we shall extract two or three paragraphs, taken nearly at random from text, appendix and notes. The first makes us acquainted with the powers of telescopes.

“Herschel considered that his ten-feet telescope had a space-penetrating power of $28\frac{1}{2}$, *i. e.* it could descry a star $28\frac{1}{2}$ times further off than the naked eye can; to one of his twenty-feet telescopes he assigned the power of 61, and to another of much better construction, the power of 96. The space-penetrating power of the forty-feet instrument he settled at 192! But as you may not have a sufficient idea of the profundities represented with these numbers, I shall convert them into more definite quantities. The depth to which the naked eye can penetrate into space, appears to extend to stars of the twelfth order of distances; *i. e.* it can descry a star twelve times farther away than those luminaries, which, from their superior magnitude, we suppose to be nearest us. Multiply, then, each of the foregoing numbers by twelve, and you have, as a first approximation to the *independent* powers of telescopes, a new series of figures, indicating how much further they can pierce than the first or nearest range of the fixed stars. In the case of the forty-feet reflector, this number is 2,304; which signifies that, if 2,304 stars, extended in a straight line beyond Sirius, each separated from the one before it by an interval equal to what separates the still immeasurable Sirius from the earth, the forty-feet telescope would see them all. I subjoin only one further statement: the same instrument could descry a cluster of stars, consisting of 5,000 individuals, were it situated three hundred thousand times deeper in space than Sirius probably is; or, to take a more distinct standard of comparison, were it at the remoteness of 11,785,475,948,678,678,679 miles.”

But however wonderful have been the discoveries which the ingenuity of man has enabled him to make in the realms of infinite space, it does not violate probability nor the hopes of some of the most competent judges when still greater telescopic aids are anticipated. Think of a glass by means of which we may be enabled to scan the works of the inhabitants of the moon.

“In a letter addressed to me by Sir David Brewster, on occasion of our proposing to erect a new and splendidly furnished observatory in Glasgow, is the following interesting paragraph: ‘To such an observatory, where the finest achromatic might be accompanied with a better reflecting telescope than has yet been made, it would be a leading object to

delineate with precision the hills and valleys of the moon. This planet is much within our reach; and an accurate knowledge of the phenomena it presents, and of the changes these undergo, would be a great and most interesting contribution to science. When we compare the telescope in Newton's time to that of Sir William Herschel's, we need scarcely despair of discovering the structures erected by the inhabitants of that luminary. An achromatic object-glass of the same size as the speculum of Sir William Herschel's forty-feet telescope, would certainly accomplish this; and no person can say that it is impracticable to do in glass what we have done in metal. Had I the means, I would not scruple to undertake the task of building the lens in zones and segments.' For the honour of British science, it is to be hoped that the power of accomplishing what would immortalize his age, will in some way be afforded to this distinguished philosopher."

The rational wonder and piety which the whole of Dr. Nichol's treatise forcibly and delightfully tends to inculcate receives a suitable climax in the next extract with which we conclude, perfectly satisfied as we are, that the few passages quoted by us, and the outline sketch of the whole, will, to no inconsiderable extent, increase the circulation of the work, and thereby create a more prevailing appetite for some of the grandest and most exact studies that the whole circle of the sciences can present.

"The idea of the ultimate dissolution of the solar system has usually been felt as painful, and forcibly resisted by philosophers. When Newton saw no end to the deranging effect of the common planetary perturbations, he called for the special interference of the Almighty to avert the catastrophe; and great was the rejoicing when that recent analyst described a memorable power of conservations in our system's constituent phenomena; but after all, why should it be painful? Absolute permanence is visible nowhere around us, and the fact of change merely intimates, that in the exhaustless womb of the future, unevolved wonders are in store. The phenomenon referred to would simply point to the close of one mighty cycle in the history of the solar orb—the passing away of arrangements which have fulfilled their objects, that they might be transformed into new. Thus is the periodic death of a plant perhaps the essential to its prolonged life, and when the individual dies and disappears, fresh and vigorous forms spring from the elements which composed it. Mark the chrysalis! It is the grave of the worm, but the cradle of the sunborn insect. The broken bowl will yet be healed and beautified by the potter, and a voice of joyful note will awaken, one day, even the silence of the urn!

"Nay, what though *all* should pass? What though the close of this epoch in the history of the solar orb should be accompanied, as some by a strange fondness have imagined, by the dissolution and disappearing of all these shining spheres? Then would our universe not have failed in its functions, but only been gathered up and rolled away, their functions being complete. That gorgeous material framework where-with the Eternal hath adorned and varied the abysses of space, is only an instrument by which the myriads of spirits borne upon its orbs may be

told of their origin, and educated for more exalted being; and a time may come when the veil can be drawn aside—when spirit shall converse *directly* with spirit, and the creature gaze without hindrance on the effulgent face of its Creator; but even then—no, not in that manhood or full maturity of being, will our fretted vault be forgotten, or its pure inhabitants permitted to drop away. Their reality may have passed, but their remembrance will live for ever. The warm relationships of dependent childhood are only the tenderer and the more hallowed, that the grave has enclosed and embalmed their objects; and no height of excellence, no extent of future greatness, will ever obscure the vividness of that frail but loved infancy, in which, as now, we walked upon the beauteous earth and fondly gazed upon these far-off orbs, deeming that they whisper from their bright abodes the welcome tidings of Man's immortal destiny!"

We only add that the sketches of the most illustrious astronomers which give spirit to the narrative of their discoveries, and the numerous lithographic plates which illustrate the text, are not unimportant features in the work, serving as they do to convey a complete popular treatise on the science discussed, and to make perfectly plain some of the most abstruse questions in physics.

ART. XII.

1.—*American Prosperity.* By EDWARD CLIBBORN.

2.—*Monetary System.* By J. M. C. London: Groombridge. 1837.

WE cannot help thinking that much of the opposition which is now made to the best established doctrines, concerning the sources of national wealth and the means of promoting it, is owing to the tone and the manner in which these doctrines have been of late years expounded. Nothing can be more injurious to the interests of science than an exaggerated estimate, by its advocates, of the evidence on which it rests. There is a strong disposition in that perverse animal, man, to withhold even a reasonable portion of assent, when too much is demanded. Political economy is a science which requires more than almost any other that its calculations shall be corrected by experience. It is built upon inductions of facts, of a nature by no means easy to be ascertained, because they are always found in combination, and their effects are perpetually changing according as they are variously combined. Perhaps no facts relating to the transactions among mankind were ever more minutely and extensively investigated than those which regulate the value of money. Yet few investigations have led to more numerous and bewildering contradictions; and Parliament once pronounced an opinion upon the value of a bank-note, which is probably not now entertained by half-a-dozen sane persons in the nation. When a science, which depends on facts capable of being viewed in such

various lights, is held forth as resting upon proofs nearly approaching to demonstration, they who have not examined all its foundations are apt to include, in one general estimate of weakness, those portions which possess but doubtful strength, with others whose stability has been attested by the clearest evidence and the fullest experience.

It must be owned, likewise, that writers on political economy have not always preserved the tone and temper best suited to soften hostility or win acquiescence. On the contrary, like many other advocates for absolute freedom, they have sometimes adopted a style as contemptuous and intolerant towards their opponents as if the subjects of discussion were too clear for doubt, and as if it were little short of wickedness to dissent from their conclusions. In some of the disputes which are now carried on concerning very knotty points in the science, they find, that although men will submit to be reasoned out of their errors, they will neither be scolded nor sneered into a surrender of the most palpable absurdities.

No cause, perhaps, has tended so much to deprive the science of political economy of its due honours, among certain classes of very well-meaning persons, as the charge which has been made upon its votaries, and believed by many to be true, that they seek to exalt their favourite dogmas, to the exclusion of all other considerations in state-government. This imputation is most certainly unfounded, though it must be acknowledged that some colour is given to it by the omission of most writers on these subjects to define the limits of the science, and to qualify the propositions in which they unfold it. They are too prone to assume, as a matter of course, that their readers will consider their doctrines only with reference to the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, and not as excluding other maxims of policy essential to the welfare and security of nations. But it unfortunately happens very generally, that the terms in which the doctrines of political economy are stated, convey an impression that the writer deems wealth the only source of human felicity, and holds it as an unimpeachable postulate, that all other veins of policy and government ought to be subservient to the increase, in the aggregate, of a nation's riches.

The history of banking and bankers would furnish materials for a most interesting work. There is no subject upon which there are extant so many contradictory theories, and which even in our times is so little understood. Some suppose a banker to be a lender of money or currency, and thus confound him with the pure capitalist; whereas the whole proper business of a banker consists in exchanging the debts of private individuals into debts between himself and the public, who receive his notes at par. Where a credit system exists, a system of exchanging debts of one kind for debts of another kind naturally arises, also as well as for exchanging

debts for wealth, and the contrary. The first belongs especially to bankers and stockbrokers ; the second, to merchants and shop-keepers.

The error of supposing a banker to be a lender of money, arises from the fact that a banker must be a capitalist or pretend to be one, as must each of the individuals who go to compose a joint stock bank : but a close investigation of the ordinary business of a bank which issues a paper currency of its own, will convince us that a banker must be a capitalist, to give the public security who take his notes at par, yet that he is not a lender of capital, that he borrows more money than he lends, the difference being the discount which composes his income. The late contest in America, between the President and the United States Bank, on the question of the renewal of the Charter, disclosed to the world the utter ignorance of the true principles of banking, of many of the leading merchants and writers of the day. To the obstinacy of the President and the injudicious use of his veto, both Americans and Europeans attributed the late calamitous failures. We shall briefly notice some of the evils of the system which was struck down by the uncompromising general.

Viewed at a distance, the banking and credit system of America and England, though differing a little in practical matters, seem to coincide in theory ; but a closer investigation of the operation of the former, leads to the conviction that this is not the case. In Europe, it is held to be a requisite for a banker, or the component parts of a Joint Stock Company, to be in possession of a certain amount of capital, to meet the paper currency they may issue. In America, the joint stock banks are frequently got up by needy adventurers, seeking to make a profit on the scrip or stock of the concern, or to borrow more than they lend to other banks. They borrow money to purchase stock, and pledge the stock to the bank for money to pay the first lender. So that many of the banks are without any other security for the currency they issue, than the debt of their pretended proprietors. They are mere nominal proprietors, for the bank has repaid them all they originally contributed to its funds ; but this is skilfully kept out of view. These gentry have the right of voting for directors. A party votes for those who, he is confident will assist him in his speculations ; if he is lucky enough to become a director himself, he discounts no bill or note, unless he is concerned individually in the transaction. A system of accommodation is thus established, and a director's endorsement is a *sine qua non* to the discounting of paper. This endorsement may be procured for a consideration of one, two, or more per cent. on the amount of the bill, a very snug thing for the accommodating director.

But this is not the only good thing that falls under the fingers of

the director, he has a more extensive means of acquisition. As the joint stock banks were founded to give accommodation to land-jobbers, builders, and speculators in every department of industry, (real bills of exchange being an almost evanescent portion of the business), as long as the bank chooses to renew those bills, things go on gloriously, the builder cheers on the land-jobber, and the speculator—presently the bank refuses to discount the bills, having previously secured mortgages on the property created, smash go the speculators, while the cunning directors march off with the profits of their industry. The fluctuating nature of the population of the American towns, allows the pursuit of this system of plunder for a length of time; in a settled or well regulated community, it could not exist long. It appears that the United States Bank has pursued this appropriation system with very great success. Its accommodation was always given to be expended on the permanent improvement of real estate. The progress of this improvement was carefully watched and ascertained; when it was ripe for the sickle, the bank, by refusing to discount, obliged the holders of this species of property, sometimes several at a time, to stop payment—the property was sold by the sheriff, and purchased by the bank at a great apparent loss. The bankrupt speculators speedily transfer their industry to other quarters, and make way for new comers, who, in addition to their own property, purchase, at a large profit, the property of their predecessors, which has remained for some time in the hands of the bank. As long as they have the assistance of the bank, they prosper and flourish, when that is withdrawn, they share the fate of their predecessors, and swell the tide of victims, so that if Jackson had not used his veto steadily and unflinchingly, the bank of the United States would have grasped the greater portion of the lands of the Union.

The political influence derived from this power over property and enterprize, was proportionally great. Senators, representatives, editors, were their dependants and partizans, and stoutly maintained their cause against the president. They made the renewal of the charter a party question, and the struggle was long and violent.

It has been very fairly suggested, that the existence of the Stamp Act would have operated as a check upon this "Kiting" system, and no doubt a previous outlay on every transaction would damp the aspirations of many an ambitious but needy speculator.

A feeble attempt was made by the government to compel the joint stock banks to be always provided with a quantity of metallic currency to meet runs and urgencies. A government officer makes his rounds and his reports. But as the time of his visit is previously ascertained, each bank borrows cash from its neighbours, lending them cash in its turn, for the satisfaction of the not over-

scrupulous functionary, who closes his eyes to everything but the specie placed beneath them, and reports that the bank in question had on such a day, so much paper afloat, and so much metallic currency to meet it, in their vaults.

In Scotland and Ireland, much benefit results to the merchant, by the system of cash advances, but they vary in character from the paper accommodation of America. The discounters of kites, consider themselves lenders of paper currency, and not changers of private into public debts, so that individual responsibility forms the basis of the credit system, resting on the current value of goods sold. For it is obvious that a merchant would never sell his goods except at a profit, if he could defer indefinitely the payment of his bill.

A Scotch banker advances cash on the character of the borrower, and his own personal knowledge of his business, and his talents for conducting it. But the American accommodation paper is not restricted to any particular use, and may be laid out as income in daily expenditure. This begets a system of extravagance, which, it is understood, has been carried to the utmost pitch by the townspeople for the last ten years. The consequence has been the almost universal bankruptcy of those individuals. It was to meet the accommodation paper pledged by these gentry (who, besides their constantly accumulating debts with Europe, in connexion with the banks, have another debt with the country people)—it was to meet their paper, that the gold was lately imported from England, and after a moment's delay in the banks, it passed into the hands of the independent farmers, who preferred it to the bank paper which they formerly held. As this latter class are generally free from debt to the townspeople, and free from the temptation of speculating in town lots, and the other jobs of the townspeople, it is but reasonable to presume, that the gold they have thus got into their hands, will be very slow to leave them. The question then arises, what is to become of the merchants and bankers who have been living beyond their means, and where are they to find money to meet their engagements? A jubilee, or general cancelling of debts, has been proposed, and we have no doubt the idea is not unacceptable to Yankee debtors, however it may mar the self-esteem of Jonathan to be reminded of the year of national insolvency. By the by, it seems strange, and yet it is an ascertained fact, that a "free-born American," who piques himself on his superiority over an European, is, of all human beings, the most anxious to get into debt, and the least anxious to get out of it. How he reconciles this with the high mindedness of a republican, we are at a loss to discover. Mr. Clibborn having paid a small account to the editor of an Adams's paper, the latter remarked, "I wish every one was like you." After making out the receipt and handing it to him, he inquired why he paid him. Mr. C. replied, "because it was so small, and he did

not wish to open an account with him. He looked at me with astonishment," continues Mr. C. "You English are queer people. A real American would neither pay the bill or enter it. I am satisfied," said he, "that our merchants have innumerable accounts of this amount due, which they will never think of until they have grown into considerable sums, and the chances are they will contest them then."

When a banker discounts a fictitious bill of exchange, technically "a kite," as the bill represents no wealth, he virtually lends so much of his capital to the drawer for the time the bill has to run, or he pretends to do so by issuing a certain quantity of his notes, which passing at par, lead people to suppose would be exchanged for coin if demanded at the Bank. The American view of this transaction is curious and characteristic. It is perfectly fair, says Jonathan, because it is understood by both parties, that the paper given by one, is as spurious as that given by the other; the bill representing goods in the same degree that the notes represent metallic currency, a slight run on the bank would reduce both to their real nothingness.

The discount in this case is equivalent to the risk, the drawer paying at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per month, for what passes for cash. This is supposed to be equal to the wear, or waste of a coin currency; but it is obvious that this paper currency at 6 per cent. per annum, is more costly than the old-fashioned gold and silver money.

The facilities of bank accommodation are productive of another inconvenience to the public, by causing artificial scarcities and plenums of certain commodities in the market, when naturally the opposite state of things should occur. This state is called *intermittent* in America, an epithet derived from the ague, which physically and morally affects the New Orleanists and their neighbours. Bank directors have it in their power to throw the market into this state whenever they please; and as many of them are dealers in the essential commodities, it is not to be supposed that they resist the temptation of levying a tax upon consumers and realizing large profits. Again, by the accommodation system, as merchants commence in debt, it is absolutely necessary that they should realize a profit, and any chance is turned to account that will enable them to put off selling at a loss, though every day they hold over adds to their debts and responsibilities. If this accommodation is general, the evil consequences become so too. A rise of price of particular commodities must ensue, to cover the additional expenses of storage and insurance, discount and stamps if with British merchants; a rise of price produces a reduction of consumption; the public discontinuing its use, or substituting something else in its stead. Diminished sales alarm the holders, and

they suspect a loss is impending. A knowing one throws his stock upon the market, and immediately all his panic-stricken brethren imitate his example, each one anxious to sell at the least possible loss. The price goes down to Zero, when in a healthy state of the market, it would have been steady and remunerative. To correct the manifold evils resulting from joint stock banking, and to reduce it within proper limits, has been the anxious desire of the legislatures of the various states. Laws have been enacted, framed with all the ingenuity which the cunning of men, who, having been directors themselves, were acquainted with all the mystery of the craft, could supply, but without effect. So great is the temptation to fraud held out by the system, that few or rather none are capable of resisting it, and the numbers and influence of those interested directly or indirectly in the maintenance of the system are so great and so widely diffused, that the law is either defeated or evaded.

Such are the moral and political objections to Joint Stock Banks, springing out of the states of society and inherent in the nature of things. The accommodation system demoralizes the honest and honourable trader, and gives unfair advantages to the needy and reckless desperado and gambler, who laughs at the slow pace of a sober-plodding neighbour until the day of retribution comes and hurls the exulting speculator from the height of his artificial prosperity into the mire of bankruptcy and ruin. In America it has been the immediate cause of all the late disasters; the source of overtrading panics, and all but national bankruptcy. Good average health is much to be preferred to unnatural fits of elevation of spirits which are sure to be followed by depression and despondency.

With regard to the working of the system in England, Mr. H. Palmer in a pamphlet lately published, and which may be considered as expressive of the sentiments of the directors of the Bank of England, of whom he has long been considered a trading member, says, "that it becomes questionable whether the Bank of England and Joint Stock Banks can permanently exist together." He ascribes to the existence of the latter, the recent panic and derangement in the money-market, as over their management the Bank of England was not able to exercise that controul which he asserts had formerly been successfully applied to private banks at former periods of commercial difficulty. On the other hand, it is a curious fact that the late Lord Liverpool and the then Chancellor of the Exchequer attributed the panic which occurred eleven years ago to the conduct of the "*private banks*," and actually recommended such an alteration in the bank charter, such as the formation of joint stock banks to prevent the recurrence of the evil, a recommendation which led to their establishment. Happily for the soundness of that recommendation, it appears that while the losses by private banks from 1826 down to the present period have

been enormous, not more than two joint stock banks have suspended payment, by which a loss was sustained by the public, so that their operation seems to have been better regulated with us than in America.

But perhaps it is erroneous to attribute panics and distress to the operation of any one system per se, without viewing it in connexion with others, which subjects us to the same inconvenience whatever circumstances may arise. The immediate cause of the panic in 1825 arose from an internal demand for gold, and of 1836 has been occasioned by a foreign demand for the same precious metal. Hence it has been inferred by one set of theorists, that no system of banking, however perfect in itself, which shall be based on, the liability to pay in gold, can furnish a circulating paper medium for the great commercial dealings of these countries, without subjecting us to occasional panics.

Now while we declare our firm unflinching adhesion to the principle of Sir Robert Peel's bill and the currency system as at present constituted, we are not so bigotted as to affix a sweeping condemnation to the theories that may be suggested to remedy the inconvenience to which unquestionably it is subject. Protesting our adherence to a metallic check on paper circulation, we shall for the information of our readers pass in review the arguments adduced against it, and the remedies proposed to correct its defects.

Gold is not the best possible standard and truest representative of property, says the author of a pamphlet, signing himself J. M. C. 1st., because in order to be so, the accumulation of gold should keep exact pace with the increase of property, so that the same amount of gold should always co-exist with the same amount of property, but this cannot be the case. From the authority of Jacob's inquiry into the production and consumption of the precious metals, as well as from other sources, it appears, that for twenty years, viz. from 1809 to 1829, instead of a corresponding increase there has been a positive diminution throughout Europe of the precious metals over the production, of no less than 66, 611, 440, and that the diminution must still go on (as the produce of the mines is not equal to the consumption), while the property and population which it is intended so faithfully to represent, continue progressively increasing; nor will the reduction of its application to being the *test* of national prosperity as to the *balance* of trade be less objectionable; because it would be impossible to confine the application to the proof of a balance between two countries; for so long as our currency is payable in gold, it will be demanded on every commercial or political excitement which produces panic. Hence the more we increase our trade and prosperity the greater must be our danger and suffering, when by any senseless or designed panic the rapidly increasing productions of these countries are arrested in their legi-

timate and beneficial career, dragged back to this tortuous measure of value, and compressed into its narrowed dimensions, to the temporary embarrassment of the whole leading community.

2ndly. That the more extended the trading concerns (especially if interest) of any country, the greater circulating medium she must require, and the greater her distress, should this currency be deranged; also, that the more extended those concerns, no matter how profitable or sound they may be, the greater danger there is of derangement under our present system. Thus the construction of rail-roads require the use of from ten to twelve millions. While our trade and resources fully justify the cost of these undertakings, though no national loss is sustained, yet the outlay is an immediate advance of so much capital to be gradually returned. During the process of this money changing hands, by some foreign operation a general distrust is created—a contraction of currency becomes inevitable, and thus the large though temporary increase of circulation greatly adds to the distress. The extended nature of her operations render the position of England very different from other countries.

3rd. While silver is at the present day almost universally the circulating medium, in Great Britain alone the golden standard is erected. The national bank is obliged to supply any quantity of that metal which may be demanded at a fixed price, no matter how dear or scarce it may be, and should it again become equally abundant and useless as money, the bank is obliged to take all that is offered to them at a fixed price until their coffers are filled to repletion, then follows over issue, over trading to relieve this distress. The rigid adherence to this principle inflicts a severe hardship on the establishment by obliging them to regulate through their operation the course of exchanges, whenever deranged, no matter by what operation. To these two sources of perpetual and unjust embarrassment, the writer, signing himself J. M. C., is inclined to attribute the evils which have arisen from commercial panics, and which he declares are inseparable from the present system. The power of the directors is complained of, when they merely act upon the principle of self-preservation. In the late panic, though they were desirous of doing every thing in their power to keep the distress from spreading, they were unable to supply the legitimate wants of the commercial community. Feeling their stock of bullion decrease, they dare not discount, although the paper offered was as good as their own, and they knew that the consequence of refusing was certain injury to legitimate and profitable trade, and would reduce many industrious and wealthy traders to the brink of ruin. When they are thus obliged to lay on the "pressure," as they have no power of discriminating as between trades, it must be done universally; and although there may have been an excession of the manu-

facture of one community, as for instance of silk or cotton, yet there may be a real demand for wool or iron. But this enters not into the account, the embarrassment of one is the embarrassment of all, whereas, under other circumstances, the overwrought production might find its own level and correct its excess. While trade continues subject to these unnatural shocks, enterprise languishes, foreign orders are disappointed, and other countries are driven to the development of their own internal resources to relieve themselves from the inconvenience of this uncertainty.

We have now laid before our readers as distinctly as the nature of the subject would permit us, the defects of the rival systems of a paper accommodation and a gold standard. We are not so presumptuous as to hazard our individual opinions upon a subject which has engaged the attention of men of the highest acquirements. Can any substitute be discovered for the present standard and circulating medium, which shall not only be safe but sufficient for all the purposes of this great and rapidly increasing commercial community, while it shall be free from the violent consequences to which it is now so frequently subjected. Are the precious metals really wanted as nutriment to the commercial body, and can all the arteries be better supplied, and the whole system preserved in a more healthy state, by having the sustaining principle generated and perfected in itself? These are questions which we are free to confess it is not within the reach of our financial sagacity to determine. We shall content ourselves with giving at full length the eureka of the author before us, leaving it to the acumen of our readers. The substitute he proposes is founded on the instrumentality of the national debt, and runs thus :—

“ The establishment of an Imperial Bank of Issue, with a Capital of One Hundred Millions.*

“ Such Bank to be wholly independent of Government, but obliged to lodge with Commissioners, nominated by Parliament, such paid-up capital; to be by them invested in 3 per cent. or other stock as may be approved.

“ The Bank to be *then* at liberty to issue their Notes (stamped by the Commissioners) to the extent of Fifty Millions, which Notes are to be constituted ‘ THE STANDARD AND LEGAL TENDER,’ for the United Kingdom.

“ Notes of £100. each and upwards, to carry interest at the rate of three halfpence per diem, from one year after their date of issue.

“ Should an increased circulation or issue be at any period found necessary, on application to Parliament, it can be obtained on condition of *double* such additional sum being lodged with the Commissioners for public safety.

“ Any Holder of One Thousand Pounds in Imperial Notes, may demand

“ * This does not require the abstraction of any capital, nor necessarily prejudice other establishments, not being intended as a Bank of Discount.”

from the Bank Government Stock for them, at a regulated price; while the Bank shall also have the liberty of requiring from the Commissioners, Stock for any sum not less than a Million, on cancelling Notes to half that amount."

He would further restrict the paper circulation to these notes alone. They are to be supplied by the bankers generally, at the same rate which their own notes cost at present, cost for manufacture, stamps, and the interest on the stock of gold which they are obliged to keep by them under the present system, and which would be unnecessary under the new. Such a circulation would at once remove all possibility of the recurrence of a panic, caused by a demand for gold, and ensure the public against a loss by paper. It would, he imagines, be a complete cure for the evils detailed in the first part of this paper, as attending the joint stock accommodation system, where the banker is also the money maker, or credit broker, and would at once sever the unnatural connexion at present existing between these two branches. It would be solid, because it would be based on the national resources, being good for eight hundred millions, and capable of expansion to meet the constant increase of population and production, which he has demonstrated that gold, or all the precious metals never equitably can. If gold should be required to obtain the produce of any other country, where the balance of trade was not in our favour, the ability to procure it would continue the same as it does at the present moment, while the new system would tend to increase its circulation, as neither banks nor individuals, would any longer object to exchange it for a medium equally valuable and secure.

Since the gold standard was erected in America, a fresh inconvenience to trade has arisen, which may serve to put some of these positions in a strong light. The Americans retain the gold which they have got hold of, under the impression that the possession of it evidences the balance in their favour, while they are shipping their produce at a tremendous sacrifice, or remitting bills of exchange at 3 per cent. positive loss. Now if their money is not due to England, there can be no inducement to ship gold to that country, and if the balance of trade is in favour of England, either the gold must come or something more valuable in its stead.

Such is the substance of J. M. C.'s theory for a new monetary system, and we leave it without comment, to be digested by the curious in currency.

If a paper currency be declared to be a legal tender, but not convertible at pleasure into the precious metals, it is evident, inasmuch as such paper can neither be exported when the issues are unduly limited, that it is not possessed of the same principle of self-contraction and expansion inherent in a currency consisting of the precious metals, and that, consequently, its value must always depend on the extent to which it has been issued compared with the demand.

Let it be supposed, to illustrate this principle, that the currency of any particular country consists of 50 millions of gold sovereigns; and let it be further supposed, that government withdraws these sovereigns, and supplies their place with 50 millions of bits of engraved paper called one pound notes, and declared to be a legal tender: under such circumstances it is obvious, supposing the same quantity of commodities to be brought to market, that their price would undergo no change whatever. It is true, that in the case now supposed, no one would exchange the produce of his labour for money, on the ground that that money was itself a commodity, on which an equal quantity of labour had been expended, and which could be advantageously used in the art, but because it was the universal equivalent, or legal tender used by the society, and because he knew that it would be willingly received as such by all who had produce to dispose of.

The essential difference, then, between a currency consisting wholly of the precious metals, and one consisting wholly of inconvertible paper, is this, that the value of the former, in any particular country, can never differ, either permanently or considerably, from its value in others; and that its value, as compared with commodities, depends on the comparative cost of their and its production;—whereas the value of the latter, in any one country, may vary to any conceivable extent from its value in others; and its value, as compared with commodities, does not depend on the cost of producing it and them, but on the extent to which it has been issued compared with the demand. If a guinea commonly exchanges for a couple of bushels of wheat, or a hat, it is because the same expense has been incurred in its production as in that of either of these commodities; but if these commodities exchange, when the currency consists of inconvertible paper, for a *guinea-note*, it is because such is the proportion which, as a part of the aggregate mass of commodities offered for sale, they bear to the supply of paper, or of money in the market.

It results from these principles, that convertibility into gold and silver, at the pleasure of the holder, is not necessary to give value to paper money: and that, if perfect security could be obtained, that the power of issuing it would not be abused, or that it would always be issued in such quantities as would render a one pound note uniformly equivalent to the quantity of standard gold bullion contained in a sovereign, the precious metals might be entirely dispensed with as a medium of barter, or used only to serve as small change.

Unluckily, however, no such security can be given. This is a point with respect to which there can be no difference of opinion. The widest and most comprehensive experience shows, that no set of men have ever been invested with the power of making unrestricted issues of paper money, without abusing it; or, which is the

same things, without issuing it in inordinate quantities. Should the power to supply the State with paper money be even vested solely in a government, it would be quite as insecure as if under the management of private banking companies. It is therefore indispensable that the issuers of paper money should be placed under some efficient check or control; and the comparative steadiness of the value of the precious metals at once suggests, that no check can be so effectual as to subject the issuers of paper money to the obligation of exchanging their notes, at the pleasure of the holder, for a *given and unvarying quantity*, either of gold or silver.

NOTICES.

ART. XHI.—*Lectures on European Civilization.* By M. GUIZOT, Late Minister of Public Instruction. Translated by PRISCILLA MARIA BECKWITH. 12mo. pp. 469. London: Macrone. 1837,

FROM our review of the "General History of Civilization," &c., by the same high authority, which appeared a few months ago, some idea might be obtained of his philosophy and research on a subject which embraces everything that bears upon the development of man's capacities and the progress of the human race in its social relations in long past to recent times. In the present work, we have the same grand themes discussed in the more impressive form, perhaps, which is naturally adopted by a teacher who utters his sentiments to an expectant and eager audience from the desk,—a form which the gifted authoress of the translation of these Lectures has particularly preserved and sustained. M. Guizot is an original thinker, and a masterly expositor of the theories he constructs. His doctrines are in general so valuable and luminous, that they cannot be propagated without affecting hopefully the progress of political knowledge, and thereby lending a decided impulse in behalf of that very civilization which he so ably traces and elucidates. Traversing as he does many centuries, having to treat of states of society wonderfully at variance with one another; having to exhibit, for example, the wreck which lay strewed after the fall of the Roman empire—the origin and growth of priestly domination—the infusion of barbarian independence—the subsequent rise of feudal institutions—the effects resulting from the Crusades, and all the other mighty features which indicate particular epochs of time, as well as the stages in the mental and moral progression or transitive states of society throughout Europe during its grandest displays—having also to characterise the march and the influence of science, literature, and art, and to define what monarchy and republican forms of government have undergone or done, must require the very highest species of philosophizing of subtle disquisition, of bold and commanding speculation. These and many subordinate qualifications are unquestionably possessed by M. Guizot, for the furtherance and perfection of his doctrines, and therefore the oftener we see them clothed in English, the more hopefully will we augur with respect to the infusion of that knowledge

and those sentiments amongst us which are the surest indices and the best securities of advancing civilization.

In every work which treats of European civilization, we must look for some of the most interesting and striking evidence and illustrations in that of our own country. Need we refer to the Reformation, or to Republicanism as instances. Upon these and other grand points in our history has M. Guizot brought all the resources of his analysis, and the weight of his conclusions to bear. Let the student of history and of the philosophy of civilization turn to the reign of Henry VIII., and test our author upon that period. We wish that every one of our readers had an opportunity to see how he distinguishes between the results of reform and revolution. Part of the discussion that regards the revolution which saw a republican assume kingly power, will afford a specimen of the author's manner of regarding certain celebrated antagonist opinions and parties, and solving certain intricate questions. Speaking of the year 1653, after twelve years of conflict, when all the parties which had appeared in the state had failed, he says,

"Anarchy appeared on every side, in material, as well as in moral life; and neither the house of commons, nor the republican council of state, had any power to repress it. The three grand parties of the revolution had, therefore, been successively called on to take the lead, to direct the movement, and to govern the country in accordance with their principles and their desires. They had all been unable to do so; they had all completely failed; they could do nothing further. It was then, says Bossuet, that 'a man arose, who left nothing for fortune to do, which his own prudence and foresight could effect;' an expression full of error, and which is contradicted by all history. No man ever trusted more to fortune than Cromwell; no man ever risked more; advanced more rashly without an object or a plan, resolved however, to go as far as fate would permit. A boundless ambition, an admirable talent in drawing all possible advantages from the events of each day, from the incidental circumstances that constantly occurred; the art of profiting by fortune, without pretending to direct it—this is the character of Cromwell. He did what no other man, placed in analogous circumstances, has ever done. He accommodated himself to all the different phases of the revolution. He was a leader, both at its commencement and at its close. He was, at first, the promoter of insurrection, the abettor of anarchy, the most furious revolutionist in England; he after became the leader of the anti-revolutionary reaction: and encouraged the re-establishment of order and social reorganisation, he filled' alone all the parts which, during the course of most revolutions, are divided amongst many great actors. We cannot say that Cromwell was a Mirabeau—he wanted eloquence; and though very active, did not obtain any renown during the first years of the long parliament; but he was, successively, Danton and Buonaparte. He had done more than any other man to overthrow authority; he raised it up again, because no one but himself knew how to take possession of, and manage it. It was necessary that the country should be governed by some person; all others failed, he succeeded: this was his title. Once master of the government, this man, who had shewn so bold, and so insatiable an ambition, who had always pushed fortune before him, and seemed determined never to stop, displayed a fund of good sense, prudence, and knowledge of resources,

which controlled his most violent passions. Undoubtedly, he had an extreme love for absolute power, and a very strong desire to gain the crown for himself, and to transmit it to his family. He renounced his designs in the latter particular, having had the sagacity to perceive the danger of it; and with respect to absolute power, although he exercised it in fact, he still comprehended that it was opposed to the character of the times in which he lived; that the object of the revolution, in which he had taken so leading a part, was to overthrow despotism and that the unceasing desire of England was to be governed by a parliament, and according to parliamentary forms. Therefore, although a despot, both in disposition and in fact, he desired to have a parliament and to govern by parliamentary forms. He addressed himself to every party in succession. he endeavoured to form a parliament from amongst the religious enthusiasts, the republicans, the presbyterians, and the officers of the army. He tried every means to assemble a parliament which could and would follow in his track. He tried in vain—no matter of what party the parliament was composed; so soon as it had assembled in Westminster, it sought to deprive him of the power he exercised, and to rule in its turn. I do not mean to assert that his interests and his personal passions were not his first care; but it is not the less certain, that if he had abandoned the supreme power, he would very soon have been obliged to resume it. Whoever had undertaken the government, whether he were a puritan or a royalist, a republican or a soldier, could not have held it—no one but Cromwell, at that juncture, could have governed with any degree of justice or order. The proof had already been made. It would have been impossible to allow the parliament, that is to say, the parties holding seats in parliament, to assume a power they could not hold. Such was, then, the situation of Cromwell; he governed by a system which he well knew was contrary to that of his country; he exercised a power which was felt to be necessary, but was not recognised by any one. No party regarded his government as definitive. The royalists, the presbyterians, the republicans, even the army, that party which appeared most devoted to Cromwell, all were convinced that his power was only transitory. He never really ruled over the popular mind; he was never any thing more than a last resort, a political necessity. The protector, the absolute ruler of England, was all his life obliged to have recourse to coercive measures, in order to retain power; no party was able to govern so well as him, yet all opposed him—he was constantly attacked by all parties at once. At his death, the republicans alone were able to seize on the supreme power—they did so, and succeeded no better than they had done before. It was not from any want of confidence, at least in the fanatics of the party. A tract, written by Milton, full of talent and nerve, published at that crisis, is entitled ‘A ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth.’ You see how great was the blindness of these men. They soon shewed themselves as incapable of governing as they had previously done. Monk undertook the direction of that event, which all England expected. The restoration was accomplished.”

There are some obscurities in the translation of these Lectures, and slight errors of typography, which we have no doubt will be amended in a second edition. for to this the work ought speedily to arrive, since the

original is one of mark that will abide patient reflection and lasting admiration.

ART. XIV.—*The Churches of London : A History and Description of the Ecclesiastical Edifices of the Metropolis. No. VII.* By GEORGE GODWIN, JUN. Architect, Assisted by JOHN BRITTON, ESQ. London: Tilt. 1837.

ALTHOUGH we do not always find it convenient or necessary to notice particularly every additional portion that may appear of such works as the present, we yet bear in mind the precise merits of each successive *part* or *number* when, now and then, we fix upon some individual specimen as the subject of a few observations. On the appearance of that which is now before us, devoted as it is to the Temple Church, one of the most interesting fanes in London or the Empire, whether its architectural features be considered, or the historical and antiquarian associations that so abundantly attach to it, an apt opportunity occurs for us to express our hearty commendation of the plan and the execution of this metropolitan and, consequently, national publication. While the accuracy and exactness of the drawings bring before the ordinary spectator the characteristic features of each edifice, the descriptive department of the work evinces a deep and masterly intimacy with the rules and phraseology of art, that cannot but very widely conduce to the dissemination of similar knowledge and to the correction of public taste in regard to our national temples—those sacred monuments which utter the voice of the past, which should preach lessons to the present and to the future.

Mr. Godwin's description of certain sepulchral *Effigies* within the circular nave of the Temple Church, which have excited much discussion, and are regarded as amongst the most interesting remnants of ancient English sculpture, would, had we space for the whole of it, amply recommend his part of the performance. We must make room for a few sentences, however, not merely as a specimen of his manner and the variety of information which he has brought to his task, but of the appropriate reflections which he builds upon his facts. Speaking of the *Effigies*, now alluded to, he says,—

“The northern group consists of five recumbent figures of knights, armed *cap-à-pie*, cut in high relief out of solid blocks of stone—each independent of the others—which at the same time form the plinths on which they rest; and the southern group, of four similar figures and a coffin-shaped stone *en-dos-d'ane*. The knights are represented in chain armour with surcoats, and bear shields of the Norman form, which however differ much in length: all, with one exception, repose on cushions, and the greater number have a lion, or other animal, at their feet. In attitude, which is mostly spirited, they differ. Six of them are cross-legged, a position supposed, for some time, peculiar to the effigies of actual crusaders, but known now to have been employed to represent not only persons who *went* to Palestine as soldiers or pilgrims, but those who had vowed to go, or even those who had merely contributed funds to carry on the holy war.”

Mr. Godwin then gives a minute account of each of these figures, and of the conjectures as to who were the celebrated personages meant to be com-

memorated by them. Then follows the curious statement and the appropriate reflections so happily expressed, which we now copy.

"Gough mentions, as a circumstance communicated to him on good authority, that a Hertfordshire Baronet made application to the society of Benchers, 'for some of these cross-legged knights,' to adorn a parochial chapel newly erected by him; but that they, discovering as much good sense as regard the remnants of ancient times, refused compliance. At the present moment the absurdity of the application, (now apparent to all, but seemingly then refused without any expression of surprise) induces involuntarily a smile; and this anecdote is therefore interesting, as affording one example among many, of the vast change in public opinion relative to the works of our forefathers, which has taken place so happily, and so universally within a few years. The remnants of the past have proved, and will prove, stepping-stones for the future. While telling us by intelligible signs what things have been, they appeal to our pride, forbid us to recede, and eloquently point out the way for an approach to excellence."

ART. XV.—*Sequel of the Policy of England towards Spain, in Answer to the Earl of Carnarvon's Work, entitled "Portugal and Galicia," to which is prefixed an Answer to An Article in the Quarterly Review, No. CXV.* London: Ridgway. 1837.

THIS publication is the Sequel to one of which we some months back said that it contained "a searching examination and a powerful refutation" of the Carlist doctrines and party statements which disfigured, according to our judgment, Lord Carnarvon's otherwise elegant and delightful work. The best account that can be given in a small space of the Pamphlet is found in the Advertisement prefixed to it by the author himself. He says—"The form in which the following pages appear, requires a few lines of explanation. It was stated in the Pamphlet entitled "Policy of England," &c. that the author had been induced to reply to Lord Carnarvon, because Lord Carnarvon's reputation and character gave weight to the errors into which he had fallen; and, upon like grounds, no notice was taken of certain attacks that appeared in the Tory Journals, nor of some unmannerly Pamphlets, in which the facts and arguments contained in the "Policy," &c. were impugned. The author entered the lists with Lord Carnarvon, and waited impatiently for his Lordship to take up the gauntlet that had been thrown down. His Lordship, however, gave no signs of life, and a respectable Review having published an attack upon the Pamphlet, the author determined upon answering it. The Reply was actually in the Press when a second edition of Lord Carnarvon's work was announced, which there was reason to believe was to be accompanied by some strictures upon the Pamphlet, and it was judged expedient to await its appearance.

"The author might possibly have thought otherwise if he had been aware that so great a length of time would have taken place between its announcement and its publication; a delay of which the cause can be surmised, as well as the reason why the work appeared at the particular moment it did; and certainly those reasons are not to be looked for in that absence of party spirit to which his Lordship lays claim. The author now publishes his Reply to the Article in the Quarterly Review: for, although a portion of the general observations which that reply contains may be

now somewhat out of date, subsequent events have only served to prove the correctness of what is advanced in them."

Desirous as we are at all times that the efforts in behalf of constitutional liberty should prevail, although unwilling to make the *Monthly Review* an arena of political contention, we have to add to the statement of the author, that no impartial reader can rise from the perusal of the "*Sequel*" without being convinced that he is an able expounder of Constitutional principles, and thoroughly acquainted with Spain in by-gone and current times. The *Quarterly Reviewer* and Lord Carnarvon manifestly come off only second best in a trial of strength with him.

ART. XVI.—*Sketches from Life, Lyrics from the Pentateuch and other Poems.* By TH. RAGG. London: Longman. 1837.

ENGLAND is rich in the number and excellence of her uneducated poets, and her manufacturing districts particularly so. It is not to be expected that these gifted ones should generally pour their souls out in song on any themes beyond those which untarnished nature presents, or the scenes of endearment and sorrow witnessed within the portals of the domestic sanctuary—these latter far most frequently consisting of strugglings with want or embittering neglect. Mr. Ragg, the "*Nottingham Mechanic*," is by no means and in no sense an exception to this disheartening view of the history of real genius. Domestic afflictions and pecuniary straits, as a natural result, have overtaken him, which (although his former poems "*The Deity*," "*The Martyr of Verulam*," &c. are deservedly regarded as being amongst the most remarkable English poems of modern times) have proved far more constant and powerful than the homage or rewards due to merit. It is to be hoped, however, that the present volume which appears to us entitled to higher consideration than any of his other works, on account of the greater earnestness, variety, and culture displayed in it, will recall and rivet the country's attention to a bard of nature's own creation, and obtain for him, though tardily, a distinguished situation in life. It is of little consequence from what part of these *Poems* we take a sample, every one of them breathing a pure or lofty strain of thought decked in fancy's aptest yet coyest language. We are at a loss whether most to admire the vigour of understanding, the grace of sentiment, or the compass of expression and the flow of rhythm which Mr. Ragg has at constant command. From the longest piece in the volume, called "*Night*," we take quite at random a few illustrative lines.

"But not for me the thunder ever bore
A fearful sound, nor saw I aught to dread
In the blue lightning's fury. From a child,
I loved it; and with an instinctive joy
Did revel in the wild sublime of nature,
As though I were a spirit of the storm,
And feasted on its rage. Still do I love
To give indulgence to my early dreams—
And though the light of Science has made known
Whence spring these dread convulsions—to behold
Jehovah's chariot in the thunder-cloud,

And hear his voice thus sounding from on high.
'Twas poesy taught me these; * * *

"Hark! to that crash,
Whose dread response resounds from every hill
In trembling echoes. It was loud as though
All heaven's artillery were at once discharged,
To speak the Lord's rebuke. Oh! tell me not
Of heterogeneous meteors clashing there,
Poetic visions are not *wholly* dreams.
Who formed the store-houses of cold and heat,
And guides their arrows in their downward flight?
'Twas God, who sits upon the whirlwind's wing,
Whose flowing robe the storm-cloud is—' when he
Arises to shake terribly the earth.'
He speaks in thunders; 'tis His voice which tells
Of sin that nature's harmony destroyed
And robbed her of her sweet tranquillity.
At his rebuke earth trembles—heaven is moved,
Her magazines wide open their huge doors,
And icy bolts in thick confusion fall,
Cowering beneath his eye the frightened winds
Quit the mid regions of the air, and sweep
Along the bosom of the shrinking vales;
Each voice is hush'd and every arm is still.
* * * But say, oh heavens!
Rejoice, oh earth! with all thy groves rejoice!
Mercy eclipses judgment; he who brings
Good out of evil, from the sable clouds,
Which hide the lustre of those eyes of heaven,
That from eternity have never slept,
But still keep watch around th' Almighty's throne,
— Sends fruitfulness and rich luxuriance down."

Fervent piety, strong devotional feeling or tender affections characterize every thing which Mr. Ragg versifies. It is not a mere jingling of rhymes or playfulness of pretty fancies in which he delights—but his study and habits of thought all tend to render the poetic muse and temperament the vehicles of sound and elevating doctrines, or humanizing associations. In the present volume many of his pieces breathe the language of a bereaved spirit; but even where that spirit pours its plaintiveness over domestic afflictions it carries with it the true and imperishable antidote to all anguish. An example shall be given from "The Sketches from Life;" the verses are headed "My Brother's Come Again."

"Father! my brother's come again!
Cried Edmund with a smile,
As he bounded on to meet his sire
Returning home from toil.

For he saw upon his mother's breast
 A new-born infant lay,
 And he deemed it was the one returned
 That death had snatched away.

'Thy brother is in heaven, my child !'
 The anxious father cried,
 And we shall never see him more
 Till we like him have died.'

'Nay father not in heaven,' said he,
 'For heaven is up so high,
 And I saw him put in the bury-hole,
 While you and ma' stood by.

And doctor went and took a spade
 And dug a great long way,
 And threw the dirt all off of him,
 And brought him home I say.

I've seen him father, yes, just now,
 And you shall see him too,
 His hands and face they are so red
 And his pretty eyes are blue.

To-morrow he shall go to school
 And learn his A B C,
 And I'll never make him cry again
 When he plays along with me.'

Thus prattled the young innocent
 And felt his soul expand,
 As he skipped along by his father's side
 Held by his grasping hand.

Another month of change and woe,
 The father's heart passed o'er
 That child, the solace of his soul,
 His first-born was no more.

He saw his brother's face indeed,
 To the same Saviour fled,
 And their bodies by each other lay
 In the mansions of the dead."

ART. XVII.—*Saunders' Portraits and Memoirs of the most Eminent Living Political Reformers.* Part I. London: John Saunders. 1837.

THE present part contains the portraits of Lord John Russell, Charles Buller, Esq., and John Arthur Roebuck, Esq. They are in every respect, fully equal to the most highly finished productions which the art of

engraving has offered to the public of late years in this country. To those who are familiar with the appearance of either, or all of the distinguished personages here figured, a more favourable opinion will be formed of the work than can possibly be entertained by entire strangers to the originals; but this single circumstance should be one of the most lasting recommendations to a publication which is designed to extend, and perpetuate histories and characters that have deeply impressed themselves upon an era that must ever be regarded as one of the most important and instructive that the annals of Britain and of Europe can hold up to contemplation. In our hearty praise of the Portraits, we must not be understood to treat the letter-press portion of this publication as unworthy of its pictorial characteristics; for unlike many such works, pains and talent no way inferior to those displayed by the Artists are manifest in each of the Memoirs. Indeed, in point of impartiality, candour, and consistent liberality of sentiment, as well as of information and elegance of style, we know not any specimens of modern biographical narrative that surpass these Memoirs. In short, the work ought to be heartily recommended by all who have had the pleasure of beholding such a promising commencement of it, as one which is not only extremely elegant and correct, but calculated to be lastingly interesting and valuable.

ART. XVIII.

1. *Earl Harold: a Tragedy. In Five Acts.* London: Fraser. 1837.
2. *Wallace: a Historical Tragedy.* London: Longman. 1837.

IN the course of the last twelve months or so, there surely has been a more abundant harvest of tragic dramas in this country, than has been witnessed for the same length of time within our recollection. That several of these productions have commanded a very considerable share of admiration is known to our readers, but that all of them taken together, have been capable to keep alive, or to renovate public taste for the acted legitimate drama is much more than can be said. Other causes, to be sure, besides the inferiority or mediocrity of the recent efforts referred to, may be assigned for the neglect into which the stage has fallen in latter days; but still it must also be acknowledged that nothing superior to a third rate order has for a long time, and out of a multifarious list, appeared that can preserve, much less enhance the honour of the British dramatic muse. Yet even when we find the present age thus greatly inferior, it is our painful duty to declare, that the very poorest attempt to which we have alluded in the late numerous list, is excellence itself, when compared with *Earl Harold*. In short, the piece deserves no other notice than a dogmatic one, that deals in assertion without proof, at least in our pages, where we are so hard-pressed for room to admit useful or pleasing matter. We therefore merely state that no one can possibly rise from the perusal of *Earl Harold* without feeling painfully that he has been wasting his time, without being displeased, and without being disgusted. It might be taken for a burlesque upon Tragedy were there any wit in it—but for turgid feebleness, puerile nonsense, and gross indecencies of thought and language we have never encountered the like—

these all along being unredeemed by one mark of talent, or one burst of poetry.

Wallace stands in a different predicament, and if we can judge by the reading merely, is likely to keep up the attention of a theatrical audience. We are doubtful, however, whether the author has acted judiciously when he chose the champion of Scotland for the hero of his effort; for in so doing, he at once enlists against himself such a host of associations—exaggerations, if you will, as to put the muse to a difficult task when required merely to outstrip these ordinary conceptions of such a patriot, warrior, and victim. Still, our author has not unsuccessfully competed with this rival: at least, there is no want of incident and bustle in the piece, or of vigorous language thrown into a poetic form. The chief fault that we have to find with its diction, is that its sound is louder and more swelling, than the ideas are ennobling or numerous, which was to be expected from such a ready writer as could throw off the whole of *Wallace* “in six days,” and in “a burst of enthusiasm”—for so rapid and thus equipped was the author as he himself informs us. A sample will exhibit his fecundity of expression and style of versification.

Graham.

“A guide for me! I know the pathless wild
By intuition, like its guardian genius—
And Wallace is our master. Canst thou name
A place unknown? The giddy precipice
Where fairies weave their beautiful illusions
To moonlight melody, and dance, foot-winged,
On life's last landmark; or the haunted tower,
Where desolation beckons wandering ghosts
Who missed their tombs, and fly the star of dawn
Perturbedly? Or the lone cataract,
Where morning's sun surprises woodland nymphs,
Disporting down the foamy dashing wave?”

Eliza.

Hast thou been up so early?

Graham.

Up so early?

Why I have mused upon the evening star
Till heaven's bright herald told the noon of night.
And I have watch'd calm Nature's awful sleep
With as much transport as a mother gazes
O'er dreamy infancy—till morning smiled
In blushing loveliness upon the world.
I know each scene of wild romantic beauty,
Where magic breathes, or strains of rapture break
On wonder's ear; amid the solitude
I knew each scene of popular tradition,
Veiled by the hallowed wing of mystery,
And peopled by the spirits of our fathers,
Who, bending from yon purple cloud of vengeance,
Call forth their children to the battle-field.”

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1837.

ART. I.—*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land.* By an American. 2 Vols. With a Map and Engravings. New York : Harper and Brothers. London : O. Rich. 1837.

MUCH of the ground which our intelligent, well-educated, and cheerful American has traversed in these volumes is familiar to modern readers. Of Egypt and the Holy Land, we cannot say he has communicated anything of importance which has not frequently been described or noticed before. Arabia Petræa presents wilder and less known regions for travelling enterprise ; still even here the author regrets that his opportunities afforded him so little to add to the stock of valuable facts therewith connected, already recorded by Burckhardt, Laborde, and others. But whatever may be thought concerning the amount of novelty in these "*Incidents of Travel*," that is to say, in reference to geographical, antiquarian, or classical discoveries, it is impossible to deny them the merit of something not far short of originality of manner and style. It would at any time be a recommendation to a book of travels through the lands mentioned, to hear that it had been written by an American—by a citizen of the New World, who must naturally be expected to enter upon such a course with some peculiar associations respecting spots and events that have been consecrated by the most ancient testimonies that are in existence. The points, indeed, which chiefly attracted the author's attention, have manifestly not only been described by him faithfully and graphically, but he has eminently distinguished his narrative by impressing upon every such object the feelings which they excited within him, conferring upon them the vividness and freshness which enable the reader to accompany him with an ardour, if not equal, at least akin, to that which the writer partook of in his own person. We do not perceive any striving after effect, or any sort of exaggeration. There is even not seldom the careless ease of a lightsome-hearted talker in his paragraphs, which obliges the reader both to understand him just as he wished to be understood, and to like him as a companion. With these lighter and individual traits in the style, must be enlized the useful sort of knowledge which he inclines to inculcate—such as

the effects which different states of life have upon civilization—the contrasts between semi-barbaric, primitive, and pastoral habits, and those which people, whose minds and morals have been cultivated, exhibit and cherish. His sketches of scenery are also exceedingly pleasant and spirited. In fact, as we are about to show by incontestable proofs, these volumes are amongst the most agreeable of travels that we have ever read; nor is it possible to arrive at their conclusion without desiring that another such pair by the same hand were within reach for instant consultation.

The work contains a journal of the author's tour within the years 1835 and 1836. The reader, on various occasions, is given to understand that the countries named in the title-page by no means circumscribed his travels. We should, indeed, from several allusions and descriptions, suppose that he is minutely acquainted with many of the objects most worthy of attention in the most celebrated portions of Europe. In making a selection from his journal, we have no doubt however that he acted judiciously in confining himself to the parts before us, although the success of the publication will, we hope, induce him afterwards to come forward in a similar capacity, and upon the stage of another theatre.

The journal before us takes up the reader at Alexandria in Egypt, and lands him at the end at the same place. Concerning the ruins of this city our American declares there can be no doubt that immense treasures are still buried under them, but "whether they will ever be discovered will depend on the Pacha's necessities, as he may need the ruins of ancient temples for building forts and bridges. New discoveries are constantly made; and between my first and second visit a beautiful vase had been discovered, pronounced to be the original of the celebrated Warwick vase found at Adrian's villa, near Tivoli." He adds,—“I have since seen the vase at Warwick castle; and if the one found at Alexandria is not the original, it is certainly remarkable that two sculptors, one in Egypt and the other in Italy, conceived and fashioned two separate works of art so exactly resembling each other.”

We are not going to detain our readers with many antiquarian notices or references to ancient art, drawn from the present volumes, because there have been of late years dozens of descriptions that may be more enlightened. It is with the adventures and incidents—with the scenery visited and the manners of the different races inhabiting the countries traversed, that we must chiefly fill our pages. But having seen what is said about the use to which the temples of Alexandria may be turned at some future day, the following statement must not be passed over, in reference to the Pyramids. “Mr. Linant has been twenty years in Egypt, and is now a bey in the Pacha's service, and that very afternoon, after a long interview, had received orders from the great reformer to make

a survey of the Pyramids, for the purpose of deciding which of those gigantic monuments, after having been respected by all preceding tyrants for 3000 years, should now be demolished for the illustrious object of yielding material for a petty fortress, or scarcely more useful or important bridge." Future travellers owe much to the surveyor for having reported that it would be cheaper to get materials from the quarries than to seek for them in the tombs and monuments of the ancient monarchs of the land.

The author proceeded up the Nile to Cairo, where he had the honour to be presented to his Highness the Pacha of Egypt. We were not, however, going to accompany him closely in his voyage to the Cataracts; or in his various wanderings in the country of the Pharaohs, but only pitch on an adventure or a scene, much at random, here and there. He is, in what immediately follows, at Cairo:—

"I had repeatedly been down to Boulac in search of a boat for my intended voyage up the Nile; and going one Sunday to dine on the Island of Rhoda, I again rode along the bank of the river for the same purpose. We were crossing over one more than half sunk in the water, which I remarked to Paul (his Maltese servant) was about the right size; and while we stopped a moment, without the least idea that it could be made fit for use, an Arab came up and whispered to Paul that he could pump out the water in two hours, and had only sunk the boat to save it from the officers of the pacha, who would otherwise take it for the use of government. Upon this information, I struck a bargain for the boat, eight men, a rais, and a pilot. The officers of the pacha were on the bank looking out for boats, and, notwithstanding my Arab's ingenious contrivance, just when I had closed my agreement, they came on board and claimed possession. I refused to give up my right, and sent to the agent of the consul for an American flag. He could not give me an American, but sent me an English flag, and I did not hesitate to put myself under its protection. I hoisted it with my own hands, but the rascally Turks paid no regard to its broad folds. The majesty of England did not suffer, however, in my hands, and Paul and I spent more than an hour in running from one officer to another, before we could procure the necessary order for the release of the boat."

This and many other passages in these volumes go to illustrate the manners and condition not only of the people with whom the author came in contact, but his never-failing resources of temper, resolution, and adroitness. We now quote a striking description of a storm on the "eternal river."

"The wind was blowing down with a fury I have never seen surpassed in a gale at sea, bringing with it the light sands of the desert, and at times covering the river with a thick cloud which prevented my seeing across it. A clearing up for a moment showed a boat of the largest class heavily laden, and coming down with astonishing velocity; it was like the flight of an enormous bird. She was under bare poles, but small

portions of the sail had got loose, and the Arabs were out on the very ends of the long spars getting them in. One of the boatmen, with a rope under his arm, had plunged into the river, and with strong swimming reached the bank, where a hundred men ran to his assistance. Their united strength turned her bows around, up stream, but nothing could stop her; stern foremost, she dragged the whole posse of Arabs to the bank, and broke away from them perfectly ungovernable; whirling around, her bows pitched into our fleet with a loud crash, tore away several of the boats, and carrying one off, fast locked as in a death-grasp, she resumed her headlong course down the river. They had gone but a few rods, when the stranger pitched her bows under and went down in a moment, bearing her helpless companion also to the bottom. It was the most exciting incident I had seen upon the river. The violence of the wind, the swift movement of the boat, the crash, the wild figures of the Arabs on shore and on board, one in a red dress almost on the top of the long spar, his turban loose and streaming in the wind, all formed a novel and most animating scene. I need scarcely say that no lives were lost, for an Arab on the bosom of his beloved river is as safe as in his mud cabin."

Having arrived, after great delay and much toil, at Minyeh, our American was most intent on having a bath, but as it was the season of the Ramadan, nothing in the shape of a fire could be obtained before a late hour. The moment however that limit to abstinence arrived, a motley group of Turks and Arabs filled the bath. The account which follows is in the writer's best manner, furnishing a spirited picture sufficient to tempt any man to undergo a rough handling and a liberal scalding.

"As I was a Frank, and as such expected to pay ten times as much as any one else, I had the best place in the bath, at the head of the great reservoir of hot water. My white skin made me a marked object among the swarthy figures lying around me; and half a dozen of the operatives, lank, bony fellows, and perfectly naked, came up and claimed me. They settled it among themselves, however, and gave the preference to a dried-up old man, more than sixty, a perfect living skeleton, who had been more than forty years a scrubber in the bath. He took me through the first process of rubbing with the glove and brush; and having thrown over me a copious ablution of warm water, left me to recover at leisure. I lay on the marble that formed the border of the reservoir, only two or three inches above the surface of the water, into which I put my hand, and found it excessively hot; but the old man, satisfied with his exertion in rubbing me, sat on the edge of the reservoir, with his feet and legs hanging in the water, with every appearance of satisfaction. Presently he slid off into the water, and sinking up to his chin, remained so a moment, drew a long breath, and seemed to look around him with a feeling of comfort. I had hardly raised myself on my elbow to look at this phenomenon, before a fine brawny fellow, who had been lying for some time torpid by my side, rose slowly, slid off like a turtle, and continued sinking until he too had immersed himself up to his chin. I expressed to him my astonishment at his ability to endure such heat, but

he told me that he was a boatman, had been ten days coming up from Cairo, and was almost frozen, and his only regret was that the water was not much hotter. He had hardly answered me before another and another followed, till all the dark naked figures around me had vanished. By the fitful glimmering of the little lamps, all that I could see was a parcel of shaved heads on the surface of the water, at rest or turning slowly and quietly as on pivots. Most of them seemed to be enjoying it with an air of quiet, dreamy satisfaction; but the man with whom I had spoken first, seemed to be carried beyond the bounds of Mussulman gravity. It operated upon him like a good dinner; it made him loquacious, and he urged me to come in, nay, he even became frolicsome; and, making a heavy surge, threw a large body of the water over the marble on which I was lying. I almost screamed, and started up as if melted lead had been poured upon me; even while standing up it seemed to blister the soles of my feet, and I was obliged to keep up a dancing movement, changing as fast as I could, to the astonishment of the dozing bathers, and the utter consternation of my would-be friend. Roused too much to relapse into the quiet luxury of perspiration, I went into another apartment, of a cooler temperature, where, after remaining in a bath of moderately warm water, I was wrapped up in hot cloths and towels, and conducted into the great chamber. Here I selected a couch, and throwing myself upon it, gave myself up to the operators, who now took charge of me, and well did they sustain the high reputation of a Turkish bath: my arms were gently laid upon my breast, where the knee of a powerful man pressed upon them; my joints were cracked and pulled—back, arms, the palms of the hand, the soles of the feet all visited in succession. I had been shampooed at Smyrna, Constantinople, and Cairo; but who would have thought of being carried to the seventh heaven at the little town of Minyeh? The men who had me in hand were perfect amateurs, enthusiasts, worthy of rubbing the hide of the sultan himself; and the pipe and coffee that followed were worthy too of that same mighty seigneur. The large room was dimly lighted, and turn which way I would, there was a naked body, apparently without a soul, lying torpid, and turned and tumbled at will by a couple of workmen, I had some fears of the plague; and Paul, though he felt his fears gradually dispelled by the soothing process which he underwent also, to the last continued to keep particularly clear of touching any of them; but I left the bath a different man; all my moral as well as physical strength was roused. I no longer drooped or looked back; and though the wind was still blowing a hurricane in my teeth, I was bent upon Thebes and the Cataracts."

Frequent mention is made of Paul, who is the author's familiar, as may have been, from the above kindly method of introducing his name, presumed.

Most of our readers must be aware that no good Mussulman eats, drinks, or smokes, from the rising to the setting of the sun, during the Ramadan. Then what a luxury in such a land as Egypt must either of these processes be when the sacred hours have passed! Our author's boatmen faithfully observed the religious law, although

sometimes at work under the burning sun nearly all day, as he tells us; but he took certain liberties with the hours and with the Prophet's injunctions, by now and then tampering with the hands of his watch, and bringing the day rather hastily to a close.

It is not possible to fill up any considerable journal of travels in the vicinity of the Nile, and pass unnoticed the vast extent, magnitude, and number of the architectural monuments and other vestiges of remote antiquity that there remain. Let us follow the author in his visit to the ancient tombs, not far from Siout.

"On the lofty mountains overlooking this richest valley of the Nile, and protecting it from the Libyan desert, is a long range of tombs, the burial-place of the ancient Egyptians; and the traveller, looking for a moment at the little Mohammedan burying-ground, turns with wonder from the little city he has left, and asks, Where is the great city which had its graves in the sides of yonder mountains? Where are the people who despised the earth as a burial-place, and made for themselves tombs in the eternal granite?"

"The mountain is about as far from the city as the river, and the approach to it is by another strong causeway over the same beautiful plain. Leaving our donkeys at its foot, and following the nimble footsteps of my little Arab girl, we climbed by a steep ascent to the first range of tombs. They were the first I had seen, and are but little visited by travellers; and though I afterward saw all that were in Egypt, I still consider these well worth a visit. Of the first we entered the entrance-chamber was perhaps forty feet square, and adjoining it on the same range were five or six others, of which the entrance-chambers had about the same dimensions. The ceilings were covered with paintings, finished with exquisite taste and delicacy, and in some places fresh as if just executed; and on the walls were hieroglyphics enough to fill volumes. Behind the principal chamber were five or six others nearly as large, with smaller ones on each side, and running back perhaps 150 feet. The back chambers were so dark, and their atmosphere was so unwholesome, that it was unpleasant, and perhaps unsafe, to explore them; if we went in far, there was always a loud rushing noise, and as Paul suggested, their innermost recesses might now be the abode of wild beasts. Wishing to see what caused the noise, and at the same time to keep out of harm's way, we stationed ourselves near the back door of the entrance-chamber, and I fired my gun within; a stream of fire lighted up the darkness of the sepulchral chamber, and the report went grumbling and roaring into the innermost recesses, rousing their occupants to phrensy. There was a noise like the rushing of a strong wind; the light was dashed from Paul's hand; a soft skinny substance struck against my face; and thousands of bats, wild with fright, came, whizzing forth from every part of the tomb to the only avenue of escape. We threw ourselves down and allowed the ugly frightened birds to pass over us, and then hurried out ourselves. For a moment I felt guilty; the beastly birds, driven to the light of day, were dazzled by the glorious sun, and, flying and whirling blindly about, were dashing themselves against the rocky side of the mountain and falling dead at its base. Cured of all wish to explore very

deeply, but at the same time relieved from all fears, we continued going from tomb to tomb, looking at the pictures on the walls, endeavouring to make out the details, admiring the beauty and freshness of the colours, and speculating upon the mysterious hieroglyphics which mocked our feeble knowledge; we were in one of the last when we were startled by a noise different from any we had yet heard, and from the door leading to the dark recesses within, foaming, roaring, and gnashing his teeth, out ran an enormous wolf; close upon his heels, in hot pursuit, came another, and almost at the door of the tomb they grappled, fought, growled fearfully, rolled over, and again the first broke loose and fled; another chase along the side of the mountain, another grapple, a fierce and desperate struggle, and then they rolled over the side, and we lost sight of them."

A number of sketches might be introduced of the stupendous temples and avenues of sphinxes at Thebes—of an excursion into the desert in search of an oasis—of the cataracts of Upper Egypt, &c. But as we wish to return to Cairo, and thence to Mount Sinai; and since, for reasons already stated, it is the writer, nearly as much as his subjects, that interests us in these volumes, we choose to have a little of his pleasant gossip about a dinner party which he mustered—Paul being the caterer of the provender—before the author and his companions reached the Cataracts. The affair was celebrated on board a boat, Paul with a prudence worthy of Caleb Balderstone, expressing his wonder that the American had not worked an invitation out of the others who were to be guests, and declaring that it was impossible to do the thing. However, the orders were peremptory, but the details were left to the *familiar's* discretion—he being at liberty to buy and slay a cow or a camel, if necessary; only let the dinner be abundant. After nine hours' hard work in crossing rivers, and scrambling among ruins, the feeders returned to the feast:

"The sharp exercise, and the grating of my teeth at the stubborn movements of my donkey, gave me an extraordinary voracity, and dinner, the all-important, never-to-be-forgotten business of the day, the delight alike of the ploughman and philosopher, dinner, with its uncertain goodness, began to press upon the most tender sensibilities of my nature. My companions felt the vibrations of the same chord, and with an unnecessary degree of circumstance, talked of the effect of air and exercise in sharpening the appetite, and the glorious satisfaction after a day's work of sitting down to a good dinner. I had perfect confidence in Paul's zeal and ability, but I began to have some misgivings. I felt a hungry devil within me, that roared as if he would never be satisfied. I looked at my companions, and heard them talk, and as I followed their humour with an hyteric laugh, I thought the genius of famine was at my heels, in the shape of two hungry Englishmen. I trembled for Paul, but the first glimpse I caught of him re-assured me. He sat with his arms folded, on the deck of the boat, coolly, though with an air of conscious importance, looking out for us. * * Reader, you have seen the countenance of a good man lighted up with the consciousness of having done a good action;

even so was Paul's. I could read in his face a consciousness of having acted well his part. One might almost have dined on it. It said as plainly as face could speak, one, two, three, four, five courses and a dessert, or, as they say at the two-franc restaurants in Paris, *Quatre plats, une demi bouteille de vin, et pain à discrétion.*

"In fact, the worthy butler of Ravenswood could not have stood in the hall of his master in the days of its glory, before thunder broke china and soured buttermilk, with more sober and conscious dignity than did Paul stand on the deck of my boat to receive us. A load was removed from my heart. I knew that my credit was saved, and I led the way with a proud step to my little cabin. Still I asked no question and made no apologies. I simply told my companions we were in Paul's hand, and he would do with us as seemed to him good. Another board had been added to my table, and my towel had been washed and dried during the day, and now lay, clean and of a rather reddish white, doing the duty of a table-cloth. I noticed two tumblers, knives and forks, and plates, which were strangers to me, but I said nothing; we seated ourselves and waited, nor did we wait long; soon we saw Paul coming towards us, staggering under the weight of his burden, the savoury odour of which preceded him. He entered and laid before us an Irish stew. Reader, did you ever eat an Irish stew? Gracious Heaven! I shall never forget that paragon of dishes; how often in the desert, among the mountains of Sinai, in the Holy Land, rambling along the valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the shores of the Dead Sea, how often has that Irish stew risen before me to tease and tantalize me, and haunt me with the memory of departed joys! The potato is a vegetable that does not grow in Egypt. I had not tasted one for more than a month, and was almost startled out of my propriety at seeing them; but I held my peace, and was as solemn and dignified as Paul himself. Without much ceremony we threw ourselves with one accord upon the stew. * * * For my own part, as I did not know what was coming next, if anything, I felt loath to part with it. My companions were knowing ones, and seemed to be of the same way of thinking, and without any consultation all appeared to be approaching the same end, to wit, the end of the stew. With the empty dish before him, demonstrative to Paul that so far we were perfectly satisfied with what he had done, that worthy purveyor came forward with an increase of dignity to change our plates. I now saw that something more was coming. I had suspected from the beginning that Paul was in the murtion line, and involuntarily murmured, 'this day a sheep has died;' and presently on came another cut of the murdered innocent, in cutlets, accompanied by fried potatoes. Then came boiled mutton and boiled potatoes, and then roast mutton and roast potatoes, and then came a macaroni paté. I thought this was going to damn the whole; 'until this I had considered the dinner as something extraordinary and *recherché*. But the macaroni, the thing of at least six days in the week, utterly disconcerted me. I tried to give Paul a wink to keep it back, but on he came; if he had followed with a chicken, I verily believe I should have thrown it at his head. But my friends were unflinching and uncompromising. They were determined to stand by Paul to the last, and we laid in the macaroni paté with as much vigour as if we had not already eaten

a sheep. Paul wound us up and packed us down with pancakes. I never knew a man that did not like pancakes, or who could not eat them even at the tail of a mighty dinner. And now, feeling that happy sensation of fulness which puts a man above kings, princes, or pachas, we lighted our long pipes and smoked. Our stomachs were full and our hearts were open. Talk of mutual sympathy, of congenial spirits, of similarity of tastes, and all that, 'tis the dinner which unlocks the heart."

Certain speculations in the course of the flow of soul that followed the feast took place, respecting the means and stratagems which Paul had used to furnish such a plentiful display; when it turned out that the author had done least of any present towards supplying the table, and that he was congratulated rather ironically upon possessing such a treasure of a steward.

Having returned to Cairo, our traveller proceeded towards Mount Sinai, the caravan of Pilgrims for Mecca fortunately being about to start at the time for the tomb of the Prophet. The caravan, we are farther told, consisted of more than 30,000 devotees, with probably 20,000 camels and dromedaries. They were put under the safe conduct of the Sheik of Akaba, who had been summoned by the Pacha of Egypt to perform this duty, the author having assumed the garb of a merchant, and engaging three young Bedouins to be guides across the Desert to Suez. We must, however, make rapid progress towards the holy Mount, only tarrying so long as to introduce a few scattered notices concerning the roaming descendants of Ishmael, among whom he sojourned for some time. He says—

"Wild and unsettled, robbers and plunderers as they are, they have laws which are as sacred as our own; and the tent, and the garden, and the little pasture-ground are transmitted from father to son for centuries. * * * * *

"Not far from the track we saw, hanging on a thorn-bush, the black cloth of a Bedouin's tent, with the pole, ropes, pegs, and everything necessary to convert it into a habitation for a family. It had been there six months; the owner had gone to a new pasture-ground, and there it had hung, and there it would hang, sacred and untouched, until he returned to claim it. 'It belongs to one of our tribe, and cursed be the hand that touches it,' is the feeling of every Bedouin. Uncounted gold might be exposed in the same way, and the poorest Bedouin, though a robber by birth and profession, would pass by and touch it not."

One of the author's guides communicated the following characteristic particulars belonging to their customs and manners.

"I remember he told me that all the sons shared equally; that the daughters took nothing; that the children lived together; that if any of the brothers got married, the property must be divided; that if any difficulty arose on the division, the man who worked the place for a share of the profits must divide it; and, lastly, that the sisters remain with the brothers until they (the sisters) are married. I asked him, if the brothers did not choose to keep a sister with them, what became

of her; but he did not understand me. I repeated the question, but still he did not comprehend it, and looked to his companions for an explanation. And when, at last, the meaning of my question became apparent to his mind, he answered, with a look of wonder, 'It is impossible—she is his own blood.' I pressed my question again and again in various forms, suggesting the possibility that the brother's wife might dislike the sister, and other very supposable cases; but it was so strange an idea, that to the last he did not fully comprehend it, and his answer was still the same—'It is impossible—she is his own blood.' * * *

"I asked him who governed them; he stretched himself up and answered in one word, 'God.' I asked him if they paid tribute to the pacha; and his answer was, 'No we take tribute from him.' I asked him how. 'We plunder his caravans.'"

Having arrived at a plain table of ground they at length saw before them, towering "in awful grandeur, so huge and dark that it seemed close to us and barring all further progress, the end of my pilgrimage, the holy mountain of Sinai." His account of the ascent to its summit is exceedingly striking, and presents a happy specimen of his descriptive powers. We quote merely from what he says after having reached that summit.

"And among all the stupendous works of Nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-covered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitudes and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it 'a perfect sea of desolation.' Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive.

"The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle, is about sixty feet square. At one end is a single rock about twenty feet high, on which, as said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath his favoured servant received the tables of the law. * * *

"The ruins of a church and convent are still to be seen upon the mountain, to which, before the convent below was built, monks and hermits used to retire, and, secluded from the world, sing the praises of God upon his chosen hill. Near this, also in ruins, stands a Mohammedan mosque; for on this sacred spot the followers of Christ and Mohammed have united in worshipping the true and living God. Under the chapel is a hermit's cell, where, in the iron age of fanaticism, the anchorite lingered out his days in fasting, meditation, and prayer."

Before entering upon the second volume, in which our traveller sets out for the city of Petra, and to cross the "great and terrible desert," which spreads from the base of Sinai to the Promised Land,

it is proper to mention that he, like other adventurers upon that dreary, dangerous, and appalling journey, found many things that appeared to show the literal, and in other cases the moral, fulfilment of the denunciations uttered by the Hebrew prophets. The route through the land of Edom, the visit to that wonderful city in the rocks, about to be referred to more particularly below, desolate and doomed as its singular aspect proves it for ever to be—offers, even in description, one of the most absorbing subjects which the Christian can contemplate. We have been at some pains, therefore, to collect what historians and the interpreters of prophecy have written concerning Edom and its ancient capital, to show what an importance ought to be attached to any recent accounts or facts made by such travellers as our American friend.

One or two names of preceding travellers in Edom, or Seir, the Idumea, or Arabia Petræa of the Greeks—as the land has been variously denominated—have been mentioned. We are now going to extract from the “Evidences of Prophecy,” by the Rev. Mr. Keith, and from other authorities, regarding the desolated regions in question. Of these little appears to have been known in modern times, till within about half a century back, on the part of Europeans. Yet the mention of the district in the Bible is of such frequent occurrence as to impress every reader with the idea of bitter humiliation. Who can ever forget the appalling denouncement—“over Edom will I cast my shoe?”

Mr. Keith says there are many prophecies respecting Idumea, that bear a literal interpretation, however hyperbolical they may appear. Thus—“The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it; and He shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be a habitation of dragons, and a court of owls.” These and other predictions by Isaiah are truly remarkable. Joel also says—“Edom shall be a desolate wilderness.” Others of the Prophets utter similar curses, such as—“I have made thee small among the heathen, thou art greatly despised. The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high.” Again—“I laid the mountains of Esau and his heritage waste for the dragons of the wilderness. Whereas Edom saith we are impoverished, but will return and build the desolate places; thus saith the Lord of Hosts, they shall build, but I will throw down; and they shall call them the border of wickedness.” Now, Mr. Keith asks if there be any country once inhabited and opulent so utterly desolate? There is, and that land is Idumea; so that the territory of the descendants of Esau affords as miracu-

lous a demonstration of the inspiration of the Scriptures as the fate of the children of Jacob.

It is worthy of remark that Volney was the first among travellers to point out how these prophecies have been realized. In his *Travels*, published about the year 1789, he observes, "This country has not been visited by any traveller, but it well merits such attention; for, from the report of the Arabs of Bakir, and the inhabitants of Gaza, who frequently go to Maan and Karak, on the road of the pilgrims, there are to the south-east of the lake Asphaltites (Dead Sea), within three days' journey, upwards of thirty ruined towns absolutely deserted. Several of them have large edifices, with columns that may have belonged to the ancient temples, or at least to Greek churches. The Arabs sometimes make use of them to fold their cattle in; but in general avoid them on account of the enormous scorpions with which they swarm." Volney afterwards offers certain proofs of the ancient people of Idumea, saying, that at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, they were almost as numerous as the Jews, and that besides the advantages of being under a tolerably good government, the country enjoyed a considerable share of the commerce of Arabia and India.

Petra, was the capital of this important country, and caravans from a variety of celebrated places and cities are stated by Mr. Keith, from a number of authorities which he quotes, to have pointed to it as a common centre, while from it the trade seems to have again branched out into every direction—to Egypt, Palestine, Syria, &c. At a period subsequent to the commencement of the Christian era, there always reigned at Petra, according to Strabo, a king of the royal lineage, with whom a prince was associated in the government. It was a place of great strength in the time of the Romans. Pompey marched against it, but desisted from the attack; and Trajan afterwards besieged it. The author we quote from says farther, that Petra was a metropolitan see, to which several bishoprics were attached in the time of the Greek emperors.

The vastness of the ruins of the capital in question have been represented by Burckhardt as "entitled to rank among the most curious remains of ancient art." It is perfectly desolate, yet the proofs of its former opulence and grandeur are manifest, consisting of sepulchres, the vestiges of a theatre, truncated pyramids, *all cut out of the rock!* Indeed the name Petra points out the nature of its locality and excavations, the word signifying a *rock*. Other designations, in other languages than the Greek one now most usually applied, convey precisely the same meaning. Thus, *Sela* (the very word used in the original) is synonymous with *Petra*.

We must take notice of a strictness of literal interpretation, which Mr. Keith seems to think has been fulfilled with regard to

Edom, but which according to our opinion, is neither called for on the part of such sacred texts, as we have already quoted, nor corroborated by facts. After citing from Isaiah these denunciations—"None shall pass through it (Edom) for ever and ever.—I will cut off from Mount Seir him that passeth out and him that remaineth," the Rev. expounder says, on a reference to Volney, Burckhardt and other travellers, that they "not only give their personal testimony to the truth of the fact which corroborates the prediction, but also adduce a variety of circumstances, which all conspire in giving superfluity of proof that Idumea, which was long resorted to from every quarter, is so beset on every side with dangers to the traveller, that none pass through it. But what says our Transatlantic friend—

"I cannot (he says) leave this interesting region without again expressing my regret at being able to add so little to the stock of useful knowledge. I can only testify to the existence of the ruins of cities which have been known only in the books of historians; and I can bear witness to the desolation that reigns in Edom. I can do more, not with the spirit of scoffing at prophecy, but of one who, in the strong evidence of the fulfilment of predictions uttered by the voice of inspiration, has seen and felt the evidences of the sure foundation of the Christian faith; and having regard to what I have already said in reference to the interpretation of the prophecy, 'None shall pass through it, for ever and ever,' I can say that I have passed through the land of Idumea. My route was not open to the objection made to that of Burckhardt, the traveller who came nearest to passing through the land; for he entered from Damascus, on the east side of the Dead Sea, and struck the borders of Edom at such a point that, literally, he cannot be said to have passed through it. If the reader will look at the map accompanying these pages, he will see Burckhardt's route; and he will also see that mine is not open to the critical objections made to his; and that, beyond all peradventure, I did pass directly through the land of Idumea lengthwise, and crossing its northern and southern border: and, unless the two Englishmen and Italian before referred to, passed on this same route, I am the only person, except the wandering Arabs, who ever did pass through the doomed and forbidden Edom, beholding, with his own eyes, the fearful fulfilment of the terrible denunciations of an offended God. And, though I did pass through and yet was not cut off, God forbid that I should count the prophecy a lie; no, even though I had been a confirmed sceptic, I have seen enough, in wandering with the Bible in my hand in that unpeopled desert, to tear up the very foundations of unbelief, and scatter its fragments to the winds. In my judgment, the words of the prophet are abundantly fulfilled in the destruction and desolation of the ancient Edom, and the complete and eternal breaking up of a great public highway: and it is neither necessary nor useful to extend the denunciation against a passing traveller."

Our author's explanation seems to us quite satisfactory by confining the prediction—"None shall pass through it for ever and ever," to the circumstances of habitual, frequent, and commercial,

traffic. Besides the passers through are numerous, if we consider the courses of the wandering Arabs, however few those visitors may be who come from civilized and christianized countries.

It will be now necessary to run rapidly through the second volume of the author's work, and to be contented with two or three separate sketches, though every page furnishes something amusing or curious. We have before seen some account of the customs of the wild sons of Ishmael. Here the American is again among the children of the desert.

"The life of the Bedouin, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin, and four thousand years have not made the slightest alteration in the character or habits of this extraordinary people. Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day.

"The woman whom we had pursued belonged to the tent of a Bedouin not far from our road, but completely hidden from our view; and when overtaken by Toualeb, she recognised in him a friend of her tribe, and in the same spirit, and almost in the same words which would have been used by her ancestors four thousand years ago, she asked us to her tent, and promised us a lamb or a kid for supper. Her husband was stretched on the ground in front of his tent, and welcomed us with an air and manner that belonged to the desert, but which a king on his throne could not have excelled. He was the embodied personification of all my conceptions of a patriarch. A large loose frock, a striped handkerchief on his head, bare legs, sandals on his feet, and a long white beard, formed the outward man. Almost immediately after we were seated he took his shepherd's crook, and, assisted by his son, selected a lamb from the flock for the evening meal. * * While we were taking coffee the lamb lay bleating in our ears, as if conscious of its coming fate, and this was not particularly gratifying. The coffee drunk and the pipe smoked, our host arose and laid his hand upon the victim; the long sword which he wore over his shoulder was quickly drawn; one man held the head and another the hind legs; and, with a rapidity almost inconceivable, it was killed and dressed, and its smoking entrails, yet curling with life, were boiling on the fire.

"I was the guest of the evening, and had no reason to complain of the civility of my entertainer; for with the air of a well-bred host, and an epicure to boot, he drew from the burning coals one of the daintiest pieces, about a yard and a half in length, and rolling one end between the palms of his hands to a tapering point, broke off about a foot and handed it to me. Now I was by no means dainty. I could live upon the coarsest fare, and all the little luxuries of tables, knives and forks, were of very little moment in my estimation. I was prepared to go full length in this patriarchal feast. But my indifference was not proof against the convivial elegances of my Bedouin companions; and as I saw yard after yard disappear, like long strings of macaroni, down their capacious throats, I was cured of all poetical associations and my appetite together."

Our American was intent on visiting the most sacred and renowned spots in the course of his travels, whether they were

Mounts or cities. We shall in the next extract find him at the summit of Mount Hor and at the tomb of Aaron, having got the Bedonins persuaded that he wished to offer a sacrifice there.

"On the very 'top of the mount,' revered alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber; in the front of the door is a tombstone, in form like the oblong slabs in our churchyards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare. After going out, and from the very top of the tomb surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with a distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining once more the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber. There was no light except what came from the door; and, in groping in the extreme corner on one side, my foot descended into an aperture in the floor. I put it down carefully, and found a step, then another, and another, evidently a staircase leading to a chamber below. I went down till my head was on a level of the floor, but could see nothing; all was dark, and I called to Paul to strike a light. Most provokingly he had no materials with him. He generally carried a flint and steel for lighting his pipe with; but now, when I most wanted it, he had none. I went back to the staircase, and descending to the bottom of the steps, attempted to make out what the place might be; but it was utterly impossible. I could not see even the steps on which I stood. I again came out, and made Paul search in all his pockets for the steel and flint. My curiosity increased with the difficulty of gratifying it; and in a little while, when the thing seemed to be utterly impossible, with this hole unexplored, Petra, Mount Hor, and the Dead Sea, appeared to lose half their interest. I ran up and down the steps, inside and out, abused Paul, and struck stones together in the hope of eliciting a spark; but all to no purpose. I was in an agony of despair, when suddenly I found myself grasping the handle of my pistol. A light broke suddenly upon me. A pile of dry brush and cotton rags lay at the foot of the sacrificial altar; I fired my pistol into it, gave one puff, and the whole mass was in a blaze. Each seized a burning brand, and we descended. At the foot of the steps was a narrow chamber, at the other end an iron grating, opening in the middle, and behind the grating a tomb cut in the naked rock, guarded and revered as the tomb of Aaron. I tore aside the rusty grating, and, thrusting in my arm up to the shoulders, touched the hallowed spot."

After what has formerly been published by Laborde and others respecting the city of Petra, and the few references we have already made to that now dreary and deserted place, we do not think it necessary to trace the ruins along with the present writer. His

sagacity and perfect self reliance having carried him through the most formidable difficulties in the great desert, he found himself on the high way to Gaza which led to Hebron. His route hence is upon comparatively well-known ground, and therefore it will not be expected, after our copious descriptions of less familiar scenes, that we should much longer seek his company. One quotation, and it is rather a long one, must suffice, belonging to a display witnessed in the Holy City; and as the faithful Paul made a principal figure on the occasion, our readers must feel it to be the more acceptable on that account. This functionary and fellow-traveller had been invited by the well-fed superior of a convent to assist in the washing the feet of certain representatives of the twelve disciples. Accordingly the author was asked if he could spare his familiar for a whole afternoon when the ceremony was to take place. The request was acceded to, the acquiescent master resolving to be a spectator of the religious observance.

"This ceremony of washing the feet of the disciples, intended by our Saviour as a beautiful lesson of humility, is performed from year to year, ostensibly to teach the same lesson; and in this case the humility of the superior was exalted shamefully at the expense of the disciples. Most of the twelve would have come under the meaning, though inexplicable, term of 'loafer;' but one, a vagrant Pole, was, beyond all peradventure, the greatest blackguard that I ever saw. A black muslin frock-coat, dirty and glossy from long use, buttoned tight across the breast, and reaching down to his ancles, and an old foxy, low-crowned hat, too big for him, and almost covering his eyes and ears, formed his entire dress, for he had no trousers, shoes, or shirt; he was snub-nosed, pock-marked, and sore-eyed; wore a long beard, and probably could not remember the last time he had washed his face—think, then, of his feet. If Paul had been dignified, he was puffed up almost to bursting; and the self-complacency with which he looked upon himself and all around him was admirably beyond description. By great good fortune for my designs against Paul, the Pole stood next and before him in the line of the *quasi* disciples; and it was refreshing to turn from the consequential and complacent air of the one to the crestfallen look of the other, and to see him, the moment he caught my eye, with a suddenness that made me laugh, turn his head to the other side; but he had hardly got it there before he found me on that side too; and so I kept him watching and dodging, and in a perpetual fidget. To add to his mortification, the Pole seemed to take particularly to him; and as he was before him in the line, was constantly turning round and speaking to him with a patronising air; and I capped the climax of his agony by going up in a quiet way, and asking him who was the gentlemen before him. I could see him wince, and for a moment I thought of letting him alone; but he was often on stilts, and I seldom had such an opportunity of pulling him down. Besides, it was so ludicrous, I could not help it. If I had had any one with me to share the joke, it would have been exquisite. As it was, when I saw his determination to dodge me, I neglected everything else, and devoted myself entirely to him; and let the poor fellow turn where he would, he was sure to find me leaning

against a pillar, with a smile on my face and my eyes intently fixed upon him; occasionally I would go up and ask him some questions about his friend before him; and finally, as if I could not joke about it any more, and felt on my own account the indignity offered to him, I told him that, if I were he, I would not stand it any longer; that I was ashamed to see him with such a pack of rascals; that they had made a cat's-paw of him, and advised him to run for it, saying that I would stand by him against a bull from the pope. He now spoke for the first time, and told me that he had been thinking of the same thing; and by degrees, actually worked himself up to the desperate pitch of incurring the hazard of excommunication, if it must needs be so, and had his shoes and stockings in his hand ready for a start, when I brought him down again by telling him it would soon be over; and, though he had been shamefully treated, that he might cut the gentleman next to him whenever he pleased.

"After goading him as long as he could possibly bear, I left him to observe the ceremony. At the upper end of the chapel, placed there for the occasion, was a large chair, with a gilt frame and velvet back and cushion, intended as the seat of the nominal disciple. Before it was a large copper vase, filled with water, and a plentiful sprinkling of rose leaves; and before that, a large red velvet cushion, on which the superior kneeled to perform the office of lavation. I need not suggest how inconsistent was this display of gold, rose-water, and velvet, with the humble scene it was intended to represent; but the tinsel and show imposed upon the eyes for which they intended.

"One after another the disciples came up, seated themselves in the chair, and put their feet in the copper vase. The superior kneeled upon the cushion, with both his hands washed the right foot, wiped it with a clean towel, kissed it, and then held it in his hands to receive the kisses of the monks, and of all volunteers that offered. All went on well enough until it came to the turn of Paul's friend and forerunner, the doughty Pole. There was a general titter as he took his place in the chair; and I saw the superior and the monk who assisted him hold down their heads and laugh almost convulsively. The Pole seemed to be conscious that he was creating a sensation, and that all eyes were upon him, and sat with his arms folded, with an ease and self-complacency altogether indescribable, looking down in the vase, and turning his foot in the superior's hands, heel up, toe up, so as to facilitate the process; and when the superior had washed and kissed it, and was holding it up for others to do the same, he looked about him with all the grandeur of a monarch in the act of coronation. Keeping his arms folded, he fairly threw himself back into the huge chair, looking from his foot to the monks, and from the monks to his foot again, as one to whom the world had nothing more to offer. It was more than a minute before any one would venture upon the perilous task of kissing those very suspicious toes, and the monk who was assisting the superior had to go round and drum them up; though he had already kissed it once in the way of his particular duty, to set an example he kissed it a second time; and now, as if ashamed of their backwardness, two or three rushed forward at once; and the ice once broken, the effect seemed electric, and there was a greater rush to kiss his foot than there had been to any of the others.

"It was almost too hard to follow Paul after this display. I ought to have spared him, but I could not. His mortification was in proportion to his predecessor's pride. He was sneaking up to the chair, when, startled by some noise, he raised his head, and caught the eye which, above all others, he would have avoided. A broad laugh was on my face; and poor Paul was so discomfited, that he stumbled, and came near pitching headlong into the vase. I could not catch his eye again; he seemed to have resigned himself to the worst. I followed him round in the procession, as he thrice made the tour of the chapel and corridors, with a long lighted candle in his hand; and then we went down to the superior's room, where the monks, the superior, the twelve, and myself, were entertained with coffee. As the Pole, who had lagged behind, entered after we were all seated, the superior, with the humour of a good fellow, cried out 'Viva Polacca;' all broke out in a loud laugh, and Paul escaped in the midst of it. About an hour afterward I met him outside the Damascus Gate. Even then he would have shunned me; but I called him, and, to his great relief, neither then nor at any other time referred to the washing of the feet of the disciples."

During his residence in Palestine, our traveller visited the most interesting spots that have been consecrated in early Christian history, and by his descriptions of these and other scenes spoken of in Scripture has revived in our bosoms long cherished associations, and lent them the freshness which in our youth they possessed, when first we became able to comprehend their solemnity and import. The view, too, which he conveys of the ruin that has befallen many venerable scenes is deeply impressive and affecting. What other wonders can the world furnish to the imagination of mankind, which can compare to many here treated of? None in the annals of this nether sphere—for those which we refer to, have been the most illustrious foot-prints of Almighty power, justice, and goodness, of which our race is cognizant.

ART. II.—*Lectures on English Poetry, prior to the time of Milton.* By

STANHOPE BUSBY, Esq. London: Whittaker. 1837.

WHEN the student of British literature turns to the works or to the names of some thirty or forty poets who flourished prior to the time of Milton, and were held in the highest estimation, at least for a time, and then compares the manner in which they are now regarded, or, with few exceptions, totally neglected, discouraging and painful reflections necessarily fill his mind. Yet it concerns deeply not only every one who desires to obtain an adequate or satisfactory acquaintance with the fathers of English literature, the progress of the language as well as its idiomatic power and tenderness, but all who are eager to become familiar with the past conditions of man in this country, in his private and social spheres, that the national productions of the imagination be carefully examined and traced. A philosopher may construct a theory and speculate wisely on

abstract points without leaving his closet ; a writer may compile from the chroniclers of wars and mighty public events, a work which, in after ages, shall rank as a standard history of a kingdom, and be denominated, in that department, a classic, and yet confine himself to his library ; but the author of a work of fiction, be it descriptive or dramatic, must have made himself master of the features contemporary with those of the period to be delineated, and of the characters to be put in action. To be a painter of life and manners man must be studied closely, frequently, individually, and in multitudes ; and if so, the poet or romancer will transmit a picture, bearing the colours and lineaments, and conveying the tone of the period in which he lives. Or should a writer draw merely from the depths of his own fancy, although the work will necessarily, in that case, only sketch and finish the portraits of his own individual feelings and modes of reflection, it can scarcely fail to mirror the prejudices and the images which the contemporary age has lent him, however silently and imperceptibly. Pleasantly and truly does the voice of our ancient nation resound, for instance, in ballad and song ; and so long as poetry is an element that is generated in the human mind, and that feeds it with pleasure—because to be poetry truth and nature must conjoin, and these by our very constitution are necessary to life and its enjoyments—so long will poetry transmit forcible and descriptive illustrations of the ages in which it has breathed. To quote our author's language in his preliminary observations to these Lectures—

“There are perhaps few branches of literature more calculated to supply part of this information than poetry. While we occasionally meet with subjects furnished and adorned wholly by the imagination, we more often see poetic genius dwelling on realities, discoursing of the ambitions, or heightening the affections of mankind ; painting in glowing colours whatever prominently excites our hopes or fears, our desire or our hatred, yet still affording an index of common opinion, and presenting us with images of those motives and passions by which human nature is impelled. In proportion as the author is confined to subjects that fall under his actual observation, the manners and usages of real life are interwoven with, and become the principle of his theme, and the persons of his fictions are endued with the same views that influence the common mass around him ; they have the same superstitions, the same prejudices, and there is an impress of reality in the design that even the least reflective must appreciate.”

It is therefore with satisfaction that we this month recur to a subject which occupied us in our immediately preceding number, and have to recommend, not merely to the scholar but to the general reader, another production that traces and characterizes the early history of British literature. Mr. Busby has, in these Lectures, to be sure, like Mr. Hippisley, gone over ground that has been learn-

edly and laboriously traversed by numerous and voluminous writers ; but he has nevertheless done the reading community a manifest service by putting in a popular, rather than a formally critical shape, some of the most sensible and tasteful remarks that have ever been volunteered concerning the effusions of those bards who, from healthful infancy and promising youth, have raised British poetry to maturity and perfect manhood. He is, as all who study the subjects of which he treats are, an enthusiastic admirer of the early poets, but he is what many such are not—for though he waxes at times warm and eloquent, it is not at the expense of being perspicuous or correct. Indeed, we did not expect that, upon a field which admits of such copious description and illustration, that he could have compressed within little more than one hundred *duodecimo* pages, an intelligible and discriminative sketch not merely of the poetry and poets who flourished in Britain before the “Time of Milton,” but also of the “Poetry of Milton and some of his Contemporaries.” Of the manner in which he has completed his undertaking we must offer some specimens.

After a hasty sketch of the poetry which has descended to us, belonging to periods previous to that of Chaucer, our author starts with this venerable name in the history of the muse, whose mistress was Nature ; or, to use Mr. Busby's words, who was a poet “to whose searching glance the mystery of human motive lay bare and plain,”—one who “could appreciate the beautiful in nature, and the great in man.”

Whoever treats of early British literature must devote a particular portion of his work to the time and productions of Chaucer ; and although the peculiar excellences of the father of English poetry cannot escape any critic, it is natural for each writer in Chaucer's case, as in that of all other masters and originalists, to take a somewhat distinct and separate view. Such various modes of treatment, however, may very well be brought together, and they ought to enable readers more perfectly to study the models described. Let us now, therefore, observe what are some of Mr. Busby's glances at our patriarchal bards. Thus of the author of the “*Canterbury Tales*”—

“Our earlier poets were generally unlearned minstrels or recluse scholars, and their lays had either the rudeness of the hovel or the coldness of the convent. Chaucer, on the other hand, rose to repute under the auspices of the courtly, and was placed in a sphere of life where he had wider and better opportunities for studying manners, and rendering his style and language pointed and refined. The fame of the Italian poets had filled Europe, the Provencial romances were still popular, the spirit of chivalry was at its height, the English and Continental courts were remarkable for their splendour and gallantry, and there was everything that could excite a lively fancy, or rouse a fervid imagination.

And Chaucer neglected not these advantages, but drew largely from the rich store of his experience. He was a man of the world, and could hit off character in those happy lights which give his pictures the appearance of reality. At tournament or hostelrie, in romance or humour, in the every day world, or in scenes of his own creating, he is at home, earnest and unconstrained; and he describes the strong passions with an artlessness that is truth itself.

"The Canterbury Tales contain examples of the wide scope of his genius. From the knight to the miller, from the prioress to the ^{of} kind Bath, there is an ample range of character—his knowledge of ^{of} bothic appears universal. He dazzles us with elaborate displays of ^{of} stages magnificence; but is equally powerful when he sketches the ^{of} it, and never 'o'erstepping the modesty of nature.' The Canterbury ^{es} were written at various periods of Chaucer's life, and were not ^{ed} until he was somewhat advanced in years. He was indebted in ^{eat} measure for their general arrangement, and in many instances ^{the} design of the tales themselves; but the personages of his pilg^s and the circumstances of their journey are essentially his own, and ^{one} of their stories appear to be wholly original.

"Boccaccio in his Decameron had imagined the assembly of ten young persons at a country house, when the plague in Florence ^{an} to abate, and every day each narrated some story for their comm^{amusement}. Chaucer collected at the Tabard Inn in Southwark a comp^y of pilgrims about to journey to the shrine of the Martyr Becket, a ^{an}terbury; when, to enliven the way, it was agreed that each should ^{eat} at least one tale in going and another in returning; and that he ^{would} the best should be treated by the others with a supper on again ^{eaching} the Inn where they first assembled. It appears that the poet ^{intended} to describe their journey 'and all the remement of their pilgrim^{age};' but he under-taking was extensive, and more than one half the ^{ales} are waking.

The pilgrims are persons of different rank and station. There is the knight, the millere, the reve, the coke, the ^{se}ant of the lawe, the wif of Bathe, the frere 'wanton and merrie,' the ^{soumpnoure}, the cark of Oxenford, who rode a horse 'lene as is a ^{ra}st,' and

"Not a word spake he more than ^{ere} was nede,

And that was said in forme and ^{everence},

And short and quike, and ful ^{of} high sentence;

Souning in moral vertue wth his speche,

And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly ^{teche};

the marchante, the yonge squire, ^{de} frankeline, the doctour, the par-donere, the shipmanne, the prioress and her attendant nonnes, our author, the monk, the yeman, the mancyle, and the poor parson of a toun,

"But riche he wth of holy thought and werk.

The tales of all these persons are preserved. There were also a haberdasher, carpenter, webbe, dyer, and tapiser,

"(Ale yclothed in o livere

Of a ^{soumpne} and grete fraternite),

together with a plowman, whose tales do not appear, although some of them have been supplied by an inferior author. All these characters are

described in the prologue with a truth and humour that at once carry us back to the times of the poet, and call up the beings by whom he was surrounded in real and substantial form before our eyes. They are not mere images dressed up for the occasion, and brought forward to display their inanimation, but living flesh and blood—our actual ancestors as they existed in those times, before the refinements of society had tempered their rough virtues, or subdued their natures."

We cannot afford room for any considerable quotations of verses, by means of which to verify such opinions as may be advanced; indeed, in our author's concise work, quotations are necessarily but sparingly introduced. It will be found, however, to be a useful exercise for the student when about to peruse the works of the poets here chronologically arranged, to carry with him such a convenient, simple, and intelligent guide. But take a few lines which are descriptive of the sentimentality of Chaucer's prioress.

"It for to speken of hire conscience,
 As was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Frighte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
 A male houndes hadde she, that she fedde
 With roasted flesh, and milke, and wastel brede,
 Bore wept she if on of hem were dede,
 Of men smote it with a yerde smert:
 A call was conscience, and tendre herte."

Now he touches of human nature that hold true and characteristic at all times, although in many other parts of her portraiture, as in all Chaucer's pieces, there are the most vivid pictures—"a true unadulterated transcript of the manners, feelings, and intelligence of his age."

After Chaucer there are few names worthy to be mentioned till we come to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. To be sure there is a considerable list of poets, who in their day attained to great celebrity. There was Gower, the contemporary of Chaucer, but he, with all his accomplishments, was greatly inferior in the higher requisites of the true bard; there were also in the North, James the First, Dunbar, and Sir David Lyndsay—all of them impressing upon the ages in which they lived lasting marks and signs, and forming no mean portion of that treasury of the bygone history of mind and manners so deserving of study, and bequeathing also beautiful specimens of minstrel power. But in respect of originality or variety of excellence, none of them can stand even as a second to the author of the "Canterbury Tales." The same thing may be said of the unfortunate Earl of Surrey and his friend Wyatt, and *a fortiori* of a goodly number of others. Surrey, however, ought to be honoured as the first English composer of sustained blank verse, as is admirably exemplified in his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*.

Some of the causes that had contributed to deaden or enfeeble the British muse are thus pointed out :—

“The revival of learning threw open the rich stores of classical literature to the studious ; and they were too absorbed in contemplating the treasures of antiquity, and fathoming the subtle discussions of the old philosophers, to cultivate the bold yet simple strains of national poetry. Humbler minstrels strove for the wreaths of the muses, and in their unpolished ballads and fugitive verses, full of strong and marked character and expression, spoke plainly of the popular feelings and common tastes of the period. Soon afterwards the invention of printing multiplied the ancient manuscripts, and with them were sent to the world the legends of monks and controversies of divines, until the spirit of metaphysical enquiry became general, and damped for a while the more creative genius of imagination.

“But adverse to poetry as this new turn of study may have been, the troubles of the times were far more fatal to its success. Amidst the turbulence and fever of the civil wars the young spirit of intelligence struggled with a feeble power, and required the peace and reflection of after years to strengthen into maturity. It would seem that literature and the fine arts are among the bright influences which mark the happiness and prosperity of a nation : for like delicate flames they have flickered and smouldered in the tempests of internal discord, and brightened with renewed beauty and animation in the ensuing calm of public security.”

What, for example, could be hoped for in the reign of Queen Mary? But let us pass onto that of her sister; here the drama suggests itself, which at once “sprung into existence, like Venus from the waste of waters, in all its power and proportion.” The drama, however, falls not within the scope which our author has chosen for himself, and we therefore pass on to Spenser, whose “Faery Queen,” as an allegorical poem, and in various other respects, is without a rival in our language. The following is part of Mr. Busby’s concise sketch of the poet and poem :—

“Spenser possessed in an exalted degree a boundless and creative fancy. He held the golden keys of romance, and at his bidding visions crowded with life and beauty streamed upon the world. Nature teemed with a new existence, with new features and new forms. Scenes aerialized with the most delicate tints stretched far and wide; all was sunny and spiritual. Enchantment yielded her wonders and her glowing superstitions, Imagination breathed over them the breath of life, and the result was one of the most exquisite and delightful poems that fancy ever conceived or genius realized. He supposes the Faery Queen presiding at her annual court, which lasted in splendour and festivity for twelve days. Every day some suppliant is presented at her throne; she listens to the prayers of all, and commands twelve knights (each of whom personifies some exalted virtue) to espouse the cause and redress the grievances of the mourners. Prince Arthur representing Magnificence in pursuit of Glory, is by turns the counsellor and ally of these embodied phantoms of

chivalry, and was intended to represent a brave knight perfected in the twelve moral virtues. The whole allegory celebrates the triumph of good principles over the various temptations of sense and dangers of worldly dissipation. It was originally contained in twelve books, but of these six and part of the seventh only are extant, and each book is divided into twelve cantos. The first book contains the legend of the Knight of the Red Cross, or Holiness; the others the several legends of Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, Courtesy, and a fragment of that of Constancy. Each of these knightly virtues is exposed to the machinations of the vices most interested in its overthrow, and these vices are personified with an ingenuity at once marvellous and precise. The spirit of knight-errantry runs through the whole poem. All is chivalrous and adventurous; and notwithstanding the difficulty of the design, the interest is generally lively, and the mind is too fascinated by the variety of images and change of character thronging before it in rapid succession, to be palled by the length or satiated by the subject. The great strength of the poem lies in the legends of Holiness, Temperance, and Chastity; and it is questioned from the occasional want of spirit in some of the succeeding books, whether Spenser's fame has suffered by the loss of part of his manuscript. His versification is elegant, sustained, and frequently lofty; musically harmonious and simple, and written in the stanza which is now called by the poet's name, and has been adopted in later times with great success by Beattie and Byron. The language of Spenser is less modern than that of some of his contemporaries or immediate followers; a circumstance that may perhaps be attributed to the nature of his subject, which the quaintness and antiquity of his expressions serve rather to embellish. As a specimen of the power of personification and description I will quote his picture of the House of Sleep.

“He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
 His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe,
 In silver deaw, his ever-drouping hed,
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.
 Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one fayre fram'd of burnisht yvory,
 The other all with silver overcast;
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
 By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
 In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.
 And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,

Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard ; but careles Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimeyes."

Raleigh, though a poet, is justly alluded to by our author, as having been more indebted to his historical character for his fame in the former respect, than to the superiority of his muse ; and even Sir Philip Sydney, with all the refinement and delicacy of his genius, which, indeed, were the faithful transcripts of his entire nature, was infected with those conceits of thought and expression which came to be in vogue among lesser men. But there was another name belonging to Elizabeth's age, which must never be so summarily treated, when the master poets of Great Britain are the theme ; and this was William Shakspeare, not, in the present notice, considered as a dramatist, but as a writer of sonnets and other poems. Hear our author,—

" They have a consolidation of thought, a sterling and deep imagination, a terseness yet comprehensiveness of expression unrivalled, almost unattainable. Spenser individualized and abstracted the passions, and produced spiritual characters, Shakspeare massed and blended them, and created living and human beings ; the one rendered the most real things fanciful and ideal, the other gave life and substance to the most imaginative. The one was delicate, aerial, and precise, the other glowing, powerful, and impressive. The mistiness of Romance hangs like a vapour over the creations of the one, harmonizing their tints, and softening down their most fantastic forms ; the productions of the other stand out in the bold and massive characters and distinct colours of nature—thoughts, sensations, affections and passions are not weakened by the refinements of a metaphysical speculation, but burst into poetry in all their freshness and proportion, warm as the mind that conceived them, and genuine as the nature from which they sprang. Spenser was the Claude of poetry, Shakspeare was an Angelo or a Raphael. His Rape of Lucrece, and Venus and Adonis, inferior only to his nobler and better works, are full of fine imagination and glowing language. They were the compositions of his early manhood, and were lit with the dawns of that genius which brightened and immortalized his dramatic works.

" The sonnet is perhaps the most difficult style of poetical composition. Being restricted to the exact number of fourteen lines, there is to epitomize into that narrow compass a complete and dignified image or reflection, every part and expression of which should preserve its due proportion. If the composition be not spiritedly sustained, the whole stanza appears languid and unpleasing ; and if it be attempted to crowd too much into the poem, it consequently becomes obscure and confused. To the writers of sonnets great poetic judgment, a delicate power of balancing words and concentrating ideas are indispensable ; and these properties the mind of Shakspeare instinctively possessed. An epithet from his pen is often suffi-

cient to form a picture. He has no redundancy of expletives, no rank luxuriance of words, but his images seem thrown off in the fervour of the moment, neither dilated nor distorted, following each other in rapid and continuous succession, yet each separate and complete. He surmounted the complexity of metre and the mechanical difficulties of verse with a master hand, and gave a splendour and variety to the sonnet, unknown in our language before his time; for most of the earlier poets wanted sufficient skill to draw out its true brilliancy from that gem of verse which the Italians had wrought to its highest polish. To his absent mistress he sings,

"From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew,
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

Sonnet 98.

Contrast the power and imagery of this, with the playful tenderness of the following :

"Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet,
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate, from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—*not you*.

Sonnet 145."

As a specimen of the beauty that attached to the conceits of some of our now neglected bards, take Crashaw's "Music's Duel," in which a lyrist and a nightingale contend for the palm of song.

"The bird follows the changing music of the 'lute's-master,' through all its windings and modulations, and her bosom heaves,

"Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.

She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train.
And while she thus discharges a sbrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epod of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird ;
Her little soul is ravish'd: and so pour'd
Into loose extacies, that she is plac'd
Above herself, music's enthusiast.

Again her human rival concentrates his powers in one most finished burst.

“This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies.
She dies; and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute. O fit to have,
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave.”

Having accompanied Mr. Busby to the close of his first Lecture, and to the commencement of his treatise on the poetry of Milton, and that of some of his contemporaries, we shall find that we have arrived at a palpably transition-point in the history of the English muse, and, also, that the same discernment and felicitous method of elucidation characterises the analysis of this latter period, which we have already observed in reference to earlier ages. We should say, indeed, that our lecturer, while steering a course that exhibits anything but a servile adherence to the mode of conduct which former critics and commentators have followed, has given in a remarkably small compass an accurate view of the Miltonian era. Let us see how he introduces this era.

“The spirit of party and religious zeal which distressed the country during the troubled reign of the first Charles, as it operated on the manners, affected no less the literature of the period. Wit, brilliancy, and fancy filled the court, and songs of compliment and gallantry were cherished by the loyalists. They honoured whatever was elegant and refined in their day; and however lax in principle or wanting in morality, they loved those lighter arts which are the ornaments of society, and which, if they cannot improve its character, can at least gild its surface. The very conceits of the period flowed from a refinement of fashion, hollow indeed, but for the time attractive; and served as so many proofs of the genius of their

admirers. Learning was not disregarded, but it threw off the guise of pedantry. New channels of information had long since been open to mankind; and a tone of easy elegance was established, alluring to all within the influence of its charms.

"But there was a deeper and sterner feeling operating upon another class. A spirit of reflection had arisen in the community—the late reformation in religion had taught men to canvass subjects never before questioned—from the discussion of sacred they turned to political matters, and carried to them the zeal and dogmas of puritanism. They were generally unlearned but sincere: confounding abstract truths with prejudices, forgetting the circumstances by which they were surrounded, soured with opposition or neglect, they formed lofty but crude notions of their rights, and, contrasting them with their condition, they became restless and gloomy, severe and determined. The dogmatic spirit, which at first prompted, afterwards fostered this tone of mind, until it swelled into enthusiasm; and its votaries became no less political than spiritual devotees.

"The poetry of such a race must have been marked by its prevailing features: by imagination, when once aroused, bold and grasping; by striking and original thoughts; by language energetic and decisive; and over all their truths and errors, alike glaring and profound, by the glow of enthusiasm falling, not softly like sunlight through the tracery of stained windows, but streaming with the fresh vehemence of a summer noon as it bursts over some rude pile of rocks, and throws a halo round their ruggedness.

"It was from such a people, free from their worst prejudices, enlightened by their best spirit, with a zeal and imagination flushed by the genius of the times, that Milton arose.

"There is no less difference in the literature than in the moral state of man in the several ages of society. At the early dawn of civilization we meet with poetry full of bold and lofty conception, of that power and eloquence with which strong passions are generally expressed by the uneducated; teeming with the masculine efforts of an imagination nursed amidst the wilds of nature, glowing with the illusions of superstition, and untamed by that acquaintance with science and philosophy, which while it renders us wiser and better, and makes us familiar with the hidden secrets of creation, destroys in some measure the enthusiasm of those first impressions, the awe and the wonder with which the ignorant mind is filled by the complicated grandeur of the external world, and the sensible but mysterious workings of human passions and perceptions. All is bold, nervous, and substantial, but at the same time wild, irregular and unsystematized. The authors are without models, almost without design, and their poetry seems the beautiful outpouring of those many and disconnected images which have floated upon the mind, and at last burst out in one mingled and overwhelming torrent.

"Then comes the union of partial knowledge with imagination: a perception of moral truths, a regard for human affections, martial fables and legends of love; and we trace the first successful attempts at design, although rudely and obscurely developed. Afterwards appear the classical allusion, the refined allegory, tales of sustained interest, and lyrical

effusions of healthy imagination, verse regular in metre, bold in expression, and somewhat artfully constructed. Then break in the glitter of learning, the affectation of wit, the courtly compliment, and the quaint conceit, language fluent but artificial, fancy exuberant yet fantastic—the verse improves, but the soul that should inspire it is wanting; the taint of disease comes over the more highly intellectual powers of the mind, and Ingenuity usurps the throne from which Genius has departed.

“Such almost was the poetry of the period when Milton arose. He came with a new spirit, but with the power and inspiration of old. He was as the cedar of Lebanon among the lesser trees of the forest; but wild flowers were blooming at its feet and threw their rich fragrance above, till the topmost branches of the lofty and gloomy tree waved with the breath and lived amidst the perfume of the simple and beautiful children of the spring. The sublimity and moral dignity of Milton’s conception did not chill his feelings of natural tenderness, but we see in his works the warm and susceptible spirit searching for poetry in the commonest objects and affections of nature, as well as in her grandest and loftiest attributes; and the man who sang the warfare of angels and the proud contentions of spiritual hosts, had a fine and delicate sense of the ordinary household virtues of the humblest of mankind.”

The era in question was distinguished by the most evident fruits of the revival of learning and of the reformation. Knowledge had become general, and every religious dogma was freely canvassed. Men now thought for themselves and openly maintained their individual opinions. Such was the case, at least, in this country when the author of *Paradise Lost* arose, during whose career the spirit of faction was uttered in the shape of poetry as well as of polemical literature. “On the one side,” says our author, in reference to the period in question, “we have gallantry approaching to levity, and an attachment to institutions rendered venerable by age; on the other, the vehement and masculine efforts of minds educated in the rugged school of disputation, proud of their independence, and looking with suspicion on old forms, old usages, and old sentiments.” Among the former were the courtiers, Carew, Suckling, Davenant, Lovelace, &c.; and among the latter—a host of himself—John Milton, one of whose earliest productions, the *Masque*, composed in the seclusion of the country, is thus characterized by Mr. Busby, after having given an outline of the plot:—

“But it is not in plot merely, nor character, nor dialogue that the chief merit of the drama consists. The plot is too flimsy, the persons are too cold, the dialogue is too constrained and argumentative; it has the full body of verse, but it wants the ease of conversation—it is too didactic. But it enshines gorgeous and elaborate imagery, and if it be lofty where we had rather it should be familiar, if it want some of those natural touches that would identify its characters more closely with humanity, if it have no unrestrained outbreak of passion or feeling, it attracts us on the other hand with poetry of fine imagination, magnificent though

undramatic. Whether he describe the virgin nymph flying the mad pursuit of her enraged step-dame, and commending her innocence to the flood that stayed her flight, where water nymphs held up their pearly wrists and bore her to Nereus, who pitied her woes and gave her to his daughters to embathe in nectared lavers strewn with asphodel, and dropped ambrosial oils into every sense till she revived—whether he paint the argument of a pure mind convincing the overpowered soul of the sensualist, till he conceives her words prompted by a superior power, and is dipped all over in a cold shuddering, as when Jove in his wrath speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus to Saturn's crew—or whether he celebrate melodies whose soft and solemn breathing rises like a stream of distilled perfume, until even Silence, taken unawares, wishes to deny her nature—there is the same exalted sentiment, the same rich flow and harmony of words, and ideas springing in summer luxuriance, like flowers. But the lyrical part of the poem is doubly excellent; it is fresh and full of music, whether he sing the tipsy revels of the spirit of Night, or call the goddess of the river from her bed of coral, invoking her by the tinsel-slipped feet of Thetys, and the songs of syrens sitting on diamond rocks sleeking their soft tresses."

The great fault which Mr. Busby finds with *Paradise Lost*, consists in the remoteness and length of the episodes interspersed—being, as he argues, "streams that branch from, rather than flow into, the tide of the story," thereby diminishing in volume, instead of enlarging the waters of the main channel before reaching their destiny. That sort of inversion in the narrative adopted by Milton, and which by many critics is considered to be strictly according to epic rules, and a proof of consummate art, is blamed by our lecturer upon this ground, that it interrupts too abruptly and intricately the current of the interest and the necessary accumulative progression of the story—thus enfeebling instead of concentrating the strength of every possible aid towards the conclusion. These objections are worthy of being weighed by every student, although they may, perhaps, be neutralized by the relief which the breaks and episodes complained of, afford to the hurry of such magnificent developments as become too dazzling and weighty of themselves; and by the delightfully delicate adjuncts which they at the same time yield to a mighty unity of design and result.

Mr. Busby's opinion of Satan's character as depicted by Milton, is lofty, intelligible, and a concentration of the best and justest ideas that have been employed in the praise of this grand personification. Of the mortal heroes he has expressed himself with no less felicitous brevity. An agreeable instance of the manner in which he abridges the most judicious sentiments concerning the respective merits of the Poet's two greatest productions, will be found in what we now copy.

"I will not enter at length into the debateable ground of the merits of *Paradise Regained*, nor expatiate upon the injudicious contrast that has

been so frequently drawn to its disparagement between that poem and *Paradise Lost*. The latter opened a wide and untrodden sphere, and to a mind that could soar beyond the clouds, and discourse of the vast intellects and angelic multitudes that inhabit the realms of space, presented a full and noble subject, to which there was no limit but the imagination of the poet. In *Paradise Regained* there was less scope for the creative powers. It is grand, it is lofty, it is full of rich poetry and fine pathos; but it wants the unbounded expanse, the massive *chiaro scuro*, the breadth and the character of *Paradise Lost*. It was no degradation of the lofty mind that conceived the one to pen the other, and if when placed together the one appear less masculine in feature, it is only by comparison; but who could compare the expressive dignity of the Apollo with the broad muscle and sinew of the Farnese Hercules! The *Paradise Regained* has been damaged only by the connection in which it has been placed, until it is almost necessary to speak with an apology of a poem that has never been equalled by any but its author. That it should have found especial favour from Milton was natural from his fervour and zeal, and the labour and polish with which the work was wrought; but it was worthy both of that labour and that esteem, and will remain fresh and sublime as long as our language and literature, or even our common faith shall endure.

Cowley, Waller, Denham, &c., Milton's contemporaries, receive individually brief notices in the pages before us, which uniformly, however, convey a distinct conception of the merits of each. But these we pass over, having already exhibited enough of Mr. Busby's analysis and sketch to recommend his work to general study, which though slender in point of bulk, is significant and satisfactory beyond many of larger pretensions that have treated of the same extended and intricate subject.

In conclusion, to return to the author of *Paradise Lost* for a moment, it is with pleasure that we copy the following passages, in which Mr. Busby has, with a fine hand and an arousing sympathy, touched and appreciated the Great Poet's mental, moral, and political character.

"After the restoration the crowd of wits who had fluttered about the former court again appeared, and the king was hailed to his throne with the congratulations of poets and courtiers, each eager to outdo his fellows in the fervour of his compliment and exultation, and to lay the richest offering at the shrine of revived royalty—but it was far different from Milton,—poor, blind, disgraced, with nothing but his virtues to console, and his intrepid mind to support him, he was driven into concealment until the first flush of public excitement had subsided. The Government content with the sacrifice of nobler victims, pursued him not with vigilance, but caused some of his political writings to be burned by the ignominious hands of the common hangman. To a mind of less natural vigour or more relaxed discipline than Milton's, his successive family afflictions, the overthrow of his present ambitions, the insecurity of his person, his blindness, and his infirmities, would have produced a despondency destructive to its best and noblest powers—but he remained

firm and serene through all, triumphing in the integrity of his purpose, with a temper chastened, and a judgment matured by the mighty and conflicting scenes he had beheld, with an intellect accustomed to grapple with weighty arguments, and grown unconquerable by the very process through which it had been nurtured."

"It is with some feelings of pride for human nature, that we follow the disgraced and afflicted man to the seclusion of his study, and view him who had held converse with the master spirits of his time, meditating upon the loftier beings that people more spiritual realms, contemplating in fallen angels the passions and ambitions he had observed in human life, and looking beyond the world for the source of those virtues and principles that dignify the better part of mankind."

"His learning was vast and deep, his imagination soaring and masculine, his judgment solid and profound, his integrity spotless, his affections warm and sure, his zeal firm and faithful. His mind was severely disciplined, he loved truth for her own sake, and forsook her not in the time of trial and temptation. In peril and adversity he remained still at his post unflinching and determined. With keen sensibility he had resolute self-command, with warm passions he had strong moral power, with the susceptibility of a delicate spirit he had the nervous courage of a hero. He desponded not in affliction, and the weight of years and sorrows could not overcome his soul; but he sank grey and venerable to the grave, and bequeathed to posterity the productions of his genius and the ensample of his life—and both have well stood the test of time, and passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal of fierce and cavilling comment. In our institutions we now recognize the success of the principles he advocated, and boast as our best bulwark the privileges he helped to purchase. In our social condition we feel the influence of his stern morality, and render homage to the broad and unwavering light of his constant integrity. In our studies, the grandeur and state of his imagination lift us from the poverty of earth to the colossal regions where all, even passion, is sublime; and we gaze on him, like a traveller on those huge piles of antiquity that rise from the desert, old, majestic, and eternal, and point their unshaken summits to that heaven which has looked upon them for ages. Such indeed was Milton—he needs no panegyric, his fame is still fresh in our memories; and it is a proud pleasure, amidst the stormy and violent times when the elements were in convulsion and society rocked around him, to trace him still intrepid, faithful and uncompromising, directing with steady and unreluctant hand his sure and straightforward course, and leaving the measureless results of his upright zeal and boundless intelligence as a heritage to mankind."

ART. III.

1. *The Honours of the Table ; with Hints on Carving.* By TRAUSSLER REDIVIVUS. pp. 72. Glasgow : Symington and Co.
2. *Female Beauty, as preserved and improved by Regimen, Cleanliness, and Dress, &c. &c.* By MRS. A. WALKER. pp. 435. London : Hurst.
3. *My Book ; or, The Anatomy of Conduct.* By JOHN H. SKELTON. London : Simpkin and Co. 1837.

It is not easy to pitch upon any one general title for these several works more fitting than the one suggested by the last of them, and upon which we are about to dwell principally. A few remarks, however, may be conveniently offered concerning the class of publications to which they belong, and which has recently been receiving an extraordinary accession. Of late, our Glasgow friends have been particularly busy in this walk of literature, bestowing upon it no inconsiderable share of learning, as may be presumed from the fact, that "The Ladies' Science of Etiquette" published by J. Reid, and "The Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage" by Symington and Co., of that city, are by such erudite scholars, that nothing less than signatures in Greek can serve the authors. Whether this vast show of learning, and the rules which these Glasgow Grecians promulgate, be indicative of an advance in the style of manners or of public taste in the western metropolis of Scotland, is a matter that remains to be examined by us. It might be as well to extend the criterion to other parts of the empire, and to the centre of England itself; for it is notorious that one of these works has been the source and occasion of an expensive law-suit in the English courts of law, as a piracy of the "Hints on Etiquette," the whole proceedings, the finding of the jury, and the judgment of the court, proving that the infringement was one which affected a lucrative and large sale. Who the purchasers of such works may happen to be, whether of *bon-ton*, the liveried race, or the intermediate classes, we cannot tell; but one thing is manifest, that a deplorable prevalence of vulgarity must exist somewhere, otherwise no such demand for several of the works now referred to could possibly be continued.

It would not be difficult to treat such productions as "The Ladies' Science of Etiquette," "The Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage," and "The Honours of the Table; with Hints on Carving," with jocoseness: but we think their merits will be best shown, if a grave and solemn dulness of manner be employed, such as pervades themselves. We therefore, with all imaginable seriousness, cull a few lessons from each of these emanations of Glasgow

intellect and gentility—"Female Beauty," by Mrs. Walker, and "My Book," by Mr. Skelton, claiming a different sort of notice.

To begin with "The Ladies' Science of Etiquette," although, like "The Philosophy of Courtship," we have not thought it necessary to crowd formally into the list at the head of this article, contains some most significant canons for the observance of the *fair*. Think of the following being required—"Avoid all indelicate expressions, and appear not to understand any that may be uttered in your presence. Some ladies (ladies!) not only relish *double entendres*, but actually use them. Yet, however much it may create a feeling of cleverness at the moment, cool reflection is afterwards sure to condemn it, both on the part of the speaker and listener. Such discourse, wanton glances, and lightness of carriage, are considered by men as gauntlets to dare them to speak and act in a more free and unguarded manner than they otherwise would have boldness to do." Again—"We should not leave the table before the end of the entertainment, unless from urgent necessity." And again—"Custom allows ladies, at the end of an entertainment, to dip their fingers into a glass of water, and to wipe them with their napkins; it allows them, also, to rinse the mouth, using their plate for this purpose." The custom, however, is tastefully objected to by this master of table etiquette, who says that it is "of itself disgusting." Such are samples of a science for the study of the ladies.

"The Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage" is a more abstruse affair than even the "Science of Etiquette," and naturally calls for a more ambitious style, and soaring manner of speculation. It is delightful, however, to see how our philosopher can bring magnanimous ideas and profound sentiments prettily to bear upon commonplace events. He is not one of those clumsy or gross-minded sons of imagination that "splits a butterfly on the wheel." Not he, for mark how elegantly he intimates what are the inducements which ought not to be followed in the selection of a partner for life. "Many a one chooses a wife with no greater forethought or consideration than he would a horse or a dog—looking merely at *her external points*." The originality of the remark is worthy of its dignified beauty. He can rise at will, and adopt the highest style of rhetorical composition—for he declares that "experience teaches, that when parties associate constantly, as in the married state, there comes an amalgamation of tastes and feelings, even as the tendril suits itself to the shape and direction of the tree around which it clings," &c. His moral dignity and just appreciation of true condescension are admirably illustrated, when speaking of the ordinary treatment of a wife. He says, "Make a companion of her, in the fullest acceptation of the term, and do not consider it beneath your dignity to suit your conversation to her tastes and intellect.

The price-current may contain matter vastly pleasing to you, but it is very probable that your young wife would as lief hear you discourse of other matters than the price of cotton, or the texture of broad cloth." Our philosopher's hints are really so abundant and sententious respecting the conduct of man and woman, that one or two must be added. For example, "there is a free-masonry in the returned pressure of the hand, which is more *pregnant* with meaning, than a whole portfolio of letters." "When a man once sees his way before him, he may not only safely but advantageously marry; for, by so doing, a spur will be given to his exertions, more effectual and quickening than any abstract maxims of prudence, or even ambition itself could supply. He will rise earlier in the morning, and sit later at night." "Be as much at home as possible. A *pregnant* source of discomfort in the nuptial state, is unsettled habits of the husband in this respect." All this time, however, the philosopher is supposing that the wife is young, and the husband of a suitable age; but what if the fair one be wedded to a man who might be her father? The occurrence draws eloquent indignation from the writer, for he exclaims—"Alas for the frequency of such cases! When will mothers cease to play the parts of shamelessly avaricious bawds? The term may sound harsh, but I have written it advisedly, and there it shall stand"—who, therefore, dare impugn the wisdom of the *dictum*? More fearful still—"The only fitting response which youth can make to the matrimonial solicitations of age is *anathema maranatha*."

We are not informed whether our philosopher's calling in life renders conversation on the "price of cotton, or the texture of broad cloth," most natural; but it would appear that he writes merely for the instruction of such of the gentry as are not stinted in the way of domestics, or the means to secure the assistance of cooks. He assures his readers, that he "would not ask her (his wife) to compound a pudding, or *ready* a steak with her own hands; but I would have her to know something of the nature of such operations, in order that she might check carelessness, or instruct ignorance in the 'help.'"

But we must on to "The Honours of the Table," by Mr. Trussler Redivivus, after one parting lesson from the philosopher concerning love-making.

"Love, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master; and to follow, exclusively, its dictates, is as unsafe as to *fetch a dangerous leap blindfolded*. Whenever one begins to feel affection 'tugging at his heart,' therefore he should put in exercise an extra proportion of caution and deliberation. A beautiful garden smiles before him; but if he rush headlong to banquet in its charms, he may, perchance, be overwhelmed in the *bogs and quicksands which intervene, and the fair prospect vanish from his grasp,*

'Like the elfin bell in the mountain pool.'

This chapter, therefore, shall be mainly devoted to certain little matter-of-fact suggestions, to which the lover might as well take heed, ere *he plunge into the Rubicon by popping the question*. I may premise that *I am not groping* among the unknown paths of theory—my motto is ‘nothing if not practical’—and with the Trojan prince I may say, in reference to the matters I now treat of,

‘——Quæque ipse vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui—’ ”

Our philosopher is an adept in Latin as well as a Grecian, and therefore by this and other striking indications, we believe that he is not only nearly related to the author of “The Ladies’ Science of Etiquette,” but to him who fathers “The Honours of the Table ; with Hints on Carving.” A few short extracts from the latter may set this matter convincingly before our readers. The whole production is worthy of his head and heart. “Pinch no one in conversation to make him listen or admire a witticism.” “To be well received, be circumspect at table, where it is exceedingly rude to scratch any part of your body, (Redivivus must have been thinking of the Duke of Argyle’s friendly expedients for the benefit of Scotchmen,) to spit, to blow your nose—if you cannot avoid it, turn your head—to eat greedily, to lean your elbows on the table, to sit too far from it, to pick your teeth before the dishes are removed, or leave table before grace is said.” Again—“In eating your soup, to poke your nose into the plate is vulgar and unbecoming ;” and why ? “It has the appearance of being used to hard work,” a most shameful practice, certainly. More delicate still—“Avoid smelling at your meat, when on the fork, before putting it into your mouth.”

We insert, as the only farther contribution which Trussler can be allowed to make in our pages to the rules of good breeding, some charming hints to young ladies, for which those of Glasgow must feel much indebted to him.

“To young ladies who ought to be the patterns of society, the models of politeness, the *beau ideal* of good taste and good manners, we would say, permit a few words of friendly advice. To be what you ought to be, ‘never be afraid to blush ; do not talk loud ; refrain from talking much ; do not even hear a *double entendre* ; avoid lightness of carriage ; be discreet ; affect no languishing ; dare to be prudish ; be not too free ; dread to be cheap ; be modest and moderate in dress ; shun the idea of a vain woman ; study dignity of manner ; boast not of your appetite, nor say anything that conveys an indelicate idea ; receive a salute modestly ; be affable with the men, but not familiar ; be civil, but not complying ; be not always laughing and talking ; seem not to hear improper conversation.”

It is hardly fair to put such a plain writer as Mrs. Walker in company where Latin and Greek scholars flourish—she, who instead of being versed in the fashions of the Trongate of Glasgow, has been probably confined to the narrow circles of London and Paris.

Still, perhaps, it will be found that her work on "Female Beauty," though plain, is sensible, without ever being gross, and that health as well as mental happiness, are the objects which every one of this writer's directions concern—beautiful health, and mental gracefulness. The nature and scope of her work is explained in the following rather whimsical style.

"I may say that the whole plan of the work is new as well as systematic; and that not less new are—the consideration of dress as a fine art having definite principles—the vindication of the superiority of fitness to fashion, of cleanliness to cosmetics, and of natural complexion to artificial paints—the view of the relation of colours to each other, of their application to the face by contrast and reflection, and of their power to correct every fault of complexion—the exposition of the various modes of enhancing the effect of fine forms and features, and of correcting faulty ones—the generalizations or simplifications which regard the composition of dress—the views as to character, simplicity and ornament in dress, &c. as well as the method of illustrating these by drawings."

The science of dress is thus laid down with regard to the general principles that should regulate its choice.

"Clothing (quoth Mrs. Walker), is intended to act as a barrier between the natural temperature of the body, and the external temperature of the atmosphere—a barrier which ought to be more or less impervious, according as the changes or excesses of external temperature are more or less likely to injure the organs. The properties of the various substances, used as clothing, arise from their being good or bad conductors of caloric (or the cause of heat), and electricity, from the quantity of moisture which they imbibe, either from the external air, or from the emanations of the body, and from the facility with which they allow it to escape. It is evident, that that substance which is a bad conductor of caloric will be the warmest, because it neither allows of the escape of the caloric from the body, nor permits any caloric to penetrate it, and it consequently leaves the internal heat to concentrate on the surface of the skin,"

Mrs. Walker does not confine herself in her directions to persons of a particular condition; as is too much the case with our Glasgow professors, but offers practical and useful lessons for every situation in life. Our limits allow us to exhibit her manner of animadverting upon the follies of fashion in this country, in reference, chiefly, to the general spirit of imitating the French ignorantly; rather than to select the precise directions given concerning some special articles. In these remarks, she is not an extravagant admirer of the beauty of our neighbours on the other side of the channel, whatever credit she may yield them in respect of their artistic skill.

* "The women of France, considered generally, are the ugliest in Europe. Their forms are angular, meagre, and arid; their skin of greenish brown, or olive hue; their hair of an opaque dirty looking black, and excessively coarse; their forehead low; the general configuration of the head, as observed by Count Stendhal, like that of the monkey their eyebrows com-

pressed ; their upper lip frequently covered with mustaches ; and their voice rough. The most conspicuous point, in their moral character, is a degree of vanity so excessive, that, combined with such an exterior, it seems, to the calm and sensible observer, at once ludicrous and contemptible—an affectation so monstrous, and attended with such shrugs, shrivels, and grimaces, with nasal *ongs* and guttural *hrrs*, so brutal in sound, that, on first witnessing them, we begin by thinking it an unmerciful quiz, and end by discovering it to be a disgusting reality. Strange to tell, it is in this very ugliness and vanity, which have just been described, that originates French fashion. The deplorable physical condition and the extravagant mental desire combine to engender a desperate ingenuity in the invention of some palliation from dress and manners, which may mitigate such a condition. No violation of nature, accordingly, prevents the adoption of a dress which may serve for concealment. But the matter ends not here. The same vanity which engenders French fashion spreads its influence. Affected attitude, impudent strut, and impertinent chatter, are not more natural to that people, than they are necessary to the presentation of these monstrous inventions as absolute beauties. The combination of these is called, '*un air imposant*,' '*la mine imposante*.' And they do, indeed, impose upon the weaker, that is, the more numerous minds in all the surrounding countries. Does a Frenchwoman assume an immense bonnet, in order that the ribands and other appendages of which it admits may either soften or withdraw attention from her angular features? The Englishwoman throws aside her smaller bonnet, within which beauty alone could be seen, and obtrudes on the spectator a trumpery dress instead of charming features. How stupid and absurd a sacrifice! Does a Frenchwoman assume *des fichus montans*, frills, &c. because her neck, which may be relatively long, is black and skinny, and presents the horrible *cordes au cou*, or stringy neck, caused by passion, crying, shrieking, loud talking, &c? The Englishwoman, whose neck may be relatively short, round, polished, and white, absurdly adopts the same disguises, and leaves herself as little neck as a pig! Does a Frenchwoman assume monstrous sleeves *en gigot*, to cause a waist in which there is almost always a vaccine expansion of the lower ribs to appear less by comparison? The Englishwoman, whose waist is almost always slender enough, not only adopts the French monstrosity, but laces herself until she brings on the frightful catalogue of diseases described by Mr. Coulson, in his interesting work on the 'Deformities of the Chest.' Does a Frenchwoman assume a wide skirt and numerous trimmings to aid the last mentioned purpose as to the waist, as well as to conceal her meagre and bony limbs? The Englishwoman follows the example, and adds to her ampler hips and relatively shorter limbs, until she converts herself into a formless mass. Does a Frenchwoman adopt the strongest and most glaring colours, to overpower the yellow, green, and black horrors of her visage, or the frightful mustaches of her upper lip, or her coarse and dirty black hair? The Englishwoman assumes the fashionable colour, which is equally calculated to make her look ill and the Frenchwoman well, and which renders her exquisite complexion insipid, and gives to her soft and placid features the air of '*un mouton qui rêve*.' So complete is the imposition generated by French ugliness and vanity, that the French, as a pastime and solace to these amiable qualities, employ themselves extensively

in making models and pictures of dresses, which they never wear—which their means indeed do not permit of their wearing,—but which strangers, in their simplicity, adopt.”

‘We are glad to learn, however, from Mrs. Walker herself, that this servile and absurd species of imitation is rapidly on the decline in England, each of our fair having more or less perfectly discovered what suits her individually; or should it, indeed, be said, that this reform has made as yet but little progress, no doubt the volume before us is destined to work a salutary change on the part of every woman that studies its lessons; and to every one of the sex it may, with great propriety, be warmly recommended, whatever be her station in life and whatever her years.

Mr. Skelton’s volume deserves praise, and also a considerable share of that sort of criticism which common sense and an ordinary degree of taste must pronounce on the Glasgow philosophers and Grecians. “My Book” contains not a little that is trashy—other parts smack of vulgarity, and still more frequently the pedant appears in its pages. In spite of these drawbacks, however, there is so much that is amiable in point of feeling about the author, so much that is truly valuable under the heads of his social and moral instruction, together with so much of original thought quaintly illustrated, that we have gone along with him cheerfully, and, we hope, profitably.

The choice of a title for his work seems, as has been the case with thousands of authors, to have been a puzzle to Mr. Skelton; and “My Book” is assuredly such a general designation, at the same time that it is pedantic, that any sort of matter might have entered into it. “The Anatomy of Conduct,” is more precise, although under this name an *omnium gatherum* of axioms, dicta, speculations and nonsense, concerning life and manners—duty to God, our neighbours, and ourselves, have been huddled, without any regard to arrangement or graduated importance. “For years,” says the author, “when I have observed anything in false taste, I have remarked that when ‘My Book’ makes its appearance, such anomaly will be discontinued.” Nay, “in several societies ‘My Book’ has been referred to whenever *une meprise* has taken place.” Accordingly, after a “Dedication to the Public,” a “Preface,” and “Prologomena” of considerable length, in the latter of which preliminary dissertation education is brought in by the ears, and treated of in schoolmaster-like style, we come to the collected wisdom of “years,” upon every possible discovery of error in deportment, conduct, and manner.

Some of Mr. Skelton’s directions would lead us to suspect that he had collected materials for his “Book” under the same roof where our Glasgow professors have studied, had we not other grounds for thinking that he has seldom been distant from Cockneyland. For

instance he says—"do not wet your finger on your tongue to turn the leaf when reading; do not continually be passing your hand through your hair to the disgust of those who unfortunately may be placed near you." To be sure he seems to have been aware that there was something very beastly about his last remark, and lest some may surmise that it could not be "the emanation of a delicate mind," or of a writer competent "to the task he undertakes," he excuses his grossness in this complacent manner,—“they (the seemingly coarse remarks) are generated in a mind that feels intensely;—the author, ‘like a skilful surgeon, cuts beyond the wound, to make the cure complete.’”

What sort of associations, we wonder, were they which could lead Mr. Skelton to indite the following paragraphs?

“The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip, and should it be blunt, or the meat be overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat with any knife; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake, for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

“Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens; and we by much of its produce!

“When the finger glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents, or even rinse your mouth and spit it back;—although this has been done, by some inconsiderate persons.—Never, in short, do that of which, on reflection, you would be ashamed;—for instance, never help yourself to salt with your knife, a thing which is not unfrequently done in *la belle France* in the ‘perfumed chambers of the great.’—We all have much to unlearn, ere we can learn much that we should.—My effort is ‘to gather up the tares—and bind them in bundles to destroy them,’ and then to ‘gather the wheat into the barn.’

“When rose-water is carried round after dinner,—dip into it the corner of your napkin lightly, touch the tips of your fingers, and press the napkin on your lips.—Forbear plunging into the liquid, as into a bath.”

A knife is a saw! I a carver! finger-glasses! tares and wheat! (profanity say we,) and rose-water! Here is another extraordinary concatenation of ideas.

“OF THE WILL AND TESTAMENT.

“On this subject you must not only ponder but act,—and that promptly,—not leaving till to-morrow what should be done to day. The future may not be ours, let us then seize the present, for we know not what the morrow may bring forth. Is not death continually going about seeking whom he may devour? let us then be prepared to face the grim tyrant,—to cope with him in arms,—knowing that he cometh not upon us unprepared, when this important duty is discharged, and when we are reconciled to our Maker, through faith in His blood.

"How impossible is it to advise about the distribution of property; mayhap the testator knows no discretion; generosity may be spurned by him,—or economy loathed;—will he then thank me for my gratuitous advice? but let all remember, that a trifle bestowed 'where assistance is valuable,' when the individual is believed to merit the kindness, is acceptable in the sight of God, and 'wins golden opinions from all sorts of men;' let it not be said at least,

'Thou mak'st a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.'

"But to conclude, if any individual gifted with wealth, after having acted with justice to his kindred, finds himself still the possessor of funds, let him bequeath the surplus to the establishment of PUBLIC BATHS. This is a great desideratum in all large towns; it is the one thing needful; and the metropolis of the world, with all its vast improvements, ranks still very far from the station it can, and will hold, so long as the mechanic and the artisan are, in a manner, excluded from this healthful and necessary recreation. There are various bathing-places in London, where money is required at the entrance; I hope to see the day when Baths are open to the public 'free, gratis, for nothing.' "

Mr. Skelton, however earnest he may be in favour of the luxury of bathing, cannot endure that of smoking tobacco. He declares the latter to be an actual absurdity—and why?—because "the peer and the apprentice equally rejoice in it;" which seems to be in the author's estimation a marvellous contradiction, as if the peer and the apprentice were of different flesh and blood. He adds, "With a cigar in the mouth—to me it seems the patrician and the plebeian are more upon a level than political projects can bring them." This is funny reasoning, and a new method of enforcing the danger of the doctrine of equality.

"My Book" contains a strange assemblage of trifling, ridiculous, serious, and religious opinions. But it is not always consistent with itself in regard to the last of these departments. For example when on the subject of "Duelling," where, by the bye, there is a want of perspicuity and finish in the author's statement, he begins by saying it "cannot be dispensed with," and that, "but for this wholesome check, this salutary restraint," and so forth, the state of society would be much worse than it is. And yet, if we understand him aright, he denounces the practice as altogether indefensible,—for he says—"Sense, reason, religion, are against it." What more would the man have?

When treating of "Elocution," Mr. Skelton appears to us to be about as puerile and inconclusive as it ever fell to the lot of a stammerer to be.

"The Bar, the Pulpit, and the Stage, are all equally depressed. At the bar eloquence is almost a dead letter; barristers must relate 'matter of fact,' or they cannot be good lawyers; this is excellent, to 'give standing'

to a dull clod, who otherwise would never have been 'placed,' and approbation to language, that otherwise would never have been tolerated; their pronunciation being in keeping with 'my lud.' Is it not surprising that the judges of the land, held in such deserved estimation and respect by the public, should allow such a flippant and disrespectful style in the counsel who address them? 'They have all a mouthful, but none abundance' of eloquence, learning, or law; thus the bar has ceased to be a school for diction.

"Although we have many in the pulpit who discourse most eloquently, whose zeal and sincerity bring conviction to the mind and joy to the heart of the hearer, yet is their manner often unpleasing, and their enunciation far from correct. A little care would remedy this, and God's divine language would come clad in a better garb.

"The Church Service,—so beautiful in itself,—demands an appropriate pronunciation. The dignitaries of the Papal Church ordain not deformed persons; they think that the altar of heaven should be served only by those who possess nature's fair proportions; our bishops, in like manner, should not ordain those who deform the language of Scripture.

"The Stage is at a still lower ebb, it is lamentably, disgracefully, deficient; there was a time, when the picture was so complete,

" 'It rubb'd a wrinkle from the brow of care.'

In the words of Campbell, in reference to John Kemble:—

" 'But by the mighty actor wrought,
Illusion's wedded triumphs come;
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb. .
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page;
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.'

"We have yet Macready, and two or three others in their respective walks; none else can mount the throne.

"Such is the gross ignorance and carelessness of the stage, at present, that the same word in the same piece, is differently pronounced, with continued inaccuracy in the delivery of the text. The manager takes a greater interest in the getting up of a fine pageant than in the production of a good play.

"But pageants and operas are now 'the order of the course;' the legitimate drama is, at present, set aside, though Knowles writes with a vigour Shakspearian; let me hope, phoenix-like, it will rise from its ashes!"

Look into "My Book" on "Letter-writing," the whole of which article we copy.

"London, July, 1837.

"MY DEAR READER,

"A letter should begin and finish in this manner, as an arrangement of the external will beget a kindred neatness in the style of the composition.—This should not be neglected, as a man's character may be ascertained by the uniform order he shows in the various transactions of life, by his epistolary correspondence, his manners, and his dress;

relying with confidence upon such a man,—you may depend with the Palmist that he would ‘set a watch before his mouth, to keep the door of his lips:’ that he would your faults ‘extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.’ But, above all, write on the spur of the moment when you feel the subject,—if it be in reply to any letter of importance,—but by no means send it till you have taken time for reflection;—and never by any chance be guilty of so gross a dereliction as to neglect to answer a correspondent.—In your travels also, and on various occasions that may arise in life,—put down the impression at the moment,—and when, after a time, you meet with the passage, (on accidentally looking through your papers), you will be absolutely astonished at the vivid feelings that were then aroused within you, and you will re-peruse it with much the same satisfaction that you welcome the return of a friend.

“When writing to any one in town, at the top of the letter name the street in which you live; when writing into the country, head it with the town or city from which you write. You will also remember to begin your letter, rather more than mid-way down, with a bold margin on the first side of the sheet.

“The consideration that any of these remarks may be serviceable, will more than indemnify, my dear Reader,

“Ever your’s, respectfully and obligedly,

“THE AUTHOR.

“P.S.—Should you at any time send a letter by the hands of a friend, you must not seal it, only turn the left corner. It would equally be a breach of trust to read a letter so entrusted, as to steal your cash; a person guilty of the one—would do the other,—but that he dreads the consequences.”

On “Time” Mr. Skelton exclaims—“how awful is the consideration of the manner in which we misspend this invaluable gift!” There is an old adage about the danger of living in glass houses, and provoking those without to retaliate with stones, which an ill-natured critic might utter on the present occasion. Here is a sample of sage and valuable information for thee, gentle reader, and a sufficient test by which to ascertain the mental occupations of the author. It is on “Parties.”

“Soirées are more economical than dinner parties,—and give greater satisfaction to the younger branches of your friends and acquaintance;—less wine is drunk at them—more innocent mirth reigns,—which will better bear the reflection of the morrow. They may be given to produce some *éclat*,—as—in one room—cards,—in another—music, and in a third—dancing,—and for the bright enactment of the pageant, supper should be announced in a fourth *salon*, at one o’clock precisely;—the coffee, &c. during the evening being carried round at stated intervals,—that the servants may not be continually in the room to the great annoyance of the company.

“A good bed-room may be turned, at little expense, into a beautiful dancing-room, in the manner following.—take an even number of stripes of calico—blue and white, highly glazed,—let them be put up alternately.

in breadths, fluted from the floor to the ceiling,—covering the windows; the doors may be taken off, and scarlet cloth hung up to cover the entrance, which the hand easily puts aside, to gain admittance,—and it has the advantage of deadening the sound in the adjoining rooms, as singing and dancing—each delightful in its way—do not accord *ensemble*. Or the coloured and white calico may be drawn alternately to a radius in each compartment of the room with a bracket and bouquet of flowers in the centre: and with a handsome lamp suspended from the ceiling, large enough to light the whole room, and forms round the walls,—you have a very handsome room—with something like the effect of a tent.

“With forethought and attention everything may be done well;—but in party-giving—set about the thing in good time,—leave it not to the last. Invitations should be sent by hand a month before the appointed day; or should it take place about Christmas,—or in the season when many parties are on the *tapis*,—give even a longer notice, that you may not be disappointed of your expected friends. It is matter of regret—after much trouble and outlay of expense, if you have not a company to partake your hospitality;—beware only of magnificent display;—else—some of your *friends*—who have ate and drunk to repletion at your cost,—when returning home ‘*impleti veteris Bacchi*,’ may allow the entertainment was delightful,—the amusements charming and various,—but ‘what do you think—ha, ha—I hope he can afford it!’ ”

On the “Choice of a Profession,” Mr. Skelton says—

“Such is the short-sightedness of the world—that the parent consults his own views and opportunities to forward the interest of his child in any profession he may destine him to follow; without reference to the bias of his child’s genius, though on that depends his success through life. This must account for the few who rise above mediocrity,—whereas by a youth of study—excellence would otherwise be so easy of attainment,—but when at length they are of age to judge for themselves their destiny is cast; they then plod on discontented and weary,—not knowing what else to do.”

Now, if our author’s views and reproof were fully felt, and the conduct of parents universally or generally wise according to his suggestions, why, there would be a general rising above the present age of mediocrity,—but how was excellence above this general rise to be attained? To your rules of proportion and relative degrees, worthy Mr. Skelton, we must direct you.

In searching for one example more of our author’s rigmarole style of thinking, and out-of-the-way method of assorting ideas, we have fortunately lighted upon his rhapsody about “Woman.” Here is an extract from the article.

“Woman—dear Woman—how shall I liken thee? What language can speak my glowing admiration? What pen can narrate thy various perfections? What mortal presume to scan thy fair attributes, and weigh thy divinity in the scale? Thou art at once the Eden of our happiness—or a water in the drought,—like the vapour in the marsh, thy light leads us on; but unlike the vision, ‘thou keep’st the word of promise;’—without thee, ‘sickness cometh like an armed man;’ with

thee, 'the desert bloometh like the rose.'—In prosperity we love and admire, but adversity trieth thee, 'even as silver is tried,' and we find thee 'a ministering angel.' Equally the adored object—whether tending in illness—enlivening in the domestic circle—or shining in the blaze of the ball. What could make the coward brave—what the miser generous—what the tyrant merciful?—In happiness, in adversity, beloved woman. Such is she in her purity and innocence; and such may she ever be. It is well said, that

'Angels are painted fair, to look like them,'

for divinity seems the emblem of both; the ethereal essence seems equally shed upon each; they teach us piety by their devotion; resignation, by their long suffering; and by their religion, love.

"But in this burst of enthusiasm for the sex, it is my province as a moralist, my duty (though no pleasing duty), to endeavour to uproot the baneful weeds, which too frequently take root and flourish in the rich and promising garden of all our hopes and expectations. We have acknowledged the omnipotence of woman—we will now point out a few foibles, follies, and vices to be avoided by them. In this we shall be forgiven, as we find nothing perfect in nature; we even see spots in the sun,

'But would not therefore wish his light undone.'

"The nature of woman is prone to all excellence—amiability is their first impression; and if they would only exercise the more kindly propensities, how much more glorious would be their reign. The feelings of the heart—the disposition of the mind, are stamped on the countenance. Who does not observe, 'what a sweet smile'—'what a good creature'—or, 'what a vixen:' all which, and more, much more, is told by the expression of the face; an expression which in youth is all innocence—in after-age partakes of the ruling passion; that index of the soul, the human face divine, as plainly indicates this, as the smiling landscape lighted by the sun; how great, therefore, should be the effort to throw away the grosser part, and subdue the passions, and only allow the more kindly lineaments of the heart to set their signet on the brow. The domineering spirit evinced by many women over their weak husbands—their poor servants—and their tender offspring, is lamentable in effect—and surprising to contemplate. Our only wonder is, that such women were ever married; but the fact is, they were married during the innocence of youth, before the passions had gained the ascendant—before the mark was stamped upon them. I attribute, in a great measure, this domineering spirit in the female—which is rarely found in men—to the simple fact—that young ladies are seldom subject to rule and governance; most young men are, more or less, placed under authority, which begets a kindly feeling for those

'Who are born with fortune's yoke about their neck;'

which authority the ladies never having experienced, feel not that it is cruel to usurp as they do—stamping thereby the character on the visage. But when we observe a benevolent expression of countenance in a neatly-attired elderly lady, do we not consider it the beauty of age?—and how can this glorious end be attained, without all the kindlier feelings of our nature predominating?"

These specimens must suffice from the last of the works in the list at the beginning of this paper. A considerable, and, after all, by far the best part of "My Book," consists of pure extracts from some of the most esteemed English authors, for the use, as states the extractor, of "writers and speakers." The collection, however, has nothing to boast of, either as regards its plan or execution. Any ordinary reader and thinker might have produced a much richer series, and after all, it seems to have been introduced merely to swell the volume.

In conclusion, and with reference to books which treat of good-breeding, politeness, and taste, we must say that to persons whose minds are essentially vulgar or unrefined—to all who cannot perceive the beauty of moral and mental culture, they can be of very little use; but that, on the contrary, where there is the grace or the appreciation of mental culture as a natural and spontaneous result, will good manners follow, both in public and private intercourse. Where such inward treasures and tastes exist, the individual peculiarities which characterise their display, have a raciness and charm about them, worth ten thousand formalities.

ART. IV.—*The Tribute: a Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems.* By various Authors. Edited by LORD NORTHAMPTON. 8vo. pp. 422. London: Murray. 1837.

THE preface to this volume informs us, that it was "projected as early as spring, 1836, while the late Reverend Edward Smedley was still living; and its original object was to spare him the necessity for those arduous literary labours which at that time threatened his sight or his life. His hearing he had already lost, and a disorder in his eyes was to all appearance sapping a sense still more precious. Before many weeks had elapsed, these anticipations proved too well founded, and death relieved him from his sufferings, and deprived his family of an affectionate husband and father. For *them* the project was continued." This benevolent purpose was not, however, disclosed to the family of the deceased, until the voluntary contributions presented by a number of our most illustrious poets were of such an amount as rendered the completion of a handsome volume certain. It is proper also to mention that Mrs. Smedley, in the meantime, has been preparing a collection of her husband's poems, with a memoir of his Life; to be published by subscription, to which, on its appearance, we shall be happy to lend the best recommendation in our power, consistently with candour. At present, however, it is only with the elegant "Tribute" before us that we have to do, and when we enumerate among its contributors the following names, there need little else be said to convince our

readers that its contents possess very various beauties. Among these names, we specify some not only celebrated as poets, but several whose offerings will be more greedily read and sought after on account of other circumstances than being the wooers of the muse. Thus we have offerings, not only by Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, Joanna Baillie, Montgomery, Bowles, and Milman, but by Lord John Russell, and Mr. Spring Rice; the late Lady Northampton, Lady Dacre, Sir E. Cust, B. Barton, G. P. R. James, Chauncey Hare Townshend, Gally Knight, Horace Smith, Lander, Agnes Strickland, Mary L. Boyle, M. Popple, &c., besides the contributions of the noble editor himself, which are not less creditable to his genius as a poet, than the project fulfilled by the "Tribute" is to his judgment and considerate philanthropy.

In such a case as the present, it would be extremely ill-timed to apply the strictest rules of criticism. With reference to pieces which may have been written *on demand*, but where the object to be served is one that comes immediately home to the heart of every one, the will ought to be taken, in a great measure, for the deed. Two general remarks, however, we are bound to offer regarding the merits of these "Miscellaneous Poems." The first is, that the most eminent of the contributors, speaking of them according to poetic fame, appear to have laboured under some sort of restraint which did not usually controul them in most of their former unsolicited efforts. We have not detected in this collection any thing of Wordsworth's, Southey's, or Moore's, for example, that could ever have been the ground for any portion of their well-earned renown, much less increase or serve to perpetuate its amount. Take Moore's translation from the Persian, entitled "Mute Courtship."

" Love hath a language of his own—
 A voice, that goes
 From heart to heart—whose mystic tone
 Love only knows.
 The lotus-flower, whose leaves I now
 Kiss silently,
 Far more than words will tell thee how
 I worship thee.
 The mirror, which to thee I hold—
 Which, when imprest
 With thy bright looks, I turn and fold
 To this fond breast—
 Does it not speak, beyond all spells
 Of poet's art,
 How deep thy hidden image dwells
 In this hushed heart?"

We have not often found the modern master of the most bewitching conceits of thought and expression so cold and lame as in the

above instance. Take Wordsworth's "Stanzas," about the moon as another example; here, although it be quite true that he has clothed that orb, which poetasters have abused by their sickening fulsomeness, and forced addresses, time out of mind, with some fine and impressive attributes, which none but an originalist and one possessed of a subtle fancy that luxuriates in its own warmth and purity could have felt or uttered, yet the piece will not bear a comparison in point of the simplicity and intensity of the emotions and thoughts which it suggests, with almost innumerable specimens to be gathered both from his larger and smaller compositions. We copy them for the opinion of our readers.

"The moon that sails along the sky
 Moves with a happy destiny,
 Oft is she hid from mortal eye
 Or dimly seen;
 But when the clouds asunder fly,
 How bright her mien!
 Not flagging when the winds all sleep,
 Not hurried onward, when they sweep
 The bosom of the æthereal deep,
 Not turned aside,
 She knows an even course to keep
 Whate'er betide.
 Perverse are we—a froward race;
 Thousands, though rich in fortune's grace,
 With cherished sullenness of pace
 Their way pursue,
 Ingrates, who wear a smileless face
 The whole year through.
 If kindred humour e'er should wake
 My spirit droop for drooping sake,
 From Fancy following in thy wake,
 Bright ship of Heaven,
 A counter-impulse let me take
 And be forgiven."

Our second remark is, that while our mighty minstrels, as compared with themselves, cannot reap any additional fame from their present offerings, the contributors here of lesser name appear to us, in not a few instances, to eclipse them. Let it not be thought, however, that by our succeeding extracts we have sedulously searched for the best proofs. Indeed on such an occasion any such principle of selection would be invidious, especially as there is not a piece in the whole volume that does not add to the adornment of our literature. But it is nothing more than what is due to the noble editor, to give him a precedence, for his tributes possess a double value. Take his sonnet to "Memory," as a fitting commencement.

" Oh, Memory ! thou ever restless power,
 Recalling all that's vanish'd from our sight,
 Thy pencil dipp'd now in the rainbow's light,
 Now in the gloomy tints of midnight's hour,
 From youth's gay garden, manhood's blighted bower,
 Culling thy varied chaplet, dark and bright—
 The rose, the rue, the baleful aconite :
 Alternating the cypress and the flower !
 Casting with light'ning speed thy vizard glance
 Through the long retrospect of by-gone years,
 Whence, at thine hest, in dim array advance,
 Shadows of idle hopes, and idle fears :
 Half cheerful is thy saddest countenance,
 Thy sweetest smile, alas, is moist with tears !"

The next specimen by the same writer—"The Poor Poet to his Purse, the work and gift of three sisters," is playful in measure and quaintly poetical.

" Phoebus had golden hair,
 'Twas all the gold he e'er possess'd,
 But then he had a very flashy air,
 And in his dishabille was thought well dress'd.
 Alas ! 'twould cost much money now-a-days,
 To make hat, coat, and trowsers of green bays !
 We Poets yet,
 As was Apollo erst, are poor—
 He ran in debt
 We may be sure,
 And never paid the coachmaker his bill,
 Who furnish'd him his Phaeton :
 And we, his sons, can testify that still
 Pactolus is not Helicon !
 Dear Purse, my song returns to thee,
 Thou creature of my patronesses three !
 I gaze admiring on thy silken sheen,
 Thy rings vandyked, thy pendent glossy ends,
 Thy meshes intricate of blue and green,
 Thou proof the Muses and the Graces are good friends.
 Another proof less pleasing dost thou yield :
 Purses are sooner made than fill'd !—

We like the verses by the Rev. H. Thompson, of Wrington Rectory, to the memory of his deceased friend, whose condition called forth the contents of the "Tribute." We extract a part—

" I set no cypress on thy last abode,
 Friend of my earliest, best, and happiest days !
 But rather would I plant the solemn sod
 With emblems bright of thankfulness and praise ;

Violet and rose, whose fragrant bloom decays
 In grateful incense to their author God,
 And trustful hope again their heads to raise
 From root ensepulchred in earthy clod.
 Thus didst thou fall, in richest flower and pride
 Of genius and of years; the fragrance pure
 Of learning and example scattering wide;
 Best sacrifice to Him who gave! 'in sure
 And certain hope' to rise beatified
 In the spring morn that ever shall endure.

* * * *

Happy in life and death, lov'd friend, farewell!
 Happy in life! since life's severest woes
 At Love's transforming smile in joy repose,
 While health is sickness where he deigns not dwell!
 Happy in death! for with the invisible,
 With whom was here thy converse, God, and those
 Who share his vision's bliss, thou dost unclose
 The unbodied sense to words ineffable!
 Farewell a little space! Taught here how brief,
 How insignificant the woes of time,
 From earth I hope not nor regret relief;
 But, rising to thy hopes and aims sublime,
 I'll trust to meet thee far o'er care and grief
 In Love's own native and immortal clime."

Here are some sweet and spirited lines to an old acquaintance of ours. We judge of their worth by the manner in which they revive early and dear impressions. The lines are by William Empson, Esq.

" Bravo, cuckoo, call again!
 Loud and louder still!
 From the hedge-partition'd plain
 And the wood-topp'd hill.
 With thine unmistaken shout
 Make the valley ring!
 All the world is looking out,
 But in vain, for spring.
 I have search'd in every place,
 Garden, grove, and green;
 Of her footstep not a trace
 Is there to be seen.
 Yet her servants without fail
 Have observed their day,
 Swallow, bat, and nightingale;
 And herself away!
 Shout again! she knows thy call,
 'Tis her muster drum:
 An she be on earth at all
 She will hear and come."

"Love and Sorrow," by A. J. De Vere, ought to rank high, on account of its delicate fancies.

" Whenever under bowers of myrtle
Love, summer-tressed and vernal-eyed,
At morn or eve is seen to wander,
A dark-eyed girl at his side.
No eye beholds the Virgin gliding
Unsandalled through the thickets' glooms ;
Yet some have mark'd her shadow moving
Like twilight o'er the whiter blooms.
A golden bow the Brother carries,
A silver flute the Sister bears ;
And ever at the fatal moment
The notes and arrows fly in pairs.
She rests her flute upon her bosom,
(While up to Heaven his bow he rears,)
And as her kisses make it tremble,
That flute is moistened by her tears.
The lovely twain were born together,
And in the same shell cradle laid,
And in the bosom of one Mother
Together slept, and sleeping played.
With hands into each other woven,
And whispering lips that seemed to teach
Each other in their rosy motion
What still their favourites learn from each.
Proud of her boy, the Mother showed him
To mortal and immortal eye,
But hid, (because she loved her dearer,)
The deeper, sweeter mystery.
Accept them both, or hope for neither,
Oh loveliest Youth, or Maid lovelorn,
For Grief has come when Love is welcome,
And Love will comfort those who mourn."

We had almost overlooked a hearty little poem by the author of "Lines" to the cuckoo. It is addressed to "Shakspeare."

" Oh surely, Willie Shakspeare,
We are not parting too !
Yet now we meet not daily
As we were wont to do .
For more than bone of my bone,
Heart of my very heart,
In all my schemes of pleasure
Thou once went art and part.
At night beneath my pillow,
In hand at every stroll,

The Tribute.

Thy words like second nature
 Came bounding o'er my soul.
 But now—I scarce believe it—
 Whole weeks may pass away ;
 And with my boon companions
 I shall not spend a day.
 Like Hal I am reforming :
 For a good month or more
 That fat old knight of Eastcheap
 Has never crossed my door.
 I have not fool'd Malvolio
 To his fantastic walk,
 Nor with the gipsy Rosalind
 Devised a jeering talk
 Nor lent adventurous Portia
 A Lawyer's gown and guiles ;
 Nor tangled wanton Antony
 In Cleopatra's smiles :
 Nor gone a gallant masquer
 Unto Lord Capulet's ball,
 And vaulted with young Montague
 That midnight garden-wall.
 When was it last, sweet Imogen,
 We left for love our home ;
 And thou and I, brave Martius,
 Canvass'd the mob of Rome ?
 It seems an age since, maddening
 I wandered forth with Lear,
 Or stuck Titania's roses
 In Bully Bottom's ear :
 Or woo'd with saucy Benedict
 A yet more saucy maid,
 Or learned from hot Petruchio
 To make myself obey'd :
 Or sang with pretty Ariel
 His blossom-waving song,
 Or brooded with poor Hamlet
 Over a father's wrong :
 Avenged the world on Cæsar,
 Echoed Othello's groan,
 Or saw from Duncan's chamber
 Macbeth steal out alone.
 My darling Willie Shakspeare,
 This coldness must not grow :
 I love thee far too dearly
 To think of parting so.

I've grasped the hand of Manhood,
In generous anguish, fast ;
I've kiss'd the lip of woman,
And known it was her last :
I've watch'd what's worse than all this,
A friendship waste away,
And love, believed immortal,
Like vulgar loves decay.
No form of bitter trial,
Alas, is new to me !
So much the more 'twould cost me
To say, farewell, to thee."

One maiden contributor to the "Tribute," whose name may not be familiar to all our readers, must be allowed to discourse of "Woman." The verses are by Miss M. Popple.

"Ask ye what woman was form'd to be ?
Oh, woman was form'd to be fair and vain ;
To sport awhile on the summer sea,
But to shrink from the winter-blast of pain.
To smile on man in his hour of joy,
To weave for his brow the festal wreath—
But to flee from the storms which his peace destroy,
And to quail at the withering glance of Death.
No—woman was form'd for a loftier sphere,
Nor pleasure to court, nor pity to claim,
But to rival man in his wide career,
And to mount with him to the heights of fame.
To laugh at the spectre of Fear, and dare
To gaze unmoved on the sanguine field ;
Man's valour, and pride, and ambition to share,
Nor in aught, save the strength of her arm, to yield.
Oh, false is the notion that either extreme
Is the path which woman was born to tread !
Her course is that of the bounteous stream,
As it calmly glides o'er its sparkling bed.
Though it want the strength of the ocean wave,
Nor whirlpool nor hurricane trouble its breast,
And it still flows on through the darksome cave,
As it flow'd through the sunniest vale of rest.
Yes—to woman was given the twofold power,
To gild with her smile the green vistas of life,
And when its horizon with tempests shall lour,
With that smile to dispel the dark omens of strife.
And, though by her nature defenceless and weak,
She may ask the support of a manlier breast,
'Tis such as the tender vine may seek
From the stem by her faithful arms caress.

Then deem not that woman was form'd to be
 The toy of a moment, capricious and vain ;
 For bright as an angel of mercy may she
 Be found by the wearisome couch of pain.
 And though with a feminine softness she shrink
 From the toils which in this world man's spirit may dare ;
 Yet steadfast as him may she stand on the brink
 Of that which alike they hereafter must share."

In our preliminary observations it was stated that besides contributions by a number of individuals who have heretofore earned a lasting poetic renown, the "Tribute" contained offerings furnished by personages who are generally known for their distinguished rank in some other department. We instanced men who occupy much of public attention as legislators and ministers of state. They, of course, seldom have time to disport themselves in poetic numbers, or in any pastime disjoined from the toils of office, and the turmoils of political warfare. It is, however, one of the most acceptable features belonging to the present volume, that writers of extremely opposite sentiments on general national affairs have but one way of thinking, and are equally willing to exert themselves to the utmost, whenever the cause appeals to natural sympathies, and in behalf of any clearly defined object possessing claims upon them. We therefore cannot admire or excuse the writers in some of the Metropolitan newspapers, who in reference to two contributions to the "Tribute," have allowed party prejudice and rancour to warp and envenom their criticism. Why should a man's purely literary productions be mixed up with his measures of public policy? What is it to the interest of poetry whether the verses which possess high merit be by a Radical, Whig, or Tory? Absolutely nothing, and according to this view, we hope, that the "Monthly Review" will ever speak.

There are, however, two grounds on which we must congratulate our readers on the appearance of the contributions alluded to, which we merely point out, and then present the pieces themselves. First, when Cabinet Ministers are known to cherish such sentiments, and court such kinds of solace, amid their immoderate labours of office, it should banish all hostility and rancour towards them personally, and as men, which the strife of politics is apt to engender. Is it possible to believe that Mr. Spring Rice, or Lord John Russell can either be men of grovelling or malevolent minds, or even so weak as some would represent them, after perusing the lines to be quoted "On Revisiting Trinity College, Cambridge, after Twenty Years' Absence," by the former, and the Opening of the Fifth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, by the latter? The supposition involves a contradiction, and is therefore an absurdity.

The other point to which we call attention concerns still more deeply the welfare of society and the progress of civilization. It is

that in the fact of members of the British Cabinet cherishing a love of letters, an unquestionable, a satisfactory proof is afforded that the interests of refining literature will not be neglected by them ; and let all the friends of these interests, and all the contributors to them, take comfort from the fact.

We now present a specimen of the manner in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer chooses to employ some of the hours of his relaxation from dry and dull drudgery. It affords a striking contrast to his late displays to the electors of Cambridge.

“ Years have rolled on since first I passed these gates,
Yet each succeeding year I love thee more—
When I revisit thee, within my heart
Thoughts, images, emotions crowd.—The past
Awakens from its tomb, and present light
Blends with the future's dim uncertainty.
All that is best in life I here have known,
Love, Friendship, and Ambition, heavenly Hope
Lifting her seraph-eye to brighter worlds :—
And now the gushing founts of tenderness
Which spring perennial in a parent's heart.

Thy walls to me are vocal. Many a sound
Of solemn warning and of stern reproof
Echoes beneath those arches,—Time misused
And Opportunity for ever lost—
Powers misapplied—these thoughts of deep remorse,
All, all around me rise, like angry shades
Which haunt the midnight of some murderer.
Oh ! had such thoughts flowed earlier o'er my mind,
I should not now lament its barrenness.
Had they but roused me to some strenuous deeds,
In more enduring love for human kind,
Purging my soul from sloth and selfishness—
Had those whose bright examples might have taught
To scorn the earth, and humbly strive for heaven—
Had these but shed due influence, noble acts
Had sprung from noble thoughts—Duty and Joy,
Like two fair sisters with their arms entwined
And glances love returning, had led on,
Through deeds of manly usefulness below,
To the inheritance of brighter crowns.

But though the sun his mid-day height has passed
Light yet remaineth while 'tis given to work—
Then let me not a vile and abject thing
Pass in a world of dreams my life away—
Or bubble-like float down the stream of life—
Or like an autumn leaf circling aloft
Whirl in a useless orbit.—
The drowsy joys of indolent repose,

Or the unmeaning laugh of vapid mirth
 Accomplish not man's destiny.—'Tis his
 To will—to do—to suffer—days of toil
 And nights of watching—and to cast his lot—
 To live for others—or to live in vain,

Before the Spirit to Bethesda's pool
 Gave healing power, the waters first were moved ;—
 Could but such influence reach a worm like me,
 And rouse from torpor, life new life would gain,
 And, like the Eagle springing towards the Sun,
 The soul, on angel-pinions borne, would seek
 Eternal Beauty—undecaying Truth,
 Wisdom heaven-taught, and Virtue strong in Faith."

Lord John's translation from the *Odyssey* contains Jove's message by Mercury to Calypso. We think it possesses no small share of Homer's circumstantial manner of description, conveyed in English aptly chosen.

"The golden sandals on his feet he tied,
 Wing'd and immortal, by whose aid he darts,
 Swift as the gale, o'er lands and oceans wide :
 Then grasped the wand, whose magic power imparts
 Sleep to the eyes of men ; or, if applied
 With other aim, the weary mortal starts
 From deepest slumber : bearing in his hand
 This rod, he lighted on Pierian land.

Thence from the mountain's top, with one light fling,
 He touched the sea ; and as upon the wave
 The sea-gull hovers, dipping her white wing
 From time to time, so too did Mercury lave
 His brilliant pinion, till with easy spring
 He reached the distant isle, where, in a cave,
 Calypso dwells ; then, rising from the brine,
 He sought the mansion of the nymph divine.

A fire of cedar, blent with frankincense,
 Round the green isle its pleasant odour spread ;
 The nymph's sweet song beguiled another sense,
 And as she sung, she wove the golden thread ;
 Above the illumined cave a forest dense,
 Of cypress, ash, and poplar, reared its head :
 Where hawks and hems amid the boughs build high
 Their rocking nests, and sea-mews circling fly.

Round the cave's mouth broad vines embracing throw
 Their tendrils, rich with many a clustering grape
 Four fountains here with crystal waters flow,
 Together rise, but different ways escape ;
 There, in green meadows, scented violets grow,
 While flowers and herbs, of every hue and shape,

Flourish uncheck'd ; a god approaching near
Might well admire, nor deem Elysium dear.

Charm'd with the savage beauty of the place,
One moment Hermes paused ; within the cave
The next he stood ; Calypso knew the face
Of him she met ; such sense immortals have,
Though far and long removed by time and space,—
But undiscovered was the chieftain brave :
He, sitting on the shore, in melting wo,
Gazed on the barren sea, and let his tears fast flow.

The fair-haired nymph, when she had placed the god
Upon her throne of ivory, thus address :
' Say, now, mild bearer of the golden rod,
What happy errand gives me such a guest ?
For none, till now, have more unfrequent trod
My cave : be frank, and tell me thy behest,
Whate'er it be, thy pleasure be the lord
Of all my pow'r ; but first partake my board.'

Then on a table spreading the repast,
Ambrosia and red nectar, Hermes took
Refection suited to his length of fast,
Then spoke.—"

Our last extract shall be the most lengthened of any yet given ; but it cannot well bear to be broken up, nor will any one think it too extended. It is by Mr. Landor, and has for title "Luther's Parents." Besides its dramatic power, and a felicitous shadowing forth of two characters, the scene is highly engaging, and poetically sustained. Indeed, with our other specimens this dialogue should recommend "The Tribute" to a multitude of readers. It will adorn and enrich any library in the land.

"*John Luther.* I left thee, Margaretta, fast asleep,
Thou, who wert always earlier than myself,
Yet hast no mine to trudge to, hast no wedge
To sharpen at the forge, no pickaxe loose
In handle.

Come, blush not again : thy cheeks
May now shake off those blossoms which they bore
So thick this morning, that last night's avowal
Nestled among them still.

So, in few months
A noisier bird partakes our whispering bower.
Say it again.

Margaretta. And, in my dream, I blushed !

John. Idler ! wert dreaming too ? and after dawn ?

Marg. In truth was I.

John. Of me ?

Marg. No, not of you.
John. No matter ; for methinks some seraphs wing
 Fann'd that bright countenance.

Marg. Methinks it did,
 And stirr'd my soul within.

How could you go
 And never say good-bye, and give no kiss ?

John. It might have waken'd thee. I can give more
 Kisses than sleep : so thinking, I heav'd up
 Slowly my elbow from above the pillow,
 And, when I saw it woke thee not, went forth.

Marg. I would have been awaken'd for a kiss,
 And a good-bye, or either, if not both.

John. Thy dreams were not worth much then.

Marg. Few dreams are ;
 But

John. By my troth ! I will intrench upon
 The woman's dowry, and will contradict,
 Tho' I should never contradict again,
 I have got more from dreams a hundred-fold
 Than all the solid earth, than field, than town,
 Than (the close niggard purse that cramps my fist,)
 The mine will ever bring me.

Marg. So have I,
 And so shall each indeed, if this be true.

John. What was it then ? for when good dreams befall
 The true of heart, 'tis likely they come true. . .
 A vein of gold ? ay ? silver ? copper ? iron ?
 Lead ? sulphur ? alum ? alabaster ? coal ?
 Shake not those ringlets nor let down those eyes,
 Tho' they look prettier for it, but speak out.
 True, these are not thy dainties.

Marg. Guess again.

John. Crystalline kitchens, amber-basted spits
 Whizzing with frothy savory salamanders,
 And swans, that might, so plump and pleasant-looking,
 Swim in the water from the mouths of knights ;
 And ostrich-eggs off coral woods (the nests
 Outside of cinnamon, inside of saffron,
 And mortar'd well, for safety-sake, with myrrh)
 Serv'd up in fern leaves green before the flood ?

Marg. Stuff ! you will never guess it, I am sure.

John. No ? and yet these are well worth dreaming of.

Marg. Try once again.

John. Faith ! it is kind to let me.

Under-ground beer-cascades from Nuremberg ?
 Rhine vintage stealing from Electoral cellars,
 And, broader than sea-baths for mermaid brides,
 With fluits upon the surface strides across,
 Pink conchs to catch it, and to light it down ;

And music from basaltic organ-pipes

For dancing; and five faeries to one man.

Marg. Oh his wild fancies! . . . Are they innocent?

John. I think I must be near it, by that shrug.

Spicy sack-posset, roaring from hot springs,
And running off like mad through candied cliffs,
But catching now and then some fruit that drops. . .
Shake thy head yet? why then thou hast the palsy.
Zooks! I have thought of all things probable
And come to my wit's end.

What canst thou mean?

Marg. Nay, I have half a mind now not to tell.

John. Then it is out . . . Thy whole one ill could hold it.

A woman's mind hates pitch upon its seams.

Marg. Hush! one word more! and then my lips are closed.

John. Pish! one more word! and then my lips . . .

Marg. O rare

Impudent man! . . . and such discourse from you!

I dreamt we had a boy . . .

John. A wench, a wench

A boy were not like thee.

Marg. I said a boy.

John. Well, let us have him, if we miss the girl.

Marg. My father told me he *must* have a boy,
And call him Martin (his own name), because
Saint Martin both was brave, and cloth'd the poor.

John. Hurrah then for Saint Martin! he shall have
Enough to work on in this house of our's.

Marg. Now do not laugh, dear husband! but this dream
Seem'd somewhat more.

John. So do all dreams, ere past.

Marg. Well, but it seems so still.

John. Aye, twist my fingers,

Basketing them to hold it.

Marg. Never grave!

John. I shall be.

Marg. That one thought should make you now,

John. And that one tap upon the cheek to boot.

Marg. I do believe, if you were call'd to heaven,
You would stay toying here.

John. I doubt I should.

Methinks I set my back against the gate,
Thrown open to me by this rosy hand,
And look both ways, but see more heaven than earth:
Give me thy dream: thou putt'st it aside:
I must be feasted: fetch it forth at once.

Marg. Husband! I dreamt the child was in my arms,
And held a sword, which from its little grasp
I could not move, nor you: I dreamt that proud

But tottering shapes, in purple filagree,
 Pull'd at it, and he laught.
John. They frighten'd thee !
Marg. Frighten'd me ! no : the infant's strength prevail'd.
 Devils, with angels' faces, throng'd about ;
 Some offer'd flowers, and some held cups behind,
 And some held daggers under silken stoles.
John. These frighten'd thee, however.
Marg. He knew all ;
 I knew he did.
John. A dream ! a dream indeed !
 He knew and laught !
Marg. He sought his mother's breast,
 And lookt at them no longer.
 All the room
 Was fill'd with light and gladness.
John. He shall be
 Richer than we are ; he shall mount his horse ;
 A feat above his father ; and be one
 Of the duke's spearmen.
Marg. God forbid ! they lead
 Unrighteous lives, and often fall untimely.
John. A lion-hearted lad shall Martin be.
Marg. God willing ; if his servant ; but not else.
 I have such hopes, full hopes, hopes overflowed.
John. A grave grand man, half collar and half cross,
 With chain enough to hold our mastiff by,
 Thou fain would'st have him. Out of dirt so stiff,
 Old Satan fashioneth his idol, Pride.
Marg. If proud and cruel to the weak, and bent
 To turn all blessings from their even course
 To his own kind and company, may he
 Never be great, with collar, cross, and chain ;
 No, nor be ever Angel, if, O God !
 He be a fallen Angel at the last."

ART. V.— *The Prison-House Unmasked: in a Letter to Her Most Gracious Majesty, shewing that Arrest and Imprisonment for Debt are Violations of Magna Charta, and therefore Illegal; and also the Cruelty and Inutility of the Present System.* Second Edition.
 By RUNNEMEDE SECUNDUS. London: J. Hatchard & Son. 1837.

THERE has of late years been a constantly increasing anxiety on the part of the British nation in reference to the law of arrest and imprisonment for debt, which, there can be no doubt, will, ere long, produce most important alterations. The general inefficacy, and the monstrous cruelty of the system, have often been proved by argu-

ment and facts, till it has become strange that a free people should have so long submitted to such flagrant violations of their rights. True, on account of the bill brought in by Sir John Campbell, now a long time back, and not yet carried or satisfactorily amended, the country has been lulled, at the same time that it has been trifled with on the subject; but there is reason to hope, and the pamphlet before us affords a striking sign, that the commencement of a new reign, and the accession of a youthful queen, will not pass away without advantage being taken of such propitious circumstances to have the worse than Bastille-law under consideration speedily and effectually remodelled. It has been well remarked that there is something peculiarly revolting in the thought of a young and amiable female having her name affixed to a document that consigns a loyal subject, convicted of no crime, nor suspected of crime, to a prison, there to remain, it may be, for an unlimited number of years, peradventure to die of starvation or a broken heart, and to entail upon society a pauperized, and too often a demoralized, family, which has been deprived of a father's guardianship and support. The contradiction alluded to, is too gross to escape the denouncement of an enlightened community, and, we believe, too frightful to obtain the countenance or the acquiescence of her Majesty.

Strange, indeed, do we pronounce it again, that a free people, that a nation that has been aroused by the wrongs endured by their fellow-creatures in distant climes and of a different hue, should have continued so long callous to the oppression of their acquaintance and fellow-subjects. But to use the words of Junius, which appropriately have been adopted as a motto to the present publication, "Men in general are too willing to take the law upon trust, being too indolent to search for information, or conceiving that there is some mystery in the laws of their country, they distrust their own judgment, and voluntarily renounce the right of thinking for themselves." The truth of these sentiments has been in innumerable instances, for many generations, and to a wide extent, corroborated in the case of the law of arrest and imprisonment for debt. For let any man allow his mind to search into its origin and operation, and it is impossible to affect any veneration for its spirit or power, or to behold any grounds for believing it to contain any other mystery than that created by fictions of law and inferential acts of parliament—the mystery of fallacy, confusion, and oppression.

Like many other obvious cases, the arguments which crowd into one's head with regard to the present subject are so numerous and cogent, that perplexity and uncertainty attend our endeavour to arrange a few of them, rather than want of matter or the variety of position that may be assumed in the discussion. It is not more easy to declare, however, that a long imprisonment for debt, or the existing system, are morally unjust and wicked, inoperative, inex-

pedient, and desperately cruel to individuals, than the assertion is true. But let us look at some of the flagrant results of the present law, just as they suggest themselves to us, a little more in detail, and as handled in the pamphlet.

That the present system is the occasion of an alarming amount of oppression, enabling and encouraging "man to be a wolf to man," in vast multitudes of cases, is known to every one. All are aware in England, that a person may be flung into prison for a debt, until the action is brought, and then on balancing of accounts the party arresting may be found to be the real debtor. But this is not all; a man of unimpeachable credit, as well as character, may be arrested for a purely fictitious debt.

"A forged bond for a large sum was lately lodged as a detainer against a gentleman of fortune, who has suffered twelve years' incarceration; his property having been torn to pieces and sold by the merciless extortioners into whose gripe he had fallen: that forged bond was to prevent his getting away, and gathering up the wreck of his property. The law extortions for destroying his property have been upwards of £30,000. He is still a prisoner!! It is often the method adopted by a villain to elude the payment of a just debt. Example: a coal merchant, with a numerous family, living in one of the old large houses on one of the wharfs of the Thames, let the upper part of the premises to three persons, who gave him the name of a solicitor as a reference of whom to ascertain their respectability. A year elapsed, when the merchant requested of these persons the rent: they refused to pay it. The merchant at once told them that he had not time to waste on such men, and therefore desired them to leave the house; that they also refused. The merchant told them that he should directly adopt legal measures to compel them. That afternoon he was arrested for £10,000—a sum for which he could not (scarcely any man could) obtain bail. His bona fide creditors were soon informed of his situation, and detainers by them were lodged against him. The villains were nowhere to be found. The merchant was consigned to a prison—his business destroyed—his family were driven to a poor-house—and, after long and protracted suffering, the merchant obtained his liberty, to struggle on a few years in poverty and misery."

It will be said there is a remedy in most cases for "false imprisonment"—the incarcerating party or parties, who would make a trade of perjuring themselves with the intent of extorting money from their victims, generally remaining in this country. Yet how many cases are there where the injustice has been monstrous, but the "unlawfulness"—according to the facilities for tricks and evasion on the side of worthless practitioners, who study and take advantage of the intricacies of English forms—not to be detected. In these instances what redress can the victim of persecution obtain? Or suppose that the courts would lend him the arm of the law to overtake a miscreant quibbler—where are the funds, in thousands of cases, to prosecute a lawful as well as a just claim, and where is the

moral courage in others to encounter a protracted and uncertain litigation? We here quote from our author—

“Creditors, such as the discounting attorney—the sheriffs’ officer—extortioners—gamblers—the colourable holders of stolen bills of exchange, and such pests of society, by affidavit can arrest and ruin, without the debtor being permitted to show before a judge that the debt is fraudulent: he must first put in bail, or pay the amount, and ten pounds above it, into the sheriff’s hands. If the debt be fraudulent, and the person arrested not affluent, that cannot be accomplished; and the innocent or injured individual would be consigned to a prison. A foreigner, a broker of eminence in the city of London, in high estimation, was solicited by a man known to him in business, to lend him £10,000 on the security of £15,000 worth of Columbian bonds: he took the bonds, and gave him a cheque for £10,000. Two days after, the same individual applied to him again for £5000 more, on the security of £10,000 worth of the Columbian bonds, which was granted: two hours afterwards, the foreign broker was arrested for £25,000, at the suit of parties of whom he had no knowledge, and conveyed to a lock-up house, being utterly unable to obtain bail for such a sum. In the sequel it came out, that the person who borrowed the money had several years before been a bankrupt, and had *not obtained his certificate* (a circumstance not likely to be known to even an English merchant); his assignees having learnt of the transaction, arrested the broker for the full amount of the Columbian bonds. After seven weeks’ incarceration, the demand was compromised for £7000, and the law expenses amounted to £680! The borrower decamped as soon as he learnt of the arrest, and has never since been heard of. The broker was ruined, and left this country, as his credit was not to be re-established. The true exciting cause of Mr. Perceval’s assassination arose from the attempt to use the power of arrest for debt. Bellingham was perhaps insane, and very troublesome at the Treasury.—It was ascertained that he was in debt,—applications were made to his creditors to arrest him. So extraordinary a request from the Treasury induced a creditor to communicate the circumstance to Bellingham, who saw that if the request should be complied with, he would be the inmate of a prison for life.—In his excited state, he slew the man whom he supposed to have meditated his perpetual imprisonment. Those letters and documents are still in existence.”

Whether “Runnymede Secundus” be correctly informed in respect of Bellingham’s case we have no means of ascertaining. The account is certainly contrary to what we should have expected of the authorities in the British Treasury. It requires not, however, any such aid to establish that the law of arrest has been, and is to this day, constantly employed to the ruin both of the innocent in point of moral conduct, and of the solvent in point of pecuniary means. So relentless is the law as practised, and this by the dregs of the profession, that a man or woman may be consigned to prison, though sick and imminent danger of death. Not a few have been hurried to the grave by this species of inhumanity, and not

unfrequently when the motives for so doing by the oppressor and his vampires have been to suck from relatives and friends a ransom.

"In 1836, a Mr. Hurley, an ink manufacturer, was brought to White Cross-street Prison, IN SPITE OF THE CERTIFICATE OF DR. EMOTSON, that if he were moved death would have ensued. He was taken to the infirmary of the prison and there died. Major C——l and Mr. G——s (the former officer had been brought in on a bier!) attended his last moments and tied up his jaw. Was that murder? I think it was, and should now be sifted and the delinquents punished. It is clear that the poor dying man could not have run away. It is also evident, that if he or his immediate friends had possessed the amount for which he was arrested, that it would have been paid rather than a dying man should have been taken to a prison! Cases of the same kind, only differing in degree, are of daily occurrence. Only a short time since some sheriffs' officers were tried for assaulting a brother, who was severely wounded for endeavouring to prevent them from entering the room where his sisters were in bed. They were not dismissed though found guilty, but allowed to pursue their ruffian-like course!"*

Such murders and outrages are worthy of the Inquisition. Must such a law as permits them still exist? It will be answered that human institutions do not admit of extreme and scrupulous rectitude, and it must be admitted that the law in England is such an artificial and thorny wild, that it is not only one of its branches that requires pruning and training to a healthy direction, but many interlacing and perplexed errors. This fact, however, affords no ground for delay in correcting the most obvious perversions; quite the contrary; and let those monstrous evils which stare all in the face with reference to the system under discussion be instantly made the subject of alteration and amendment. Might not one, indeed, justly exclaim with our author, "better that all the gold should perish than England should be sullied with" these crimes. See what are some of the amounts to which the denounced enormities extend.

"There is now a widow in the Queen's Bench, against whom no detainer was ever lodged, but who has been persecuted by villains and perjurers, and been incarcerated for nearly *sixteen years*; and has often been, and is now, in a state bordering on destitution. Even the courts of law are aware of her sufferings, *but the law is not sufficient to protect an English woman from plunder and perpetual imprisonment!* Her case is now before the public, and is a scornful commentary on the inefficiency of the law as a protection, and on the horrid cruelty of the

"* Complaints of extortion or ruffianism are never attended to by the under sheriffs, and the officers (nearly all of whom are low Jews) deride their authority. Where such acts are upheld, the worst suspicions are justifiable. The sheriffs are mere gew-gaws, made for show and not for use."

power of arrest and incarceration. There has been for twenty-three years a merchant incarcerated in the same prison, who was made a bankrupt by a man who owed him several hundred pounds: his property was seized and sold, and his creditors received the whole amount of their claims, and there is a balance now in his favour of hundreds; but if he were to accept them, it would bar his right to call those who unjustly and illegally declared him a bankrupt before the tribunals of his country, and he has languished away *twenty-three years* in the hope of possessing means, and obtaining justice! Should such instances disgrace the realm? Is there no court that can call such a case before it, and end it?*

But it may be alleged, that the credit-system of trade and commerce in this country has so established itself, and acquired such an influence on the spirit and wealth of the nation, that worse effects must follow from tampering with the laws between debtor and creditor, or materially deranging them, than have ever yet resulted from arrest and imprisonment. We are perfectly ready to acknowledge that a credit-system must exist amongst us to a certain extent, and especially in great wholesale negotiations. Still it must at the same time be confessed, that of late the system of ready-money payments has been gaining ground, chiefly, of course, in retail trade, to the advantage of all parties, nor have we been able to perceive the impossibility of the improvement being carried out to a greater length.

The general practical mischief of the existing system, however, admits of demonstration, not only as regards the interests of debtors and the community at large, but the creditors of imprisoned debtors themselves. Take the case of a debtor being incarcerated; this may be done by one creditor, to the grossest injury of his fellow-creditors; and this is of endless occurrence. Or, take another posture of affairs. Suppose an action at law brought to a close and judgment passed, so that a writ on the goods of the debtor is issued to satisfy the creditor's claim; the seizure cannot reach a sum of money belonging to the debtor which may be heaped on the very table that is to be hurried to the broker's, unless the debtor, from a feeling of conscience, chooses to give it up. The two circumstances now taken notice of tend to show that not only the debtors, but the creditors also, are often injured by the weapons, or through the loopholes of the existing law.

But the inutility and the mischief of the law of arrest and imprisonment for debt do not terminate here, as "Runnymede Secun-

* * A Letter sent to Lord Denman, the Lord Chief Justice, was subscribed by men once of fortune and rank, literary and scientific men. Among them one who had been imprisoned 27 years—one, 23—one, 17—one, 15—one, 14—one, 21—one, 13—two 10—6, 5, and 3 years!!! This beats the Bastille. What must all the other prisons contain?—the above is part of the sufferers in *one*."

dus" clearly establishes, and to his pages we shall resort for illustrations and arguments.

As he lays it down, the manifest object of the present system is to enforce payment by imprisonment—the *squalor carceris*. Now, he requests the reader to inquire of those men whose lives have been spent in executing the law, or the branches of business that approach to this extremity, what is the amount of their experience touching the benefit of the practice to the parties concerned. He then adds—

"They will inform you, that imprisonment for debt, in ninety-five cases out of one hundred, is productive of loss to the creditor and the debtor; and that the only gainers are the attorneys and their coadjutors and companions, the sheriffs' officers and their men. Would nearly twenty thousand human beings remain for debt in the prisons of your Majesty's dominions if they could pay the demands on them? A common law attorney—an usurer—a sheriff's officer—might have the effrontery to answer yes—but the common sense of *the civilized nations of Europe who have abolished the law*, and every honourable and reflecting man in England, will reply in the negative.

"Let it be admitted that many are incarcerated for debts to which they are justly liable, arising from ignorance, imprudence, neglect, a want of strict economy, from being sanguine of success, and all the other weaknesses of human nature. Yet,—Is the clergyman placed within four spiked walls, better able in such a situation to liquidate his debts? Is the shopkeeper enabled in such a situation to conduct his business? Is the broken down officer in a condition to add to his slender pittance? Can the medical practitioner perform his duties and earn the means of paying? Can the mechanician, who has perhaps hereafter to receive his country's thanks, carry on his work in a prison, and thus pay his creditors? Can the workman follow his trade and relieve himself of the burden, probably brought on by sickness or some of the ills of humanity? None of these can. The widow cannot (a life of imprisonment we have seen, without a fault cannot exact it). *Can the blind, in a state of destitution, benefit the creditor?* If any one thinks that possible, let them walk to the Queen's Bench, and see there a broken down gentleman, of great acquirements and unimpeachable character, stone blind, in rags and destitution, living chiefly on the charity of his brother prisoners, with a wife and (eight) children in one small room! On his return he will perhaps not have the hardihood to maintain its utility. The class of men above-mentioned constitute by far the greater number of those who fill our prisons—with a considerable proportion of poets, authors, mathematicians, and men of science, who are the instructors, the amusers, and the pioneers of civilized society. Their minds are too harassed by the infliction on them to earn their daily bread—(we know that Bunyan and others have composed their immortal works in prisons, but those were extraordinary men). The gamblers, spendthrifts, and profligates, constitute only a small proportion, and from all that is known are not much improved by this method of annoying them."

But is there not an Insolvent Debtors' Court for the timely

liberation of the incarcerated, and a due distribution of whatever effects or funds he may possess for the benefit of the incarcerators? It is here to be remarked, in the first place, that much depends on the debtor choosing to submit himself to that court. At any rate he must remain in prison forty days before obtaining the court's liberation, which imprisonment may be, and often is, attended with the most lamentable consequences. It is at any rate the general utility or mischief of the system, even when confined to the several parties who have an interest in the judgments and procedure of the Insolvent Court, that we have at present to consider, the insolvents being for the most part "small tradesmen, artisans, broken down gentlemen," &c. Hear "Runnymede."

"Since 1820 *fifty thousand* have gone through that Court, and paid one farthing in the pound! Committing, in accordance with the necessary form on entering the Court, fifty thousand perjuries! Mechanics and men of the stamp alluded to, have no means or opportunities of carrying on their trades. They have few, if any, mental resources, consequently they become idle, and with the money given them by their friends indulge in drinking and smoking, and thus imbibe habits of idleness, listlessness, and intemperance, which deteriorate them as members of the social body. Among so great a multitude many are doubtless bad. To the point: is there any utility in such incarceration? Has it been productive of payment to the creditor?—Of one farthing in the pound! While the injury to the state by demoralization, and the indulgence of vindictive power on the part of the creditor, is extensive. It must be obvious from the foregoing pages that incarceration for debt is no test of solvency. As only one farthing in the pound has been paid by the insolvent debtors, and as, one with another, it costs full ten pounds for the law expenses on going through the Court: £500,000 must have been pocketed by the lowest class of attorneys,—add fifty days' incarceration without crime and without the judgment of their peers,—for fifty thousand people since 1820 at three shillings a day, and it will be £375,000 spent in idleness in prison, £875,000 out of the creditors' pockets!

"The unfeeling creditor, and those placed beyond the probability of imprisonment, may say that imprudence and neglect should be punished. Should it be made as culpable as crime? Should the same punishment await the industrious and the unfortunate—the young and innocent, the defenceless widow, the blind, and the ingenious, as the gamester and swindler? He must know little of jurisprudence who would say so. He who would maintain it must be either ignorant or heartless. Yet the law of arrest subjects all to the same insulting, useless, and cruel degradation. The case of Caroline Eades is worth recording as an example. Legal technicalities (proofs of evil intentions or of barbarism) should be avoided; more particularly in laws which it is known must have more reference to the poor than the rich.—In case of bankruptcy, notice in the Gazette to creditors is all that is required. A poor, uninformed insolvent must serve a personal notice,—want of precision is fatal to the insolvent.—To Caroline Eades it was fatal indeed.—This wretched young woman was successfully opposed by

a creditor for an irregularity of the notice ! With the stamp of the finger of death on every feature, she was remanded to her dungeon in White Cross Street Prison. In that disgusting den she continued suffering and lingering for six months ; at length she was again brought up to '*seek relief*' and to take the '*Benefit of the Act.*' Weakened in mind and body, and broken in spirit, obstacles to her discharge arose from incorrectness in some other absurd formality. The dying victim was again remanded, the '*services being incomplete !*' Her woes, her tears, her imploring for mercy, '*as she had done no harm,*' the despair of a dying woman extorted the '*looking over the irregularity.*' She was granted the '*Benefit of the Act,*' and was received into a charitable asylum, and there died.

Nearly twenty thousand debtors are, on an average, in prison by the existing laws. What must be the constant average amount of misery, agony of mind, demoralization, the engendering of malignant passions, that is thus continually calling aloud for Heaven's judgment or provoking its wrath ! What the extent to which such hotbeds of suffering and sin propagate moral taint, physical and political burdens throughout society at large ! What the magnitude of those negative wrongs, consisting in the fact of thousands of ingenious, intelligent, and virtuous persons being withheld from contributing to the prosperity of the nation, and their own individual elevation in the human scale ! The heart sickens at the sight of the complicated and deepening picture, but fondly hopes that it will speedily be obliterated, and supplanted by a radiant law borrowed through our spotless sovereign from the Christian Code.

We have hitherto, in reference to the pamphlet before us, confined ourselves to that portion of its pages which treats especially of evils which have frequently been exposed, and of grounds upon which the present system has, by unanswered arguments, been justly impugned and denounced. But the writer has taken a footing that has been much more rarely occupied, in his attack upon the law of arrest and imprisonment for debt, and, indeed, makes it the principal and commencing feature in his performance, to which we must call attention. This prominent point is that the law, as it exists, is contrary both to the spirit and the enactments of Magna Charta, as well as the *dicta* of the most solemn of our laws, and the most august and authoritative judges of past times. We shall do little more, however, than lay before our readers some of his arguments upon this head, believing and insisting at the same time, that whatever may have been contemplated by the framers of Magna Charta, or the utterers of the *dicta* alluded to, no reason thence can arise for the continuance of what turn out to be unjust, oppressive, inexpedient, impolitic, and inoperative laws—although, if our author's reasoning be sound, great and venerable authorities have in remote times been wiser, and more deeply imbued with the noble principles of our constitutional liberty than our modern administrators.

Our author thus speaks in the opening of his "Letter" to the Queen—

"Your Majesty has ascended the throne at a period of life when the feelings are most alive to the sufferings of others; and when the intellect, unclouded by the jesuitism of expediency, sees, with almost instinctive quickness, those results which are the deductions of truth and justice—at all times, and under all circumstances, the highest policy.

"With the sincerest and deepest sentiments of loyalty, respect, and devotion, I shall attempt to call into action those feelings which are the ornament of woman; and when manifested in a Queen, become a beacon light to the chivalry of a kingdom—that invincible safeguard of royalty. To attempt to make feeling, unsupported by reason, experience, and fact, the guide in a matter of policy, would be disrespectful and unwise: and, from all your subjects have seen and heard, though so young, useless.

"If, most gracious Sovereign, it is shown that your crown has been put into danger by the violation of the Great Charter, and that through that violation fifteen thousand of your subjects are kept in prisons, without having been brought before a tribunal of their country, without being convicted of *crime*, without which no punishment can be awarded; that by far the greater number are in poverty and destitution, being unable to "*cultivate the ground or maintain their families*," which the humane enactments of Magna Charta justly declare necessary, and therefore, that no man should be imprisoned for debt,—which, unless fraudulent, is no crime,—your Majesty will see and *feel* the necessity of commanding your ministers to take immediate steps to restore the Great Charter to its purity, and remove the tyranny and unlawful oppression from fifteen thousand of your people.

"Magna Charta is the foundation of the Constitution and the liberties of England. In the twenty-ninth article of it are these memorable words: 'No freeman shall be taken (i. e. arrested), imprisoned, or otherwise injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, and the law of the land.' Sir Edward Coke, commenting on those words, remarks, 'The King, by Magna Charta, is debarred from imprisoning his debtor. The power reserved to the Crown was by the common law allowed to the subject. *The Great Charter shall be taken as Common Law, and all statutes made against it are void.*'"

It is next argued that no power can alter or abrogate the Great Charter of our freedom, but a "Convention of the Nation and a new Bill of Rights." That "no Act of Parliament can affect it." We do not exactly understand this doctrine, or, at least, how it is to be supported. But to avoid all argument concerning constitutional rights, "Runnymede Secundus" adduces a variety of other legal enactments and authorities, in maintenance of his mode of interpreting the Great Charter. Having enumerated a number of Statutes in his support, he adds—

"The fallacious ingenuity of lawyers by (impudent absurdity!) a fiction converted a civil question of account into a criminal act, and

seized the person on fictitious grounds. The treacherous cunning of lawyers, or the ignorance of a government, cannot be permitted to abrogate the charter of our freedom, though carried in those troublesome times to unwarrantable excess. The incontrovertible law of Magna Charta was always declared to be inviolable. Lord Chancellor Bacon gave it as his decided opinion, 'THAT NO PERSON COULD BE ARRESTED FOR DEBT ACCORDING TO THE CONSTITUTION.' As if to complete the chain of authorities who upheld the true interpretation of the Great Charter, Lord Chief Justice Holt (Vide Rep. in Banco Regiæ, 242) in the reign of Queen Anne delivered the decision of the TWELVE JUDGES on this important point, and so sacred did they hold Magna Charta, that they acquitted a man who had killed a constable's assistant in an affray caused by arrest for debt—ON THE SOLE GROUND THAT ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT WERE ILLEGAL."

"Notwithstanding, with illegal and unhallowed presumption, the subject, in cases of action for debt, 'is seized and imprisoned,' without the judgment of his peers, and in defiance of THE GREAT CHARTER, in opposition to the recorded judgment of the TWELVE JUDGES, and of BACON, COKE, and BENTHAM. HOWARD and ROMILLY have entered their protests against the practice. LORD ELDON has eloquently declared—*mark the word he uses*—'Arrest for debt is a PERMISSION to commit acts of greater oppression and inhumanity than are to be met with in slavery itself—a *permission* to tear a father from his weeping children, the husband from the distressed wife, and to hurry him to a dungeon to linger out a life of pain and misery!'"

The method by which Magna Charta is violated, as stated by our author, is this—

"In this *free country* any man, whether a creditor or a villain, has only to walk to an office in the Temple, and there make an affidavit that an individual is indebted to him any sum (above 20*l.*); having made that affidavit before a 'commissioner for taking affidavits,' a slip of parchment is given to him, which he takes to the sheriff, or to his under sheriff's office, who gives him a warrant directed to two or more of his men, whom he designates his officers, and upon that unsupported affidavit, according to Lord Eldon, 'a father is torn from his weeping children—the husband from the distressed wife, and hurried to a dungeon to linger out a life of pain and misery.' To be placed where he cannot work, and then to be told, 'here you shall remain until you find a ransom or your grave!' It is scarcely credible, but it is true. The wonder is that it has been borne so long, and that the prisons have not been destroyed. It is clear, that submission to what has the semblance of law, but which is in defiance of the great constitutional rights of the people, has induced so many *hundreds of thousands* to submit to imprisonment without crime, to insult, degradation, and ruin. It is idle to suppose that several hundred men, at this moment in the Queen's Bench (or the prisoners for debt in any of the prisons), could not destroy it and depart, and boldly declare, that having committed *no crime*, they were unlawfully imprisoned."

"Runnymede" looks upon such a state of things as calculated to

endanger the compact between the sovereign and the people. He implores her Majesty, after declaring that she has been reported to have "confounded the wisdom of the wise by simply saying, 'It is contrary to Magna Charta,'" to "let the judges of the land be called on to confirm that judgment, and the judgments of the great and learned men referred to," and "your Majesty (continues he) can commence your reign by the most resplendent and patriotic act ever reflected from a mortal throne."

Our author does not detain his readers at any considerable length with suggested measures of improvement as to the laws between debtor and creditor. He, however, like most of those who have thought on the subject, does not contemplate the abrogation of imprisonment in cases of convicted fraud. The distinction between these and those of debt is obvious. The former involve and presuppose crime—the latter misfortune, inadvertence, and innocence.

With regard to the Attorney-General's Bill, which has been so long and so much tossed about, nibbled at, and talked of, "Runnymede" entertains strong objections, and which, as coming from a person who has manifestly studied the subject deeply and variously, as well as written forcibly and eloquently on it, in the present pamphlet, ought to be candidly weighed. He says—

"Of the bill brought in by Sir John Campbell, it may be said, that it is a creditor's bill, and not a debtor and creditor's; that the power over the property is far too absolute; the time allowed to the debtor from and between the stages of the process is too short; that the executive part is placed in the hands of sheriffs' officers, and other grasping and inferior men, which is certain to lead to even more plunder and oppression than the present system. The bill shows astuteness, but is not practical, and is contrary to the genius of the people. That bill has been drawn as if there were no persons in the kingdom but wholesale and retail dealers. In case of bankruptcy, or temporary suspension of payment, or the non-payment of a judgment debt for three weeks, the power given savours too much of despotism, and moreover the executive part is placed in the hands of a desperate and reckless class of extortioners, the sheriffs' officers, under the secret collateral direction of those pests of England, the low common law attorneys.

"Under the present practice of the law, it may be said that the English are as much dictated to and law-ridden as our Catholic forefathers were priest-ridden, even at greater loss of property and independence. Sir John Campbell's bill will add inquisitorial power to that extraordinary influence now possessed by the legal profession, and which, with a slow and silent jesuit-step, gradually winds an inextricable coil around the victim, until he finds that to struggle is only to have the cords more tightly drawn, and he yields at last to smooth dictation and unceasing robbery. In that profession there are many excellent and noble-minded men; but let it be remarked, they never do any common law business. *All the expenses* incident on the writs issued in Middlesex only are not less than £500,000 per annum; a frightful sum, unlawfully extorted to pander to

the worst vices of a dangerous and reckless class. Upwards of thirty-two thousand writs are issued per annum in Middlesex, the expenses on which, taking one with another, will not amount to less than £200,000 a year, to be divided among the low class attorneys and sheriffs' officers; a sum sufficient to produce the mass of corruption, extortion, brutality, and ruin which is known to be the consequence.

"There can be no doubt that the creditor should be protected from loss, and that the wealthy debtor in particular should be made to liquidate his debts, and that the power over him should be of so positive a nature as to restrain his extravagance, and virtually compel him to so regulate his expenditure that it does not exceed his means; but that power should be so devised as to prevent avarice, resentment, and the cupidity of those who execute the law, from inflicting unnecessary injury, or by undue inquisitorial power trenching on the rights of a free born man. To bring in a bill for the 'Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt' WHEN NO LAW EXISTS WHICH CAN ENFORCE IT, unless Magna Charta be trampled under foot, appears to be an absurdity that has no parallel in history!

"But if Sir John Campbell's act should become a law, as its operative part would lead to the seizure of much property, the sacrifice of it, and virtual plunder would ensue if the sale be left to the sheriff or his officers, the only power vested in them should be the seizure; the removal and sale should be by an order from a board of men, not lawyers, of known respectability; and the sale should be public, by any accredited auctioneer selected by the debtor: otherwise the sacrifice of it will injure the debtor, while it does not benefit the creditor, but enriches that band of depredators who are the salesmen, too often the purchasers, of the property of the unfortunate."

That some change, however, may be devised by the wisdom of experienced men, that will speedily introduce a higher, milder, and more efficient system than that which exists, so as to become an incentive to people to avoid extravagance in their dealings, to cultivate foresight, to resist overtrading, to be a bit and a bridle to the profligate, and the surest safeguard against the designing and the fraudulent, is a hope, which we, in common with the author, fondly entertain. If this change should be found to be in perfect accordance with that ancient Charter of our freedom, which has ever been the pride and boast of Englishmen, the nation would universally bend to it, and revere it; for, in the words of a celebrated historian, as copied in a letter lately written to Lord Denman, by certain persons in the Queen's Bench Prison on the very subject of imprisonment for debt, and to whose long confinement reference has already been made, the law contained in the sacred Charter is such, that "never were laws more binding amongst men, except those holy laws from the Mount," for it "wanted nothing but thunder and lightning from heaven to make the sentence more ghastly and hideous to the infringers thereof, which should it not hold us, the frame and order of all government must fall asunder."

ART. VI.—*The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.* By JAMES SEATON REID, D.D., M.R.I.A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Carrickfergus. Vol. I. 1834, II. 1837. 8vo. London: Whittaker & Co.

THE first of these volumes opens with a sketch of the introduction of the reformed religion in Ireland in the sixteenth century, and carries down the history of Presbyterianism to 1642, the period when the Protestants of Ulster adopted the Covenant. The second, in general confining itself to the annals of the province now mentioned, brings the work down to the year 1690; and in a third, which is to follow, we are told, "the narrative will be continued to the present time, and to which will be appended several authentic tables, and other documents, exhibiting the statistics, and existing position and circumstances of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland."

It is quite clear that the special subject of these volumes is not only of itself highly important, and deserving of being treated upon its own individual merits, as a curious and instructive chapter in ecclesiastical history, but, that if handled properly, it cannot but be remarkably illustrative of the progress and vicissitudes of the civil events which for centuries have rendered Ireland a spectacle among nations. We think that Dr. Reid has, by the present volumes, established for himself a title to be considered by all parties, whether of church or state, in the British Empire, a historian of no mean order in the double capacity which his theme suggested and required. His researches have been extensive and careful, his statements in relation to facts are to be praised for their fairness, and his narrative is everywhere not merely plain, interesting, but (excepting where polemics and the merits of religious tenets are discussed,) convincing. What is more, these characteristics of the work are more apparent and decided in the second than in the preceding volume, thus affording proof that the author acquires with his years both a deeper knowledge of the history of human nature and a broader charity. To expect, however, that a leading member of any church should not testify his preference of that particular institution, an admiration of its doctrines, and a belief in its superior efficacy, would be as unreasonable as the exhibition of such lukewarmness, doubt, and latitudinarianism would be unworthy of any professor, and calculated to throw disparagement upon his heart and his head. Our readers will see, we anticipate, from the account we are about to give of the contents of the work, and the specimens to be extracted, that Dr. Reid has preserved an enviable medium between the two extremes of intolerant bigotry and affected moderation. Let it be understood at the same time, that we shall abstain from uttering any opinion of our own concerning the merits of creeds or ceremonies,

and, indeed, as far as possible, from noticing any thing that cannot be considered in the light of historical facts. As regards such facts Dr. Reid has introduced a sufficient quantity, which are either new or explained in a clearer manner than has previously been done, to confer upon his work a historical importance.

Our first extract affords a very fair sample of the author's style of writing, and also a plain account of an interesting revolution in the Irish ecclesiastical establishment. We refer to the change from that of Catholicism, which was professed under Mary, to Protestantism, established under Elizabeth.

"So soon as circumstances permitted, which was not until the beginning of the year 1560, a parliament was held in Dublin, for the purpose of again transferring the sanctions of the law from the Romish to the Protestant faith. With the exception of the opposition given by the nobles, which, however, was so alarming as to induce the deputy to prorogue the parliament in a few weeks, this important change was speedily effected. Of nineteen prelates who had conformed to popery under Mary, only two now adhered with steadfastness to their profession, thus exhibiting another degrading instance of clerical tergiversation. The Commons, consisting of representatives from ten counties out of thirty-two, and from about twenty towns, principally under the influence of the crown, acquiesced more readily, though not without evident reluctance, in the proposed measures, so that the whole ecclesiastical fabric was again overthrown as promptly as it had been constructed at the accession of Mary. By this parliament, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was restored to the crown, and a new oath of supremacy appointed; the use of the Common Prayer was enforced; and all subjects obliged to attend the public service of the Church. A most absurd enactment was passed, respecting the use of the Common Prayer Book by those who might be ignorant of the English language. It was one of the essential principles of the Reformation, that divine service should be conducted in the language of the worshippers. As English was not a spoken language, except in the metropolis and some of the principal towns, one of the most obvious measures of the court ought to have been to have the Liturgy translated into Irish, and ministers speaking this tongue provided for that vast majority of the population who knew no other language. Accordingly, one of the instructions given to Sir James Croft in a preceding reign, had been to procure such a translation; but no efforts had been made for that purpose. Instead, however, of reviving this wise and salutary measure, and giving it the sanction of legislative authority, it was inconsistently enacted, that where the minister, and, by implication, the people, did not understand English, the public service should be performed, not in the Irish tongue known to both parties, but in the Latin language unknown to either. The reasons assigned for this singular order were as insufficient, as the measure itself was absurd and ridiculous. They were founded on the pleas, that the Irish language was difficult to be printed; and that, if printed, few even of the native reformed clergy could be found competent to read it. And thus, for the sake of these temporary obstacles, which prudent and zealous rulers would soon have found means of removing, the dissemination of the truth through the country was

effectually impeded, and the most ignorant, as well as the most numerous, class of the community were cut off from the benefits of divine worship, and attached more strongly to their ancient errors."

Here, if any one has a mind to indulge in moral reflections, are abundant topics of striking import for the exercise. But our inclination and duty is to proceed, of course rapidly, through Dr. Reid's elaborate work—alighting only upon some of the more marked and arresting events and epochs which it lays before us. Accordingly, coming down to the reign of James I., who colonized Ulster with Scotch settlers, we find that the King's government confiscated the larger portion of the province, on account of the alleged treason of certain of the chiefs. Whatever might be the state of the facts or of the law with regard to the treason, the Scotch were naturally looked upon with an unfavourable countenance by the expelled inhabitants—(none or few of those who were cultivators of the soil having been guilty of any offence against the state)—and exposed to great danger and formidable hostility. It was therefore the policy of government to encourage new settlers to strengthen such an exposed colony, and this was done, in a great measure, by showing them there was a close resemblance between the doctrines of the Irish establishment at the time, and the Puritanism which the Scotch ardently and tenaciously adhered to. At any rate it concerns such a history as the present to show, and this Dr. Reid has clearly and fully accomplished, that that part of the Irish Protestant clergy, who entertained sentiments most akin to those of the Puritans, were in point of industry, morals, piety, and learning, by far the most distinguished. The same, we believe, may be asserted of the party, from the period indicated, to much later times.

It was, in fact, the prevalence of Puritanism in Laud's time, in the sister island, that induced him to supply the ill-fated Strafford with a chaplain, whom Cromwell afterwards satirically nicknamed "the Canterbury of Ireland." This was Bramhall, one of the Archbishop's most obsequious creatures, who, nevertheless, communicated to his patron the following deplorable account of the Irish church—

"Right reverend father, my most honoured lord, presuming partly upon your licence, but especially directed by my lord deputy's command, I am to give your Fatherhood a brief account of the present state of the poor church of Ireland, such as our short intelligence here, and your lordship's weighty employments there, will permit. First, for the fabrics; it is hard to say whether the churches be more ruinous and sordid, or the people irreverent. Even in Dublin, the metropolis of this kingdom, and seat of justice, to begin the inquisition where the reformation will begin, we find our [one?] parochial church converted to the lord deputy's stable; a second to a nobleman's dwelling-house; the choir of a third to a tennis-court, and the vicar acts the keeper. In Christ's church, the principal church in Ireland, whither the lord-deputy and council repair every Sunday, the

vaults from one end of the minster to the other are made into tipping rooms for beer, wine, and tobacco, demised all to popish recusants, and by them to others, much frequented in time of divine service. — Next for the clergy, I find few footsteps yet of foreign differences, so I hope it will be an easier task not to admit them, than to have them ejected. But I doubt much whether the clergy be very orthodox, and could wish both the articles and canons of the church of England were established here by act of Parliament or state; that as we live all under one king, so we might, both in doctrine and discipline, observe an uniformity. The inferior sort of ministers are below all degrees of contempt, in respect of their poverty and ignorance. The boundless heaping together of benefices by commendams and dispensations in the superiors, is but too apparent; yea, even often by plain usurpations and indirect compositions made between the patrons, as well ecclesiastical as lay, and the incumbents: by which the least part, many times not above forty shillings, rarely ten pounds in the year, is reserved for him that should serve at the altar; insomuch that it is affirmed, that by all or some of these means, one bishop in the remoter parts of the kingdom doth hold three and twenty benefices with cure. Generally their residence is as little as their livings. Seldom any suitor petitions for less than three vicarages at a time."

The poet Spenser, in his day, had in a smaller compass represented the condition of the Irish Protestant clergy. His words are, that, "it is a great wonder to see the odds which is between the zeal of Popish priests and the ministers of the Gospel; for they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Rheims, by long toil and danger travelling hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people to the church of Rome; whereas some of our idle ministers having a way for credit and esteem thereby opened unto them, without pains and without peril, will neither for the same, nor any love of God, nor zeal of religion, nor for all the good they may do by winning souls to God, be drawn forth from their warm nests to look out into God's harvest which is even ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long ago."

But to return to the doings of Strafford and of "the Canterbury of Ireland:"—Dr. Reid, besides other authentic sources of information, has gathered from an unpublished manuscript, that these doings were in perfect keeping with the example shown by the High-Commission Court in England, against conventicles and every person or measure that was not servilely submissive to their arbitrary will. One consequence resulting from this tyranny over the conscience, was that of the Presbyterians joining with the Irish in the accusation of Strafford. This singular union of parties, who in religious matters professed and entertained the utmost abhorrence of one another, was not of long endurance, for it ended with the life of the strong-willed man that for a time had been the object of their combined dislike and vengeance. Indeed, the Catholics, certainly

without knowing the extent at first of the king's views, became willing to espouse his cause, and according to our author, Charles was guilty of giving countenance to the "Great Rebellion" in Ireland of 1641, and if so, must have been ready at any time to regard the devastation of his kingdom, and all the dreadful consequences of civil war, as minor matters and proper sacrifices to those identified with his ideas of kingly power. The manner in which the grave charge in question is stated by Dr. Reid, will be read with no ordinary interest. He says—

"With the Roman catholics of the committee, deputed from the Irish parliament to represent the grievances of the nation, it is believed both Charles and his queen intrigued, with the view of detaching them from the puritans, with whom they had hitherto co-operated, and of inducing them to form a party in their native kingdom and parliament, in support of the falling cause of prerogative. In return for this seasonable assistance, ample immunities, both civil and religious, were freely promised; extending, it is alleged, even to the legal establishment of the Romish faith. The Irish deputies readily listened to the royal suggestions, and at once espoused the cause of Charles. The marquisses of Ormond and of Antrim, the most influential noblemen at this time in Ireland, had already been separately enlisted in the same cause.

"The plan on which these several partisans of the king were required to act was, to take measures for the simultaneous seizure of Dublin and the principal forts and castles throughout the kingdom, and for disarming and securing those who would not join in the project—even the lords justices themselves, in case they offered any opposition. They were then to organize the disbanded soldiery, and augment their number to twenty thousand. And having thus secured the power, and assumed the authority, of the government in the king's name, they were finally to call a parliament, which, circumstanced as the country would then be, would be necessarily devoted to the royal cause. With the resources of the entire kingdom thus placed at his disposal, Charles, with his bigoted and overbearing consort, calculated on obtaining a speedy and final triumph over the obnoxious parliament."

Our author goes on to state that the Romanists of the pale, who constituted the more liberal portion of the Catholic population, entered readily enough into the scheme; and—

"On communicating it, through the officers employed in raising forces for Spain, to the Ulster Irish, of whose long-meditated project for the total subversion of the British power they appear to have been ignorant, the agents of Charles met with a still more cheerful concurrence in their views. The northern partisans, however, concealed from their new and less violent associates the plans of spoliation which they had been secretly maturing in conjunction with their expatriated relatives. But, at the same time, they hesitated not to embrace with ardour the proposed co-operation, in order to gain one step, and that the most material in their original scheme—the wresting of the kingdom out of the hands of the puritans, then predominant both in the parliament and the government.

"Up to this point, the views of both parties among the conspirators were perfectly coincident; beyond it, they were quite opposite. The primary projectors of the rebellion, such as lord Maguire, Roger Moore, Plunket, Sir Phelim O'Neil, &c., looked upon the seizure of Dublin and the reorganization of the army, merely as preliminary steps to the overthrow of the British power, the separation of the kingdom from England, the recovery of the forfeited estates, and the expulsion of the protestants:—on the accomplishment of these objects, they might then, as an independent catholic nation, support Charles against his refractory parliament. On the other hand, the king's confidential friends, such as the Earls of Ormond and Antrim, Lord Gormanstown, and perhaps the other gentry of the pale, Sir James Dillon, &c., do not appear to have contemplated, in their scheme of insurrection, any unnecessary violence to the persons or properties of the British. Their grand aim was to remove the puritan party from the government of the kingdom, and to place it and its resources at the disposal of the king. Until the rebellion broke out, however, both parties cordially co-operated, and conducted their negotiations without division or apparent distrust."

— We have now got to a period when massacre, on the part both of Protestant and Catholic, crimsoned Ireland, the relative extent or criminality of which it is not for us to name. On taking up the second volume, however, which carries us through a period of unexampled vicissitude and storm in the history of the British empire, being that comprised between the rebellion of 1641, and the year 1690, when the Revolution had attained its object, and permanence attended the triumphs of the Prince of Orange, it will be satisfactory to glance at the condition of Ireland and the diversity of those parties who tore her in pieces, rendering her the victim of English distraction, during the great civil war, as at other times she has been of English domination.

To begin with the Roman Catholics—these seem to have consisted of various factions, and to have entertained distinct purposes. The rude Irish of Ulster, who had been expelled, and obliged to seek a habitation among the inhospitable parts of the country, on account of the intrusion of the Scotch colonists, were naturally revengeful and sanguinary. The Anglo-Irish, who are denominated the Lords of the Pale, were loyal, and averse to everything which was likely to disunite the interests existing between the two islands; but they strove for tolerance for the faith they professed, security for their property, and the maintenance of a just administration of the laws. There were other shades of difference among the Catholics, but they chiefly resolved themselves into the moderate views of the Anglo-Irish party, or into those of the violent and bigoted, who desired to see the Protestants exterminated, and their allegiance to Rome predominant.

On the other hand, even among the Protestants, there were distinctions. The royalists, who were akin to those who sided with

Charles in England, both in matters of church and state, desired to see that church established and predominant in Ireland. The Presbyterians, again, regarded the Covenant as the supreme authority to which they owed allegiance, and had no tolerance for the Catholics, whom utterly to destroy they deemed a service to God. A king, however, they desired to see on the throne, whom they were willing to acknowledge in temporal affairs, but not in spiritual, and therefore they were not hearty in the support of the monarch who stood forward both as head of the church and of the state. Then came the Independents, who were democrats both as regarded civil and ecclesiastical government.

Our author, of course, stands up for the respectability, the consistency, and reasonableness of the Presbyterian Protestants, but denies not that they were anxious, as in Scotland, to see the church not only independent of the state, but superior to it in power and authority. But whatever may have been the views and intentions of the several parties and classes among Catholics and Protestants, their numerous differences protracted the civil war in the country, and prevented it from assuming a definite shape, or such appearances as indicated any decided issue.

When Charles was brought to the scaffold, Dr. Reid makes it quite clear, that the Presbyterians regarded the regicide with the utmost and undisguised horror. The Presbytery of Belfast even expressed their strong indignation at the crime in a published form, which was replied to by no less a writer than the author of *Paradise Lost*. In spite of this testimony of their loyalty, the Bishop of Down and Connor, however, while in exile, preached before Charles the Second, at Breda, a sermon, in which he boldly charged the adherents of the Covenant with having had a share in the murder of his father. The following is the unambiguous accusation: "The Presbyterians murdered the king in his political capacity, the Independents in his natural capacity. Thus our Sovereign as well as our Saviour, was crucified between two thieves, but neither of them a good thief." That our readers may obtain a more perfect idea of the fulsome flattery, and profane comparisons which this curious sermon, in which these grave allegations are to be found, contains, we shall quote one of its paragraphs. The effusion is entitled, "The Martyrdom of King Charles, or his conformity with Christ in his sufferings."

"When Christ was apprehended he wrought a miraculous cure for an enemy, healing Malcus his ear after it was cut off; so it is well known that God inabled our sovereign when he was in prison to work many wonderfull cures even for his enemies.—When our Saviour suffered there were terrible signes and wonders; for there was darknesse over all the land, the earth did shake, the rocks clave asunder, the vaile of the temple was rent, and the graves were opened; so—it was thought very prodigious

that when he suffered the ducks forsook their pond at St. James's, and came as farre as White-hall, fluttering about the scaffold ; so that our sovereign might have said unto his murtherers, as it is in Job xii. 7. *Aske the beasts and they will tell thee, and the fowles of the heaven and they will instruct thee.*"

Dr. Reid has been much indebted for the original facts laid before us respecting the period to which we have now been referring, to the M.S. memoirs of a Mr. Adair, who was a Presbyterian minister of exemplary character. From this source the following account is not less creditable to Henry Cromwell, than illustrative of the duplicity of certain lords.

"Yet a due testimony is not to be denied Henry Cromwell, though the son of the usurper Oliver; who when he perceived matters to go to confusion in England after his father's death, and the Anabaptists carry all along both in England and Ireland, he had a desire and resolution to be instrumental for bringing home the king to his just right, though upon terms by which religion and property might be secured. This he did communicate to the soberest of the officers of the army, who he thought would be most ready to concur; and particularly to the Lord President [Coote] and to the Lord Broghill. But the motion from him was crushed by those whom he looked on as his friends and the king's friends: and some of them, seeing things go as they did, resolved to take the glory of the king's restoration to themselves. Upon this Sir Arthur Forbes, a gallant gentleman, who had been a great sufferer for the king both in his blood and estate, was sent over to the king then at Breda with a tender of their service to his majesty, and intimation how far Ireland was at his disposal without any terms or conditions for religion. Yea, these two lords in Dublin growing emulous of one another, and both being afraid of the king's displeasure on his return, having been great compliers with the times before, they studied to ingratiate themselves with the king, and resolved to prevent [anticipate] one another by offering the king, though then abroad, all conditions on his return that he could require. This they thought would be acceptable to the king, the rather because it was expected that England would not receive him without conditions, somewhat equivalent to those upon which he was first received in Scotland; for the long parliament then sitting in England owned the covenant and work of reformation. But that truly worthy person, Sir John Clotworthy, being then in Dublin, a member of the convention, and finding out these designs of the lords, so wrought with them that they concurred to send one from them both to the king, with conditions for Ireland as well as for England on his restoration. And they both pitched upon Sir John to go on this negotiation. He accordingly went as far as London in his way to Holland; but Monk's actings prevented his further journey."

The stratagem by which the Presbyterians of the north of Ireland were won over to join heart and soul in behalf of William at the Revolution, was one of the simplest that we remember to have read of, where the results were so important.

"On the third of December, an anonymous letter, addressed to the Earl of Mount-Alexander, was dropped in the streets of Comber, in the county of Down, purporting to warn his lordship, as a particular friend of the writer, that a general massacre of the Protestants had been planned by the Irish to take effect on the following Sunday. Similar letters were addressed to Mr. Brown of Lisburn, Mr. Maitland of Hillsborough, and were dispersed through the neighbouring towns. Copies were immediately despatched to Dublin by Mr. Upton, of Templepatrick, and by Sir William Franklin, the second husband of the Countess of Donegal, then residing in the castle of Belfast. In this emergency, the first persons who were consulted were the Presbyterian ministers of the adjoining parishes in Down and Antrim; who did not hesitate to urge their people to associate and arm themselves, as a necessary precaution for the protection of their lives and properties. Mr. Cunningham of Belfast had forwarded a copy of this anonymous letter to Mr. Canning, at Garvagh, and, through Colonel Phillips of Newtonlimavady, it reached Derry on the evening of Thursday the sixth of December."

Every one knows what Derry did in the ensuing conflict, and how much William's cause was indebted to the brave defenders of that town, and to the men of Enniskillen. Yet what were the returns made by the government, which was mainly through them enabled to preserve Ireland under the British crown? A striking answer of historical value is thus given by Dr. Reid—

"It is painful to be obliged to add that the gallant defenders of Derry and Enniskillen were treated very ungratefully by the state. Instead of being in anywise rewarded, they did not even receive the amount of pay which was acknowledged by parliament to be justly due to them. In 1691 the officers and men of both garrisons constituted Colonel Hugh Hamill of Lifford, their agent and trustee, and authorized him to make the necessary applications to the crown and to parliament for their arrears. Seven years afterwards he resigned this office, and his brother, William Hamill, who resided principally in England, was appointed in his room. He used every effort in his power on behalf of his employers, but without success; and in 1714 he published a statement of his proceedings and a strong appeal to the public, entitled, 'A Memorial by William Hamill, Gent., agent and trustee for the officers and soldiers of the two late garrisons of Londonderry and Enniskillen in Ireland, their relicts and representatives. Dedicated to his principals.' Lond. 1714. 8vo. pp. 40. This effort in their favour met with no better success; and he was again compelled to lay their hard case before the nation in a second publication, with this sarcastic and significant title, 'A view of the danger and folly of being public spirited and sincerely loving one's country, in the deplorable case of the Londonderry and Inniskilling regiments; being a true and faithful account of their unparalleled services and sufferings at and since the Revolution. To which is added the particular case of William Hamill, Gent. their agent.' Lond. 1721. 4to. pp. 74. From this work it appears that, after two and thirty years tedious and fruitless negotiations, the following arrears were still due to the eight regiments that formed the garrison of Derry during the siege:—Baker's regiment, 16,274*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*; Mitchelburn's, 9,541*l.* 16*s.*; Walker's, 10,188*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Munroe's, 8,360*l.* 2*s.*; Crofton's, 7,750*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*;

Hamill's, 8,969*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Lane's, 8,360*l.* 2*s.*; Murray's, 5,312*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*; making a total of 74,757*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*, not a farthing of which appears to have been ever paid!"

Such are a very few of the important contents of this history of Presbyterianism in Ireland. The work abounds, as we have already stated, with evidence drawn from documents which have never before been published, the whole throwing much new light upon the protracted contests which have been the ruin of the sister isle. We do not wonder that the first volume is not now to be got for money.

ART. VII.—*Don Quixote de la Mancha*. By CHARLES JARVIS, Esq.
London: Dubrochet & Co. 1837.

CERVANTES, like many other men of great genius, appreciated in some measure his own merits, and seems to have been confident of the honours which the voice of posterity was to shower upon the noblest of all his works—the *Don Quixote*. He makes Sancho, for instance, predict its popularity, for that rare character says, "I will lay a wager, that before long there will not be a chop-house, tavern, or barber's stall, but will have a painting of our achievements," which was, indeed, verified in the author's own day. In no country, however, has so much been done as in England, not even in Spain itself, to extend and perpetuate this celebrity; for although the *Don* has passed through several editions in Portugal, Flanders, Italy, France, none of these countries can, like England, boast of ten translations of it, nor can Spain lay claim to the honour of having first or most successfully purged the work of the numerous errors which, in consequence of its publication by incompetent hands, had crept gradually into the text, until the original was so marred and grossly interpolated, as nearly to obliterate its beauty.

In fact, the first effort that was made to recover the beauty and accuracy of which the *Don Quixote* had been despoiled was put forth in this country. George the Second's Queen had been at great pains to form a complete collection of books of romance, which she pleasantly entitled the "library of the sage Merlin," but that which was the most valuable and splendid of all, and the chief among the works of Cervantes, was alone wanting, when Lord Carteret presented her with a copy, which was the origin of the celebrated edition published by Tonson, in London, 1738, 4 tom. 4to. The Royal Spanish Academy, more than forty years afterwards, superintended the publication at Madrid of a magnificent edition, also in four volumes. This learned body had probably been fired by the example which had been set by foreigners; at any rate their work exhibited proofs of the most careful revision, collated from a variety of copies which had appeared during the lifetime of Cervantes, among which there were many discrepancies. The Life

prefixed to the Academy's work has furnished most of the materials which have been used by succeeding biographers of the author.

In the year immediately succeeding that in which the publication of the *Don Quixote* by the Spanish Academy took place, greatly to the honour of England, the Rev. Mr. Bowle, a clergyman at Idemestone, brought out another edition, the result of fourteen years' preparation, together with a valuable and excellent commentary. This gentleman had made himself master of every piece of contemporaneous literature that he could find, which threw any light upon his author, and the consequence was, that numberless allusions which, in a satirical work, are always likely to be misunderstood when the age to which they immediately refer has passed away, were expounded. Idioms, too, were learnedly explained by this laborious commentator. Indeed, the achievement was deservedly regarded as marvellous; for not only was the original text carefully revised and corrected, but of the six quarto volumes to which this edition extended, the two last contained notes, illustrations, and index, all in the flowing and musical language of Castile.

Not only as critics but as translators, the English have proved their deep and lasting admiration of the *Don Quixote*. Numerous, as we have already stated, are the dresses in which it has appeared in this country,—several of them evincing extraordinary acquaintance with the original, and skill in turning the idiomatic phraseology of humorous dialogue into a foreign language. The most esteemed of these versions are those of Motteux, Smollett, and Jarvis. By some competent judges the first is considered the best; and yet it was by a Frenchman who resided in England during the reign of James the Second. What is very singular, it betrays nothing of its foreign parentage, and when read in a recent edition, which has been greatly enriched by Lockhart's notes and poetical versions of old Castilian ballads, perhaps we do not err in pronouncing it to be the most desirable translation of all.

That of Jarvis, however, has been exceedingly popular, and when the present edition, which appears in Parts, is completed, it will have additional claims to patronage over those which its predecessors of the same family have ever presented. Independently of a carefully compiled and elegantly written *Memoir of Cervantes*, which accompanies the translation, it is embellished and illustrated in a beautiful style. The engravings are worked in with the type, and yet are as clear and attractive as impressions usually are when obtained from separate plates. From the Second Part of the *Memoir*, which has lately appeared, we shall quote some passages in the course of a few notices of the Life of Cervantes, and relative to the state of Spanish literature about the period in which he flourished.

Spain, during the age referred to, though somewhat declined

from her palmy state, was still a mighty empire. War was its passion, and the profession of arms was considered to be alone worthy of a gentleman. Cervantes, who like almost every Castilian, was poor but of an ancient family, formed no exception to the prevailing taste. His enterprising spirit led him through a variety of vicissitudes, while his misfortunes had much of the chequered interest of romance. He visited the principal countries in the Mediterranean, and for five years was a prisoner at Algiers, where he experienced excessive hardships; all which, however, were turned to excellent account, in his future pictures of human life and nature. Even after his return to his native land, his career was remarkable, and the vicissitudes of his fortune numerous. To the English reader it must be interesting to know that in the year 1583 he was engaged as a commissioner under Antonio de Guevara, to victual ships at the very period when the latter was equipping the Invincible Armada. But though thus publicly employed, his connection with persons high in power in the state did not shield him from misfortunes, or prove a permanent support.

"Cervantes, who, in many respects, resembled Camoens, experienced the worst misfortune which embittered the life of that great man, when he was accused of malversations in his office of commissioner of the victualling department at Macao, thrown into prison, and brought before the tribunal of accounts. Like the poet of the *Lusiad*, Cervantes remained poor, and clearly proved his innocence. Towards the close of 1594, when engaged at Seville in settling the accounts of his commissariat, and when he was recovering with difficulty some arrears, Cervantes transmitted, repeatedly, sums of money to the treasurer at Madrid, in bills of exchange drawn from Seville. One remittance arising from the taxation of the district of Velez-Malaga, and amounting to 7400 reals, was sent by him in specie to a merchant at Seville, named Simon Freire de Lima, who undertook to convey it to the treasury in Madrid. It was then that Cervantes made a journey to the capital, and not finding there the cash which he had transmitted, he reclaimed from the merchant the sum which he had confided to him, but, in the mean time, Freire had failed, and fled from Spain. Cervantes returned immediately to Seville, where he found that all the goods of his debtor had been seized by other creditors. He, upon this, addressed a petition to the king, and a decree of the 7th August, 1595, ordered Doctor Bernardo de Olmedilla, judge of *los grados* at Seville, to take by privilege from the assets of Freire the sum which had been remitted by Cervantes. That judge effectually enforced the claim, and forwarded the amount to the Treasurer-General, Don Pedro Mesia De Tobar, by a bill of exchange drawn November 22, 1596. The tribunal of the Treasury exerted the greatest severity in adjusting the accounts of all connected with the Exchequer, which had been completely drained by the conquests of Portugal and Terceira, by the campaigns in Flanders, the destruction of the Invincible Armada, and the ruinous experiments made by certain charlatans in finance, who were called at that time *arbitristas*. The inspector-general to whom

Cervantes had been but the agent, was conducted to Madrid, to make up his accounts. He represented, that all the documents necessary as vouchers, were at Seville in the hands of Cervantes. A royal order, dated Sept. 6, 1597, directed, in a summary way, the judge Gaspar De Vallejo to arrest and to send Cervantes, under a proper escort, to the prison of the capital, there to be dealt with by the tribunal of accounts. He was, in consequence, forthwith committed to prison, but, having offered security for the payment of 2641 reals, to which the alleged deficiency was reduced, he was released under a second order dated December 1st, of the same year, on condition that he presented himself before the court, within thirty days, to pay the balance. It is not exactly known how this first proceeding against Cervantes terminated; but, some years afterwards, he was again disturbed on account of this paltry claim for 2641 reals. The inspector of Baza, Gaspar Osorio De Tejada, presented in his accounts, at the end of 1602, an acknowledgment from Cervantes, proving, that that sum had been received by him in 1594, when he was commissioned to recover arrears of claims on that city and district. Having consulted on this point, the judges of the court of the Treasury made a report, dated Valladolid, Jan. 24th, 1603, in which they gave an account of the arrest of Cervantes, in 1597, for this same sum, and of his conditional enlargement, adding, that since he had not appeared before them. It was on this occasion that Cervantes went with all his family to Valladolid, where, for two years, Phillip III. had held his court. Proof has been obtained, that on the 8th February, 1603, his sister, Donna Andrea, was engaged in superintending the household and wardrobe of a certain Don Pedro de Toledo Osorio, Marquis de Villafranca, who had returned from the expedition to Algiers. Among the papers found, there are housekeeping accounts, which proved the distress of Cervantes and of his family, and many notes and bills in his handwriting. He settled his affairs with the tribunal of accounts, either by proving an anterior payment, or by satisfying the claim at this period, for the suit commenced against him ceased, and he passed the rest of his life peaceably in the vicinity of that tribunal by which he had been so sharply treated. The honour of Cervantes requires that these minute details should thus be stated; but if it were necessary to prove by other evidence that his probity stood above all suspicion, it would suffice to recall the fact, that he himself mentions, in a spirit of gaiety, his numerous imprisonments. It would have been too much for effrontery itself to do this, if he had been subjected to them by any disgraceful action; and his enemies, those who envied his talents, and detracted from his merit in every possible way, and reproached him even with his crippled hand, would not have failed to wound, in the most vulnerable part, the self-love of the gifted writer."

If, during his travels and captivity, Cervantes had extraordinary opportunities for pursuing the study of human character, the scope which he had in his native country for completing this sort of education was not less variegated. Besides his active employments, his minute knowledge of Andalusia, where the models of sprightly wit and delicate irony were to be found—with Seville, so much renowned for its sharpers and such like disreputable characters,—

and with La Mancha, the region of pride and poverty whimsically combined—all must have served him as mines whence he derived his matchless treasures that still, and will, while man exists on earth, enrich the world.

From the Memoir before us, we must here cite a few passages which not only illustrate some curious usages and points of history, but make the reader acquainted with the personal condition of Cervantes in a variety of capacities. It is stated that in the year 1605,

“Don Juan Fernandez de Velasco, constable of Castile, had been sent to England, to negotiate a peace. James I., in return for this high compliment, despatched Admiral Lord Howard to present the treaty of peace to the king of Spain, and to congratulate him on the birth of his son. Lord Howard landed at Corunna with six hundred English, and entered Valladolid, May 26th, 1605. He was received with all the magnificence that the court of Spain could display. Among the religious ceremonies, the bull-fights, the masked-balls, the reviews, and the games or tourneys, where the king himself ran at the ring, and all the fêtes, which were lavished on the admiral, mention is made of a dinner given to his lordship by the constable of Castile, where twelve hundred dishes were served of meat and fish, without mentioning the dessert, and a super-abundance of other delicacies. The Duke of Lerma had an account of these ceremonies written, which was printed at Valladolid in the same year. Cervantes is believed to be the author; at least an epigrammatic sonnet of Gongora, who was an eye witness, seems to give proof of it. It was in the train of these rejoicings, that an unhappy event occurred to distress the family of Cervantes, and conduct him, for the third time, to prison. A knight of St. James's, named Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, wishing to pass, on the night of the 27th of June, 1605, over the wooden bridge of the Esqueva, was prevented by a stranger; a quarrel ensued, and the two combatants drawing their swords, Don Gaspar was pierced with several wounds. Crying for help, he took refuge, covered with blood, in one of the neighbouring houses: one of the two apartments on the first floor of this house was occupied by Donna Luisa de Montoya, widow of the historian Esteban de Garibay, with her two sons, and the other by Cervantes and his family. At the cries of the wounded man, Cervantes hastened to him, with one of the sons of his neighbour; they found Don Gaspar lying under the portico, his sword in one hand, and his shield in the other, and they took him in to widow Garibay's, where he expired on the following day. An inquest was immediately held by the *alcalde de casa y corte*, Cristobal de Villaroel; they took the depositions of Cervantes, of his wife, Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar, of his natural daughter, Donna Isabel de Saavedra, then twenty years of age, of his sister, Donna Andrea de Cervantes, a widow, having a daughter twenty-eight years of age, called Donna Constanza de Ovando, of a nun, Donna Magdalena de Sotomayor, who was also said to be the sister of Cervantes, of his servant, Maria de Cevallos, and, lastly, of two friends, who happened to be in the house, Senor de Cigales, and a Portuguese named Simon Mendez. Supposing, whether right or wrong, that Don Gaspar had been killed in a love affair with the daughter or the niece of Cervantes, the judge had those ladies arrested, as well as Cervantes himself.

and his sister, the widow Ovando. It was not till the end of eight or ten days, after examinations and hearing witnesses, and even giving bail, that the four prisoners were released. The depositions to which this disagreeable incident gave rise, prove that, at this time, to sustain the burden of four women, of whom he was the only support, Cervantes still occupied himself with agencies, and mixed with the cultivation of literature the dull, but less barren, pursuits of business. It may be presumed that Cervantes followed the court to Madrid in 1606, and that he fixed his residence, from that time forward, in that capital, where he was near to his relations at Alcala, to those of his wife at Esquevias, and well placed at the same time for his literary engagements and his business agencies. It has been lately established, that in June 1609, he lived in the street De la Magdalena, and shortly afterwards behind the College of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette; in June 1610, in the street Del Leon, No. 9; in 1614, in the street Las Huertas; afterwards in the street Duc d'Albe, at the corner of that of San Isidoro; thence he is traced to the spot, whence he took his final departure in 1616, in the street Del Leon, No. 20, at the corner of that of Francos, where he died."

Shortly before his death, Cervantes completed his romance of "Persiles and Sigismonda," in the dedication of which to his old patron, the Conde de Lemos, then absent from the country, appear certain remarkable words, strongly characteristic of the writer. After saying, in the words of an old Spanish proverb, that he had "one foot in the stirrup," in allusion to the long journey on which he was about to enter, he adds—"Yesterday I received the extreme unction; but now that the shadows of death are closing around me, I still cling to life, from the love of it, as well as from the desire to behold you again. But if it is decreed otherwise (and the will of Heaven be done), your Excellency will at least feel assured, there was one person, whose wish to serve you was greater than the love of life itself."

We now proceed to offer a very few observations concerning the literary history of Cervantes, and especially to direct attention to some circumstances connected with his greatest work. In the course of our statements, certain notices and extracts relative to the condition and character of contemporaneous Spanish literature will also naturally occur.

We have alluded to some of the vicissitudes which occurred in the chequered career of Cervantes, and to some of the sources whence he drew those materials which his genius has fashioned into unrivalled shapes. Among the first of his productions was a pastoral fiction, the "*Galatea*," which has been deservedly admired; but belonging to an insipid class of literature, it afforded nothing like adequate opportunities for the display of its author's very peculiar powers. He wrote also a great number of plays, upon which, however, his fame never attained any sure footing. The period of the publication of his great work, the *Don Quixote*, is that of the

rth of Philip IV., which took place at Valladolid, April 8, 1605. Cervantes tells us that the First Part, which alone appeared at this time, was begun in prison, where he was confined, not on account of crime or debt, although we do not learn what was the nature of the alleged offence. It was a bold and novel attempt which the author made, when he launched his matchless satire against the inveterate prejudices of his countrymen, and therefore he came forward under the powerful auspices of the Duke de Bejar, to whom the Don was dedicated, and who would gladly have dispensed with the sponsorship—probably having doubts regarding the manner in which the public would receive the work. It is reported that this Castilian grandee invited certain persons, whom he considered were competent judges, to listen to a specimen, and that after having heard the first chapter read, they insisted on hearing the whole of the romance. No sooner was it published than its success was unprecedented. Four editions in the course of the first year were thrown off at Madrid, one at Valencia, and one at Lisbon. That it became a favourite among the most enlightened and influential in the land, is established by the anecdote of Philip III. saying, when he saw some one laughing immoderately over a volume, "The man must be either out of his wits, or reading *Don Quixote*." Still Cervantes was not the recipient of prompt royal favour, nor speedily relieved from pecuniary embarrassments, although the Count of Lemos and the Archbishop of Toledo proved to be substantial friends. At the period of which we speak, the theatre was the grand channel of popularity and profit in Spain to men of letters: where that miracle among prolific authors, Lope de Vega, was the idol of his countrymen; for he is said to have furnished the national theatre with 1800 regular plays, and 400 religious dramas—all acted, besides many other works, almost too numerous for the imagination to contemplate, were nothing more than the mere act of transcribing the lines to be taken into account. The profits which this man received for his productions were enormous for that age; and the great in the land thought they did themselves honour by lavishing their smiles upon him. He lived in princely style, while Cervantes was struggling in the same city for subsistence by the labours of his pen. But whatever may have been the caresses which a contemporary age bestowed upon the spoiled child of fortune, posterity has completely reversed the judgment; and while the dramatist is neglected, the genius of the author of *Don Quixote* is ever acquiring a richer harvest of renown.

Not only had Cervantes to combat adverse circumstances, but the criticisms which plentifully abound in his works brought down upon him the envenomed literary weapons of inferior men, which, probably for a time, in some measure, poisoned his peace, and tended to obstruct the streams of patronage. However this may be,

one thing is clear, viz. that neither poverty, nor the jealousy of rivals could blunt the edge of our author's satire, or serve in any other way to affect its delicacy and pungency, than by infusing into it the most finished displays which his rare and cultured genius has ever produced, as witnessed in the Second Part of Don Quixote. This portion of the work did not appear speedily after the publication of the First Part, for it was at the close of 1615 when it saw the light. But seldom have continuations so happily sustained the interest created by an author's former effort, as was now unanimously pronounced; for while Cervantes had to compete with himself, he so palpably had benefited by study and by the criticisms to which he had previously been subjected, as to stamp the clearest tokens of his mastership upon the portion in question.

Some short time before the appearance of the Second Part, the public was informed that "Don Quixote was already booted." But an incident occurred which precipitated the publication; and this was nothing less than the irritating and unworthy act of a stranger, who came forward as a continuator of the Don's exploits. The attempt proved a failure, but the motives which prompted this imitation during the life of Cervantes, were not more barefacedly gross, than the chastisement was signal, towards the close of the work as it now stands, which the legitimate parent of the *Hidalgo de la Mancha* inflicted upon him, who had so rashly encroached upon such a province.

It only remains for us now to turn to the circumstances which led to the composition of Don Quixote, and to its peculiar character as a work of imagination. These circumstances were found in abundance, in the follies and caprices which distinguished Spain among all the countries of Europe, both at the age when Cervantes appeared and for generations before; and arose from the sentiments of romantic gallantry, which even in the thirteenth century obtained in a code of Alfonso the Tenth many minute regulations; as, for instance, where the good knight is enjoined "to invoke the name of his mistress in the fight, that it may infuse new ardour into his soul, and preserve him from the commission of unknighly actions." Nor were these laws a dead letter. Spanish knights visited the different courts of Europe, "to seek honour and reverence."

This taste for romantic extravagances naturally fostered a corresponding relish for the perusal of tales of chivalry, till the passion not only for such mad feats, as well as for such unprofitable reading, called down legislative enactments. Here, however, we cannot do better than quote from the part of Cervantes' Memoir before us, which brings the follies alluded to fully to the light, and the occasion of the unrivalled satire we have been considering. This long extract, and the note appended to it, conveniently close the hasty sketch regarding Don Quixote, the history of its author, and the

contemporaneous condition of Spanish literature which has now been presented.

"How can we be astonished at the passion evinced for books of chivalry, in a country where the examples set forth in them had been actually reduced to practice? Don Quixote was not the first madman of his kind, and the fictitious hero of La Mancha had had living precursors, models of flesh and blood. If we open the '*Illustrious Men of Castile*,' by Hernando del Pulgar, we shall there see the well known extravagance of Don Suéro de Quinonès, son of the chief magistrate of the Asturias, spoken of with praise; who, having agreed to break three hundred lances, in order to ransom himself from the chains cast around him by his lady, defended during thirty days the pass of Orbigo, as did Rodomont the bridge of Montpelier. The same chronicler, without departing from the reign of John II. (from 1407 to 1454), mentions a crowd of warriors personally known to him, such as Gonzalo de Guzman, Juan de Merlo, Gutierrez Quejada, Juan de Polanco, Pero Vazquez de Sayavedra, Diego Varela, who not only visited their neighbours, the Moors of Grenada, but traversed foreign countries, like true knights-errant, France, Germany, and Italy, offering to break a lance, in honour of their ladies, with any who would accept of their challenge. This immoderate taste for romance of chivalry soon bore its fruits. Young persons estranged from the study of history, which did not offer sufficient matter for their ill-regulated curiosity, took the books of their choice, offering as models both in language and manners. Obedience to the caprice of women, adulterous amours, false points of honour, sanguinary vengeance for the most trivial injuries, unbridled luxury, contempt for social order, all these were brought into practice, and books of chivalry thus became not less fatal to good manners, than to good taste. These fatal consequences excited at first the zeal of the moralists. Lois Vivés, Alexo Venegas, Diego Gracian, Melchor Cano, Fray Luis de Grenada, Malon de Chaide, Arias-Montano, and other sensible and pious writers, expressed aloud their indignation at the evil effects produced by such reading. The laws afterwards came to their aid. A decree of Charles V., issued in 1543, ordered the viceroys and courts of the New World not to suffer, by either Spaniard or Indian, any romance of chivalry to be printed, sold, or read. In 1555, the Cortes of Valladolid claimed, in a very energetic petition, the same prohibition for the Peninsula, and still more, demanded that all the books of that description then in existence, should be collected and burnt. Queen Jane promised a law on this subject, which, however, never appeared.* But

* "The following are some of the passages contained in this curious petition:—'We further say that the mischief is most notorious which has been done, and is now doing, to the youth of both sexes, by the reading of books of lies and vanities, such as '*Amadis*,' and all the books of like character, published since that period. For as young men and young women, from idleness, principally occupy themselves with these, they imbibe a taste for those reveries and adventures of which they read, as well in love as in war, and at the same time fall into other follies; and

neither the declamations of rhetoricians or moralists, nor the anathemas of legislators, could put a stop to the contagion. All these remedies were impotent, opposed to the prevailing taste for the marvellous—a taste over which reason, philosophy, and science, cannot gain a perfect triumph. Romances of chivalry were still written and read. Princes, lords, and prelates, accepted the dedications of them; and Saint Theresa, very much attached in her youth to this kind of literature, invented a chivalrous romance, before writing 'The Interior of the Château' and her other mysterious works. Charles V. devoured in secret the 'Don Belianis of Greece;' one of the most monstrous productions of this literature run mad, even while he was issuing against it decrees of proscription; and when his sister the Queen of Hungary, wished to give a grand entertainment on her return to Germany, she could find nothing better to offer in the celebrated *fêtes* of Bins, 1549, than the realization of the adventures of a book of chivalry, in which all the lords of the court, and the austere Phillip II. himself, took a part. This taste had even penetrated the cloisters; they read there, and even wrote, romances. A Franciscan monk who was called Fray Gabriel de Mata, caused to be printed, not in the thirteenth century, but in the year 1589, a chivalric poem of which the hero was Saint Francis, the patron of his order, and the poem was entitled 'El Caballero Asisio,' the Knight of the Assizes. For a frontispiece it had a portrait of the saint on horseback and armed at all points, after the manner of those figures which decorate the Amadis de Gaul and the Eplandian. His horse was gaily caparisoned and adorned with magnificent plumes. He wore in the head-piece of his casque a cross, with nails and a crown of thorns. On his shield, the representation of the five wounds appeared, and on the standard of his lance, one of Faith holding the cross and the chalice, with this legend, 'In this there can be no failure.' This singular book was dedicated to the constable of Castile. Such

for these having once conceived a passion, when favourable opportunities occur, they give a loose run to extravagance, much more than but for such reading they would ever have done. Very often it will happen that the mother will leave her daughter shut up in the house, believing that she may leave her with safety in such a retreat, when the latter will so well employ her time in these studies, that the mother may find it would have been much wiser to have taken her child out with her. Not only does this lead to the prejudice and disparagement of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience; for the more the parties become attached to such foolery, the more will they become indifferent to the holy, true, and Christian doctrine. To remedy the above-mentioned evil, we supplicate your majesty to order, under severe penalties, that no books of this description, or approaching to it, shall be read or printed; and further, that those which have already been published may be collected and burnt. Doing this, your majesty will render a great service to God, in taking from young persons the reading of books of vanity, and compelling them to read religious works, which will edify their souls and reform their lives; and your majesty will further confer on these kingdoms a great benefit and favour.' "

was the state of things, when Cervantes, shut up in his little village of La Mancha, conceived the idea of overthrowing, from top to bottom, the whole fabric of chivalric literature. It was then in the zenith of its popularity, of its success, of its triumph, when he resolved, poor, humble, unknown, without a protector, having no power at his command but his wit and his pen, to attack the hydra which had set common sense and law at defiance. But he opposed to it arms much more efficacious in the cause of reason, than arguments, sermons, and legislative prohibitions,—ridicule. His success was complete."

ART. VIII.—*The School for Statesmen, or, the Public Man's Manual; being a Complete Guide to the Constitution since the Reform Bill.*
By an OLD M. P. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1837.

THE aim and plan of this work are good, but the execution and fulfilment are not equal to the conception. Let the author be heard in explanation of his own intentions. He says, "The new features that have arisen in the condition of the country and constitution since the Reform Bill, seemed to render some such undertaking as the present not without utility. Various directions suggest themselves for shaping a course of public action, as regards conduct towards electors, and duties as a representative and statesman, under the present altered condition of circumstances. These are offered the reader in the shape of 'Letters,' with a view to adding, perhaps, to his interest from its more dramatic character. Every precept, moral or political, which an aspirant entering on the arena of public life can require, is endeavoured to be embraced." Accordingly a compendious analysis of the constitution, and of the spirit, practice, and defects of the laws of England is attempted to be given, without any bias derived from party views or feelings; the whole purporting to be developed in a correspondence between a political *Mentor* and a *Tyro*—the former affecting to utter the sentiments of long study and experience, the latter speaking from the fulness of his heart, and with all the sanguine confidence of youth, whose notions of reform are bold and straightforward.

Now, it must be quite clear, even to a superficial thinker, that the present time offers abundant scope for such a work as is suggested by our "Old M. P.;" for, as he himself says, "the various and complicated interests of the country, both natural and artificial, together with our religious, political, and social institutions, regarded as they are more or less likely to be affected by the 'progress of change,' open a wide field, no less for reflection, than curiosity and anxiety;" and we may add, for an extraordinary extent of knowledge, penetration, and sagacity, on the part of him who would set himself up as a general instructor and pioneer in that field. But in this "School for Statesmen", we cannot for a moment suppose

that any "aspirant entering on the arena of public life," can obtain many of the necessary precepts, "moral or political," which he requires. Not that the author maintains immoderate doctrines, or seems unacquainted with the principles and working of our institutions, but that he himself seems to halt between opposite opinions, to be at a loss whether to profess himself the "Mentor," or the "Tyro," in politics. We should, indeed, suppose him to be a moderate Tory, or a Conservative Whig; but how he would act in any supposed emergency, for the life of us, we cannot and dare not guess. It may be all very good to tell the "Aspirant," that reform has of late years progressed rapidly, and that it is time to take leisure to consolidate and perfect that which has been in the lump obtained. But suppose that the country should think differently, and that a certain celebrated Bill should be regarded merely as a step to much greater gains, we have not found in the "School for Statesmen" anything deserving the name of a "Public Man's Manual." There is neither that foundation, grasp, nor illustration, exhibited in its pages to entitle the work to this high and difficult display.

One other general criticism we have to offer, and this regards the judgment not only in the selection and handling of individual topics, but the prominence given to relative ideas and subjects—the author, to our apprehension, sometimes attributing an exaggerated character to comparative trifles, to the neglect of much more obvious and important points; or forcedly, for the sake of effect, working an idea threadbare and till it becomes impotent, which otherwise might have looked well enough in its own proper sphere and at its own proper elevation. It appears to us, that these defects and mistakes, characterise the three first "Letters" in the volume, for instance—the burden of which, for the sake of illustrating our meaning, we quote. The "Old M. P." thus opens the ball—

"So you are going to canvass the borough of G——? Well! I wish you success—but mind you must be *candid* with the electors. It will not do now to promise one set of measures, and when you are safely seated, vote for a contrary set. You will be *un-seated* the next time you meet your old constituents, and you will deserve it, as much for your folly as your dishonesty. For, let me tell you, there are fashions in politics, as in the gay world: and intrigue, however well it might do for a politician who was always sure of his return to parliament under the old close-borough system, will not do now. Intrigue must no longer be the fashion, now the people have the upper hand. Your political life must exist in their confidence, or you are defunct at once, and the sooner the better. When I say the 'people,' I do not refer to mere popular advocates of liberty, I mean the electors; and what their bias is, at the *present* era, I shall have an opportunity of expressing hereafter. Meantime, it is sufficient for me, wishing you well, to insist upon your observance of the one great principle that should be the guide of every one who enters on the political field under this new *régime*. No minister can exist by any

other means. No candidate can ever face, with a chance of success, his constituents again, if he has forfeited it. It will be an ample recompense to the minister for the loss of his close-borough aids in gaining majorities. It will do yet more—it will give him majorities on a prouder tenure, and on a better principle. If this should startle you on the first consideration, it will not do so after the remarks I shall have, at a future period, to make. At present considering that you are determined to act like a prudent and honest man, in rejecting all Machiavelianism and intrigue, as out of date, and taking as your text, ‘Candour’ and the securing ‘public confidence,’—I will, with a view to your attainment of the last result so desirable (nay, the very vital essence of your political strength)—I will, I say, just give you one hint, which is, that you mistake not the objects and purposes of the ‘Reform Bill.’”

The “Letter” concludes with the writer’s general understanding of the objects of the Reform Bill, viz., that it was meant to restore, not to revolutionize, and which we have no mind to discuss, our present purpose being to let the author’s *discovery*, that candour, honesty, and consistency are the best passports to “public confidence,” be appreciated, as well as to let the occasion of the “Tyro’s” rhetorical flourish, which immediately follows, be seen.

“Never was anything more blank, more disheartening than your letter! It has damped all the charm of politics for *me*! You reduce the whole matter to a plain ‘settling accounts;’—a plain ‘matter-of fact’ exposition between the representative and the constituent. All the romance—all the diplomacy—in a word, all the zest—which intrigue and *acting* gave to politics is at an end! All the display of ingenuity in explaining away apparent inconsistency is lost! All the glowing apostrophes to Liberty dumb-founded! That very theme which I had imagined the spirit of the reform bill inspired, is rendered a dead-letter! What am I to say to the electors? How animate them? How rouse them? Where glow in virtuous indignation? Where rise as the vindicator of their rights?—as the avenger of their wrongs?—the redresser of their grievances?—the restorer of their claims encroached on, or overwhelmed?—Alas! alas! all the sources of feeling, of emotion, of passion, are dried up! Eloquence may retire into some sequestered nook, fling aside her immortal scroll traced with the name of Pericles, Demosthenes, Hortensius and Tully,—Pitt, Fox, and Canning—and con over the pages of a primer, or thumb a horn-book in mixed sorrow and derision!—in mournfulness and self-contempt! While the pride of nobler enthusiasm is lost in the land, and the dignity of man, which once formed the topic of public expression, falters on the lips, and dies into an echo!

“P.S. On second thoughts, as your advice was well-meant, permit me to make my acknowledgements for it, however dispiriting and discouraging the general tone of your recommendations might be felt.”

The “Old M. P.,” and the man of the world, as he calls himself, conceives and utters this reply—

“I was not a little amused at your answer to the sober sadness of my

'experience!' It is difficult to face the chaste but somewhat demure aspect of Truth, after gazing on the dazzling illusions of Fancy. I do not wonder, with your mind heated with the harangues of antiquity,—with the glowing sentiments breathed through those pages which your recent academical pursuits have busied you over,—that you should wish to display a little of the ardour with which they have imbued you, and that you feel any exposition of 'matter-of-fact,' as damping the fire, and obscuring (come, confess it!) the scintillations of your own brilliancy! I do not find fault with you. A wish to display is a very excusable vanity in a young man, and the checks he meets with in this particular are the bitterest shocks that human pride knows. But to be sensible of these shocks, and to rise superior to them, is the victory he must achieve if he wishes to aspire to greatness. You are indignant and piqued, because your self-love is mortified. Be above this—and as I tell you above it you must be, if you wish to be 'great.' Perhaps I shall mortify you yet more by telling you, you are unjust. But I do not wish to irritate you. I would rather console you. Or, if such compassion tend to offend your pride,—let me rather say, I will show you reasons for considering that there is still ample field for the display of all those sentiments which dignify and elevate human nature; and which you would have an honourable anxiety and pride in avowing. In fact, you shall have no reason to feel your worthy 'self-love' mortified, nor the spark or spirit of nobler enthusiasm deadened or degraded. What! Is there no such topic as vice to lash? As mischievous innovation to expose? As fraudulent and 'self-interested' professions to detect? No theme on which to arouse the slumbering energies of the good but unwary,—or the too confiding and credulous? Are there no portrayals to be drawn of the deformity of inconsiderate measures of change: or of the beauties of our own institutions? Are there no proud names of virtue, candour, and disinterestedness to exhibit in contrast with the disseminators of mischief, the preachers of guile, the traitors to the public weal, and to their country? I fear there are too, too many of the bad examples to lash and expose!—would there were not! You will perceive that without sound principles of moral action—of philosophy—politics are but a paltry material. If you do not understand this, you have studied to little purpose, and have not communed aright with the great minds that have lately engaged your attention. Leave to dull pert sophists—to quibblers in argument, and not lofty debaters—their bald sentences *merely* detailing facts, or abusing an adversary. Do *you* take a bolder flight, on a loftier intellectual elevation—and let your practical plans be ever guided by the ray of an enlightened truth—or else you do but grope in a fog—benighted and bewildered—lost alike to utility or distinction."

We have extracted the cream of the three first "Letters," not to call attention to the common-place ideas which they contain, nor to the rapid and pointless declamation which the writer of them indulge, but to ask, upon the supposition that "there are fashions in politics;" where and how has the author shown that he has pounced upon any such changes as could ever have caused the

merest *tyro* to be "*dumb-founded*" at the prospect of them, and to think his "*occupation gone*" for ever, or ever have required a *Mentor* to set him right and console him by holding up *vice, mischievous innovation, and fraudulent, self-interested professions, &c.*, as new, or the distinctive topics, since the passing of the Reform Bill for our Pitts and Cannings to lash? We never knew so much ado about nothing; or of something, not worth repeating. We are sure it never entered into the head of any politician of late years, and also that it never will, to sound such an alarm as is first given, than to suppose any schoolboy to take it in the shape into which it is next put, viz., that all "*which intrigue and acting gave to politics is at an end,*" and much less, that lastly the great comfort proclaimed to the aspirant just fresh from college should be, that the exercise of lashing vice, self-interested professions, and so forth, was still left him to variegate the monotony which presumed candour and consistency must have introduced. Yet all this has pompously been advanced, and at the very starting, too, of a work professing gravely, at an important epoch of political history, to teach a young statesman the entire theory and practice of legislation. If it was that the author might dramatically introduce the subject of pledges, of which the immediately succeeding letters treat, it is obvious that he has mistaken a noisy exordium, in no way pertinent to that or any other topic afterwards handled in the volume, for that which would have been much more effective, if told in a few plain sentences of a general character. In a work, the letter-press of which amounts only to about three hundred, and by no means, closely printed pages, what is the young legislator to expect but disproportions and comparative trifles, or superficial and inoperative lessons, when he reads what we declare to be the pith and marrow of the first ten of these pages? What we say then is this, that the "*Old M. P.*" has shaped out for himself a plan which he ought to have known he could not fill up, and that the belief or persuasion, however modestly put forward, of the book being a "*School for Statesmen,*" or one the superintendent and master of which is capable of conveying to the aspirant entering on the arena of public life, every precept, moral or political, which he can require, has been signally preposterous. On the other hand, as we are about to show, the work deserves to be extensively read, and especially by every elector in the country, and every representative in parliament. The author is evidently a person of experience in the world, and one well acquainted with our best constitutional writers, all which he brings with considerable force and perspicuity to bear upon the altered or modified condition of our domestic political relations, since the passing of the Reform Bill. We shall now, therefore, select a few specimens upon some of those topics which have of late more particularly engaged public attention, or divided

the mind of the public; from which our readers will be enabled to gauge the author's merits as a "Mentor" on individual points, without, however, on our part entering the lists of political controversy.

In an early "Letter," the "Tyro" assails the institution of the "Three Estates of Parliament," uttering not only much of the common slang of radicalism, but professing himself to be enamoured of a Republican form of government, taking that of the American States as his model. Our "Old M. P." replies to him with much force. We quote part of what he has to say in behalf of a hereditary Monarch, as compared with an elective President.

"Hey-day! here's a piece of work! most modest and ingenuous youth! so you ask the benefit of my experience. Fly, begone: snatch yourself across the Atlantic—hie to America, and learn (you who dislike our monarchy) how much better a president is than a king! How much—(to quit irony)—he is the same in effect—all, excepting in the name! You object, it appears, against our monarchy, that it exists but in the name. You praise a republican form—I place that of the 'greatest republic in the world' before you: yet, still, it appears, that there must be, for purposes of social and political expediency, safety for the interests of the community, and certainty for the dispatch of state-business—some acknowledged head of society, either elected or hereditary. Now, of these two characteristics nobody doubts which is the best, as saving a world of intrigue, jealousy, dangerous ambition, and conflict. The hereditary is to be preferred. If, then, our monarchy, according to your own statement, is stripped of its more expensive trappings, and serves merely as a head for the order of society, it is the same as any other head under any other name—president or chief consul, or what you will; and as far as it is hereditary, it is, for the reasons briefly stated, better. You have, in fact, no real cause of complaint; on the contrary, you are better off, thus far at least, than if you had a republic. You say monarchy exists merely in name, and object to this as showing its inexpediency;—but here is the blessing for the people! It serves the *necessary* purpose of a head of society, whilst the real strength of dominion is in the people. If they tossed down any existing monarch as a puppet, they must constitute some functionary or another as a leader of society. This functionary would only be under another name, what we now call monarch. Were the monarchy not the shadow which you, from a mistaken principle deride, it would be—what—if a substance? Why, a despotism! Farewell then to the ascendancy of the people? The reason why you mistake is, that you look to the individual '*per se*,' who fills the office of leader. You do not look to the necessary claims of society, (with all your vaunted philosophy!) and the fashioning of its body. This, you would blindly truncate of its head, to find yourself obliged to stick another less legitimate upon the unsightly figure you had mutilated! You overlook, also, the circumstance that the monarch, in filling the office of leader of society and the government, prevents, in so doing, the conflict which this leadership would exhibit if shared by a plurality. Suppose you overthrew the

monarchy, you would not do so except through the stage of previous anarchy and revolution. With what result?—to make way for a military despotism, as in the instance of Cromwell and Napoleon's dominion. How much you gain by the change! Suppose you accomplished your desire of establishing a republic. You govern then by a national council, or congress, or parliament. What do you gain? Government there must be. Beware, lest you find this legislature only a many-headed tyrant! You have a 'set' of popular leaders, in this instance, proud of exercising kingly authority, keeping the tyranny of each other in countenance. With this feeling men are more likely to exert arbitrary power, than where an individual feels he acts, solely, and as a moderator, rather, of arbitrary power and stern prerogative. It is this last subdued and wholesome feeling that characterises the constitutional exercise of power in our limited monarchy. In corroboration of what I have surmised, as to the 'many-headed' tyranny of a mere popular legislature, I refer you to De Tocqueville's view of the political institutions of America. You will there see whether your dream of republican excellence is realized. What would you have? Society must be governed! There must be order and law maintained! The maintenance of this, is really liberty! The liberty of safety for person, for opinion, for possession! The mildest exercise of authority is exhibited in our limited monarchy. Remember the utter annihilation of all safety for person or possession, under the parliament at the commencement of the rebellion in the reign of Charles the First. Consider the testimonies of history, as to the authority or rather despotism of democracy. Remember Fox's words, that 'no form of government could be good but a *mixed one*.' See again what De Tocqueville says of the vaunted new republic of the United States."

We have not room for equally clear and pertinent arguments in behalf of a hereditary peerage, both as a social institution, and in its political character and functions, one general caution being given to the aspirant statesman, viz. to "scorn to cavil upon grovelling points, such as an individual blemish, where the institution as a whole is good."

Monarchy, and the retaining the stability of our institutions, independently of the question, whether they are in themselves the best or not, are points that are also ably argued, inasmuch as these are best fitted for the English people. The connexion between church and state, &c., are defended consistently with his general principles, by our Schoolmaster. Not a few of his lessons are suited to the merest *tyros* in political knowledge, and, to what he calls, mob-orators. The following is a specimen, which it were well that all such should study. The "Union" alluded to in the extract is that known by the locality and title of "The Birmingham."

"It is true that the 'national debt' is a clog and a burden about our necks, but to annihilate this, by means of a revolution, would exhibit a remedy more detrimental than the disease. Yes! the agitators and democrats hold forth that it would be of infinite service to the nation to bring about a revolution, since such a contingency would (as they express it)

'sponge out the debt.' The country, they plausibly say, would then be relieved of the burthen under which it groans. You have here presented you a very fine topic of declamation! But you will not want sagacity to perceive that there are two reasons for being diffident in giving credit to all the flourishing themes of these orators. In the first place, the violent method of 'sponging out the debt' would be most fatal to the interests and peace of the country. In the next place, if the havoc of property, which such an event would entail on the country, were likely seriously to take place—these democrat leaders would be the first to change their style, and resist its shock in order to save their own property. Their selfishness is as criminal as the mischief they would entail; and their perjury and hypocrisy equal to their selfishness.

"I have now, in view, as an example, the upholders of a certain great 'Union,' on which a few years ago the eyes of the whole country were turned. Do you imagine these men, who had any property to lose, would not, for the sake of themselves and their families, resist any course of political action that would tend to place their property in jeopardy? If they thought they were likely really to compass the disorder their arguments led to, they would not have done so! As it is, they felt they could flatter the passions of the multitude, and secure popularity with impunity to themselves. And why with impunity? They knew well enough that all those who had any property to lose would be opponents to revolution, its consequent anarchy and danger to property. The whole 'proprietary body' of England would be leagued against any innovation that would shake the present order of government and society.

"There are those who say, that it is idle to talk in these enlightened times of any danger to property through the means of a revolution. They say, the times now are not the times of the first French revolution! They point triumphantly to the last French revolution, as a testimony that there might be a change, a subversion of the existing government, without danger to property. What shallow nonsense! and how false the assertion is! Was there really in the second French revolution any subversion of the form of government,—any annihilation of monarchy? No! no such thing! A mere substitution of a better set of ministers, and a better trustee of the charge of monarchy, than was found in the former abjured set! So that the 'triumphant testimony' fails in its cogency of proof. Again, in England, where the outcry is to 'sponge out the debt,' as the great object of revolution,—why, it here stands to reason that property must be affected! The very terms convey such a result of action, and those who say it would not, and yet support the proposition of revolution, contradict themselves. A 'national bankruptcy' would be the result of a revolutionary declaration that 'taxes should be at an end!' 'Interest of the debt' would be at an end of course, simultaneously! Incomes would be at an end . . . and then, all those who were without means would make the few monied proprietors, (what the French call '*millionnaires*') their prey! For things, now, in a state of extreme necessity would return to their first elements. Appropriation, or individual proprietorship, would be at an end; and all the property that remained would be resolved into the common stock, in the extremity of

the emergency. The monied few would then have their property claimed as public property. They would be the victim of the multitude. The necessity of a 'bank restriction' is a terrible thing even, (as it was in the time of Pitt,) with the authority of government, and a country fully taxed to pay the interest of the debt. But only imagine the contingency of a revolutionary cessation of all public resources! Of all payments into the exchequer!—Of the funds! Who would willingly support any democratic measure that could promote such a result? 'Sponge out the debt' indeed! . . . If it is to be effected through plunder, anarchy, and ruin, it is better to groan even under the weight of taxation, and to live on circumscribed means, than to effect ruin and loss universally! The 'bank restriction,' just referred to, at any rate, was but a temporary cause of alarm. Society trembled even then, but was not utterly convulsed. Pause then, before you ignorantly look with favour on any line of conduct that may lead you towards an invasion of the security of property, and of the sacredness of public faith."

The author offers some pertinent observations regarding the anomalies and perplexities of our legal code, as well as in reference to the manifold abuses in the administration of the laws; on all such occasions delivering himself forcibly and perspicuously. One extract more is all we can find room for, it contains the "Old M. P.'s" opinion of the present state of party, from which opinion, as well as from other passages, we should pronounce him to be a Conservative Whig.

"So! Your electors mistrust the Whigs as not going so far as they profess! This is true in the instances you cite, otherwise I consider they go too far! Yes. They are no longer Whigs. Why? Because they have outstepped the bounds of that policy which the old Whigs esteemed as a principle of action, namely, upholding the constitution. The moment the Whigs outstep this limit, they are no longer 'Whigs,' but become identified with the Radicals. There is then an end of the Whig party. They are merged in the Radical body. The former Tory party has, as you say, been forced to profess itself a 'reforming body' since the Reform charter. Well, their reform extends in principle merely to wholesome improvement and correction of abuses, and not to a subversion of the constitution. As a reforming body then they are what the old Whigs were. Therefore, the Whigs, if consistent, ought to acknowledge that they were now met by the old Tories. All should unite as Conservatives of the Constitution. The Whigs, in not doing so, but in outstepping the bounds of constitutional change, forfeited the title of Whigs, and the character of their ancestors, and became Radicals. Meantime, the Whigs, such as Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, who made the acknowledgment just set forth, became Conservatives. The Whig and Tory Conservatives joined, in this instance, in one common cause. And you will see if the arguments of my former Letters are founded upon any knowledge of the English people, that this united body will alone remain permanently strong and firm in the confidence and support of the people. There are now only two parties in the country, Conservatives or Destructives. Whig and Tory are at an end. You must either then profess yourself a Radical, or a Conservative."

ART. IX.—*Schools for the Industrious Classes : or, the Present State of Education among the Working People of England.* Published under the Superintendence of the Central Society of Education. London : Taylor and Walton. 1837.

WE believe there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that education among the working people of England has of late years been making rapid advances, either as regards the number taught, or the nature of the instruction communicated. To be sure, the number of schools and of school-societies has been vastly increased, and the improvements suggested in the art of communicating all manner of instruction—that which is termed elementary not excepted—great and various; but that the real practical and aggregate results have borne no suitable proportion to all this promise, is a fact of which those who have investigated the subject are fully aware, while to all who have not ere this directed attention to it, the publication before us will carry complete conviction that the truth is as we have indicated. Nay, it is not only the fact that the industrious classes of England are, in respect of education, far behind those in countries which cannot boast of our privileges, or of our advancement in many other capacities, but that unless some great and general improvement be made, the classes referred to will become the most ignorant and uncivilized in Europe. We are of opinion, also, that unless government take the matter in hand, and establish some national system of education, no individual or private efforts will be of avail in behalf of this paramount interest. To awaken the public mind, therefore, to the real state of the matter, is a duty which cannot be too promptly or zealously performed; for thereby alone can we hope for the concurrence and active measures of the supreme power in the state. This duty has been ably executed in the present pamphlet, and being published at a price every one may command, we have hopes that it will do more than has ever before been accomplished towards the fulfilment of the most salutary steps that can be taken in behalf of the community in a moral and social sense.

Hitherto, the principal objection that has been urged against a national provision for the education of the people is, “that it would check, and finally put a stop to, the working of the voluntary school system, and throw the burden of existing free schools upon the government.” To this objection the author of the pamphlet before us immediately addresses himself, and by a series of arguments, facts, and inferences, triumphantly answers it, showing it to be a fallacy.

After stating that, looking at the question as one of political economy, it is of very little importance by which mode the funds

for providing education to the working classes be raised—whether by the public (supposing the public willing to contribute to the full amount required) or paid in the shape of a school-rate—for that in both cases the money for the most part would come out of the same pockets—the writer, by a just appreciation of the claims which the industrious classes possess, and of the feelings and tendencies of human nature, makes it manifest that elementary instruction should not be dependent upon charity, or private benevolence; because all schools supported in this manner have an injurious influence both on parents and children—in short, a pauperizing effect. While the charity school system tends to defeat the cultivation of a spirit of self-reliance and independence on the part of the parents, and of that valuable pride which never can be more effectually or beautifully gratified than when the heart is conscious of having provided the mental sustenance of a son or daughter, and of having done all that is requisite to elevate the enjoyment and character of those so related, who must soon be left to their own resources; on the children the effect of the same system is not less prejudicial, for every recipient of this kind of charity is in his very first position in life, when beyond the precincts of his parents' cottage, nothing better than a receiver of alms. Now this situation, while it must at first invest its unfortunate subject with feelings of shame,—which feelings are inculcated at public dinners, where the recipient is paraded before the donors, and also in charity sermons—in the course of time is regarded with a callousness that can never be separated from states of mind and sorts of habits, the reverse of all that is ennobling in sentiment and conduct. The very garb and badge which are made to distinguish many a charity school boy and girl seem to perfect the system of degradation.

There are other general arguments which our author adduces to show that the charity school system works badly, and that were it entirely dropped, and the whole burden of such schools thrown upon the government, the country would be greatly benefited. For example, he shows that if the pauperizing tendency of the present system is to be allowed to continue, it will ever be tending to render a bribery principle more prevalent, till at length every working man will require to be bribed to send his children to school. The principle already operates potently and extensively; for it is to the schools where the most clothing is given, not those where the best instruction is to be found, that the labouring man is for the most part tempted to send his child.

Another reason stated why elementary education should not depend upon the charity of individuals or committees of private persons is, that the system directly serves to perpetuate the distinctions and dissensions of sects in religion. The charitable motives of all such benefactors are never allowed to be disjoined from the suspicion

that to propagate a particular class of religious opinions has also been in contemplation. The appearance of a free school in a village or country town is accordingly the signal in general for the commencement of hostilities between different religious parties. The early consequence of this new erection is an opposition school, which, instead of increasing the means of education, too often divides that support which one establishment of the kind would require—rendering the two altogether inefficient. Besides being a signal for bitter rivalry among parents and sects, such voluntary schools must gradually administer the poison of uncharitableness to the hearts of the young themselves.

The evils naturally resulting from schools set up by private benevolence would not attend a government establishment. The latter could not be regarded as charitable institutions, nor the education they afforded as a favour conferred or received; neither would the government ever be suspected of preferring one religious sect to another, if the law and the central administrators of it adopted a generous and enlightened system of conduct.

But passing from such general considerations, let us follow the present writer in his inquiry and conclusions, concerning what is really done by means of private subscriptions and public charities, for the purpose of raising the moral and intellectual character of the working classes. In this inquiry he considers the different orders of schools which prevail in England, beginning with the Sunday schools in which the great mass of the agricultural population now receive the only instruction they obtain. We believe that few of our readers are aware of the fractional amount to which the elementary education received at these schools may be fairly reduced—that is, the education which consists in being able to read and write. The writer before us has in his remarks upon this, and the other classes of schools for the working classes, displayed extraordinary research and acquaintance with facts; and as most of his conclusions are corroborated by the testimonies of individuals who were the best witnesses to be found—often the poor miseducated or uneducated scholars themselves of the schools in question—whose situation and prospects in life are generally sketched, an interest is attached to the work, far superior to what could belong to general theorizing, however plausibly put forward, or eloquently urged.

Our first extract contains a great deal of important information.

“It appears from the education returns that the number of children attending Sunday schools, in England and Wales, is 1,548,890; of these, it may be safely asserted, that one half do not attend day schools, or any other kind of school. There are, at the least, 750,000 children who have no other opportunity of learning to read or write, but that which is afforded by Sunday schools. What, then, is the degree of efficiency of these schools, as far as it relates to this object?

"The answer is, first, that in many Sunday schools, the children are not allowed to learn to read or write. The reason assigned is, that to teach these or any other mechanical arts, on the Sunday, would be a desecration of the Sabbath. The schools in which neither reading nor writing is taught on the Sunday are, in England, chiefly confined to the connection of what is termed the high evangelical party. In Scotland, in the Sunday schools, teaching children even to read is not practised, excepting in very rare instances: the instruction is wholly religious. In London, there are, among others, three Sunday schools of this description, under the superintendence of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row. One of the schools meets in the chapel, another is a girl's school in Baldwin's-gardens, and the third a boy's school in the same neighbourhood. When we visited, a few months since, the Sunday school in Baldwin's-gardens, there were about 120 children present, out of whom, the mistress stated there were as many as eighty unable to read. We inquired, as they were not allowed to learn to read, what they were taught, and were informed that a verse of a hymn, or a passage of scripture was read to them, until they were able to repeat it by heart:—that the meaning of a chapter in the New Testament was explained:—that the teachers addressed them on the subject of religion, and endeavoured to impress their minds with a sense of its vital importance. The elder children who had learned to read, were expected to learn during the week, a portion of the Catechism, or of some chapter from the Bible, and to repeat it by rote, on attending school the next Sunday. The school is opened for an hour and a half previous to divine service in the morning, and for two hours in the afternoon. Some few of the children attend for several years, but the majority do not remain in the school for more than six months.

"The Sunday school held in St. John's Chapel is only open for one hour and a half in the morning. In this school, only those are admitted who are able to read. There are about 200 children. They assemble in the galleries; the boys sitting in one, the girls in another. Thirteen young men, and the same number of young women, attend to teach the children their religious duties. The mode of instruction will be best described in the words of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, (now Bishop of Calcutta), the former Minister of this Chapel, and who was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, 1816. Since this period, no alteration has been made in the management of the school, beyond the introduction of one or two new religious books.

"We teach the Catechism of the Church of England, and the Collects. We teach the children that are old enough the Epistles and Gospels. We require them to learn the texts of the sermons they have heard the preceding Sunday; and, when they have time, we occasionally set them to learn the Articles of the Church of England. These several lessons are not taught them, at the time, on the Sunday;—they learn them during the week, and repeat them only on the Sunday, at the time of their attendance at Chapel."

"In Liverpool, Manchester, and in many other parts of the country, there are similar schools, in which it is held to be a violation of the Sabbath to teach children to read, although they may have no other opportunity of learning; but the number of these schools is, as yet, but inconsider-

able, compared with those in which reading is professedly taught. The vast majority of these schools, however, teach only reading. Mr. Latter, the secretary of the Sunday School Union, is of opinion that there is not above one Sunday school in a hundred, in which writing is taught.

"The Sunday School Union is a society which has been formed for the purpose of supplying Sunday schools with suitable books, but the circulation of them is chiefly confined to the schools in connection with Dissenting chapels.

"The Sunday schools established in connection with the Church of England, are supplied with books by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge; and although the books supplied by both societies are of a similar character,—even in this respect, pains appear to have been taken to build up that middle wall of partition, which every real, and not mistaken, friend of religion would wish to see thrown down."

Taking England generally the pamphlet states, that here and there a Sunday school may be found, in which children are allowed to learn both to read and write; and in a very few cases arithmetic is taught. In Scotland, it ought to be observed, the parochial schools, at which elementary education can be obtained at a remarkably cheap rate, allow the Sunday teachers to confine their instructions to such as are of a moral and religious nature. But to abide in England—teaching the art of reading is all that is professedly done in the great mass of Sunday schools; exclusive of moral and religious instruction, much of this education in reading in many cases consisting of learning long columns of spelling, which to children who are not to be taught to write seems an idle work for the Sabbath. Now, it is necessary to inquire whether ever reading is effectually taught in these schools. We again quote.

"To estimate properly the value of a Sunday school education, it would be desirable to ascertain what number of children there are, who, without learning from their parents, or without attending day schools, have acquired the ability to read, exclusively from the instruction given in a Sunday school. Were it possible to ascertain the number, we have no doubt, from all our observations on this subject, it would be found very inconsiderable. In this respect a Sunday school may be very useful as subsidiary to a day school—the progress made during the week may be confirmed on the Sunday—or the lesson given on the Sunday, may be of use when followed up during the week; but that Sunday school instruction alone, is generally efficient for teaching the art of reading, excepting in comparatively rare instances, is what may be reasonably doubted. We have questioned many agricultural labourers, who have told us that although they were once taught to read a little at a Sunday school, they never learnt to read with ease or satisfaction to themselves, and had now entirely lost the little they had acquired.

"The following answers we received to similar inquiries from a farmer's boy, a tall strong lad of fourteen, out of work:—

"My name is Thomas Diprose. I live at the Village of Ash, (Kent). I went to the Sunday school at Meopham church for three years. Used to

learn to read and repeat the catechism. Was not taught to write. Cannot now either read or write. Have forgotten the Catechism. I think I could read a little in the New Testament; but am quite sure I could not read out of any other book.'

"That very little progress can really be made in teaching children to read in Sunday schools, will be easily understood from the following reasons. The time nominally devoted to instruction, although in some cases three or four hours, in more than half the Sunday schools now existing, does not exceed two hours in the day. The children, meeting either in the body of the church or chapel, are of course interrupted upon the appearance of the congregation. Where the school is held in a detached building, and belongs to Dissenters, the instruction is sometimes continued during the afternoon service, in which case an address to the children is given by one of the teachers, in lieu of a sermon. But in most instances, the children meet either in the body of the church or chapel, or in a small room behind it, and are only required to attend for an hour, or an hour and a-half, before divine service begins, generally once only, but sometimes twice during the day. Two hours in the week would enable a child to make some progress, but this is merely the nominal amount of time devoted to the object. Neither children nor teachers are ever punctual in their attendance, and a much greater portion of time is lost in these schools than in day schools, before the actual business of teaching commences. When the children and their teachers are all assembled, and the teachers have finished discussing with each other the gossip and news of the week, it is but seldom that more than one whole hour is left for the more serious business of instruction. During this hour, we have to consider how little portion of it can be given by the teacher to each individual child, where there are a great number to be taught, and for how short a period the attention of a child is really fixed upon the spelling book, or spelling lesson before him. Further, we must bear in mind how few of the children attend regularly, Sunday after Sunday, for any considerable period; many staying away for a month at a time, forgetting all they have learned in one lesson before they commence another.

There appears to be a difficulty in obtaining a regular attendance of children in Sunday schools, excepting in those cases where the parents are all members of some religious congregation, or in which great exertions are made, by means of district visitors, to inquire after the absentees. It is but rarely that a Sunday teacher is found able to inspire the mind of a child with a sufficient degree of interest in the instruction he receives, to make him prefer attending the Sunday school, to staying at home, or rambling in the fields.

In many country villages, says our author, the master of the Sunday school is a person unable to write. Hence it may be inferred that he is not a competent teacher of reading; so that when this, with the foregoing particulars, together with others stated in the pamphlet, are united, we may very reasonably suppose that the number of scholars who acquire a fluency in reading, which is necessary before having acquired a taste for it, from the instruction communicated to them exclusively in Sunday schools, must be very

inconsiderable. Says the pamphlet, "all the evidence we have collected strengthens our conviction, that from the various causes enumerated, not more than one child in a hundred, attending Sunday schools, succeeds in acquiring more than the power of spelling painfully through a chapter in the New Testament, unless he has also been to a weekly school, or has had an opportunity of learning at home." What then must be the intellectual condition of the 750,000 children who, as already quoted, have no opportunity of obtaining elementary learning, except in these schools?

Next to Sunday schools the most numerous class for elementary instruction consists of those which have been established in connexion with the National School Society. Though these are termed National Schools, they are designed only for children whose parents are members of the Church of England, for while nominally open to all, it is upon terms such as Dissenters and Roman Catholics must reject. Yet what is really done in these schools, which are upon Dr. Bell's system?

"First as regards mere elementary instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic, it is a lamentable fact, that in many of these day schools, (as in our Sunday schools) nothing is taught but reading. This is especially the case in Devonshire, and in other agricultural districts, and even in the schools in the neighbourhood of London. In the State of Virginia there is a law, that no person, on pain of flogging, shall teach a negro child to read or write. It seems incredible that in any part of this country, we should be so little in advance of the Virginian planter, that it should be deemed an offence to teach the child of an English labourer to write his own name. Yet so it is. The argument used, is, that boys or girls, (girls especially) designed for domestic servants, ought not to have the power of reading their master's or mistress' letters, if found lying about, and thus to get possession of family secrets. But the more common argument is, that children who have been taught to write, have sometimes been seen to scribble immodest words on doors and shutters.

"The following is an instance among many of a school in which these views appear to prevail.

"Mr. Frederick Page is master of Rickling National School, (Essex). The school is superintended by the clergyman of the parish. Mr. Page began life as a cobbler; became a gentleman's servant; then schoolmaster. Has been schoolmaster nearly fifty years.—Does not know his own age—Thinks he is something beyond seventy.—Has been master of Rickling since the school was built, six years ago—Receives eight shillings per week for his employment, when the school is open.—Teaches both boys and girls reading and spelling in the Old and New Testament.—Teaches also from an abstract of the New Testament; hears the children their Catechism.—There are sometimes sixty scholars; average, about fifty.—Attends five hours per day—three hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon.—Teaches nothing beside reading and spelling in the above-named books.—Writing not allowed to be taught; the chief objection made to teaching writing when it was proposed, was, that the boys merely

learned to scribble on the walls and palings.—Attempted to teach knitting and netting, but abandoned it, because the numbers were too much for him.’

“Something would be gained to the cause of civilization and human improvement, by teaching children merely to read well; but the faith of that person must be strong, who believes that in such a school as the above, even reading is effectually taught. We have met with so many cases of boys spending years in a school of this description, without being able to do more than spell through a few words, that we doubt exceedingly, whether, under such circumstances, the art of reading is ever effectually acquired. The time of the pupil is wholly wasted, and it would be well if the mischief ended there, for a youth, when wearied with the fruitless drudgery of his labour, becomes more and more indisposed to mental application, and instead of learning to delight in reading, as a source of rational and intellectual enjoyment, is made to hate the very sight of a book.”

The pamphlet goes on to state that in the majority of national schools, the course of instruction is not quite so restricted as in the above instance, reading, writing, and arithmetic being professedly taught. But by whom taught and in what manner? It appears that many of the teachers are incompetent for the office they fill, that the children very generally do not attend even one year, and that in many schools the half of the time is given to religious rehearsals. As we shall have other opportunities of learning from the pamphlet, this mode of conveying religious instruction to the neglect of that elementary education, which, if properly conveyed, would throughout the whole of after life, enable each person to read and think for himself, seems calculated to defeat the very purpose intended, since the continual repetition of the same passages, answers, collects, hymns, &c., can hardly fail to excite a distaste for such lessons, and to associate the drudgery thus imposed with the character of religion, even supposing that the rehearsals concerned subjects suited to the youthful understanding, which is far from being always the case. Really, were the subject of ordinary moment, it would be amusing to dwell upon the schemes which have been adopted to instil into the youthful minds entrusted to the authorities over the national schools the doctrines of religion and the facts recorded in the Bible. Our author states, for example, that the Rev. J. C. Wigram, the secretary of the national schools, has recently compiled a work to teach elementary arithmetic, in which nearly all the examples are taken from the Scriptures without any regard to the circumstances of after life as to the worldly dealings of the scholars, or the giving of those useful directions to the mind, without which a recollection of religious dogmas can be of very little benefit. The following are examples declared to be taken from the compilation on elementary arithmetic just now alluded to.

“EXAMPLES IN NUMERATION.

“Mesha, king of Moab, was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the king of Israel, 100,000 lambs. 2 Kings, 3rd and 4th chap. Write down the number.

“The children of Israel were sadly given to idolatry, notwithstanding all they knew of God. Moses was obliged to have 3,000 men put to death for this grievous sin. What digits must you use to express this number, &c.

“ADDITION.

“Of Jacob’s four wives, Leah had six sons, Rachel had two, Billah had two, and Zillah had also two. How many sons had Jacob?

“There were seven days between the birth of Jesus and his circumcision, and five days from that event to the Epiphany, the time when the star led the gentiles to worship the holy child. How long was it from the nativity to the Epiphany.

“SUBTRACTION.

“Our blessed Saviour ascended to heaven forty days after the resurrection, and the Holy Spirit descended on the Apostles fifty days from the same time. How many days are there from Ascension-day to Whit-Sunday?

“There are twenty-four chapters in the gospel of St. Luke, and twenty-eight chapters in his book of the Acts of the Apostles. What difference is there in the two? &c.”

Multiplication and Division are treated after a similar fashion. But the sum total, says our author of the instruction, exclusive of a little writing and arithmetic, received at the national schools, may be described in the following words, taken from the Report of the Society for 1836, wherein it is stated, that “Every child, as it rises to the higher class in the school, is expected to know perfectly by heart, and be able to explain and answer questions upon the Lord’s Prayer, grace before and after meat, prayer on entering and on leaving church, and a morning and evening prayer for private use at home: the second and third collects for the morning and evening service, the church catechism, &c.” That Geography, the History of England and her colonies, the principles of practical mechanics or any other knowledge of a secular character, calculated to equip the child for after life, are taught in these schools, it would be folly to suppose, and quite contrary to the truth. In the British and Lancastrian schools, which have been chiefly patronized by Dissenters, Joseph Lancaster having been a Quaker, it appears that a more enlightened and liberal method has been followed, and that the rote system has not become so prevalent as in the national schools. In the two, however, there is a great similarity of plan, especially as regards the system of teaching by boy monitors, the cleverest child in each class being made teacher of the rest.

Upon the subject of monitors the pamphlet displays its usual research and appositeness of remark. It allows to the scheme some

credit, especially as having recommended itself at first by its great economy, enabling one person to teach 500 or 1000 children at the same time. But that its advantages have been vastly exaggerated, is made equally manifest. We quote what is said about the abuse of power given to monitors, with some of the biographical notices already alluded to.

"It leads to favouritism, and bribery, and corruption, to an extraordinary extent. Nearly all the children we have examined from the Bell and Lancasterian schools, concur in the statement, that it is necessary to win the favour of monitors by presents of fruit, cakes, toys, and sometimes half-pence. Whatever therefore may be the opinion of school-masters, or of writers on education, we have always found that the boys themselves, who have passed through these schools, have had a history to tell, very unfavourable to the system. Let us call the following witnesses.

"*Nov. 7th. 1836.*—THOMAS BENNETT, Age 15, 1, Russell-street, Little Coram-street. Father a slater, mother makes artificial flowers, five children, one died last week of hooping-cough. Assists a man who drives about with a horse and cart, and sells tea-chests, has 6s. per week wages. Cannot read nor write—went for one year and a half to a free school in Perry-street, Somer's-town. 'But they never larnt me nothing. They sets a parcel of boys to teach you. They are always playing or talking. Then if you complains to the master, they take care to be always having you up for everything, and gets you a hiding for nothing.' Says he always attended regular; was never more than three times half an hour behind, and for that he got a good hiding. 'Master was always knocking the boys about. 250 boys and only one master. He (Bennett) never got beyond a, b, ab, and words in two syllables, all the time he was at school.

"*Dec. 9th. 1836.*—WILLIAM BURTON, age 13,—4, Tower-street, Waterloo-road, New-cut. Cannot read nor write, but is going next week to a place. Is to have 5s. 6d. per week, at a music-printer's—'printer's devil.' Went once to a national school in Charles-street, called the Jerusalem school, thinks there were 200 boys and 300 girls there; did not stay long, 'because boys were set to teach him;' 'they were always wanting us to give them apples and things. If we did'nt, they would'nt favour us, and give us tickets; they would be always telling the master about us, and we got hit about for nothing. It was no use telling the master, that they wanted us to give 'em things, because he would'nt believe it; he used to hit us on the hand. One day, after I had been hit about for nothing, mother would'nt let me go any more.'

"*JOHN MORLAND* aged 13, Half-moon Passage, Bartholomew-close. Lives with his father, a sieve maker; sells sieves to shops, sometimes in the markets. If he could get plenty of work, could earn 10s. per week at sieve making, but the trade is bad. Went to the national school in Broad-street, St. James's, for two or three years; used to learn to read, write, and cypher. Sometimes was punished with two or three cuts on the hand. The boys, who were teachers, would 'sometimes have you up for nothing.' The master would not allow apples to be eaten in the school, and if a teacher saw a boy with an apple, he would get him a cut on the hand, but if half the apple were given to him, the boy got off. The master used to

be always sitting at his desk, and made the teachers do every thing. Went afterwards to another free school, at Chelsea; but thinks the school, at which he made the most progress, was one in Berwick-street, where he had to pay 8d. per week. The master had'n't so many boys to attend to, and he taught them himself. Boy says, he can read very well; has read *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and newspapers."

"That the monitorial system may be useful within proper limits there can be no doubt; but that a large school can be entirely governed by it, and well governed, so that no one child shall be neglected, is impossible. In all these schools there are a certain number who make progress, and would do so under the worst system; but the great majority make little or none. Bad as are the common day schools, set up by private school masters, we have been forced to the conclusion that they are, after all, much better than the greater number of free schools, supported by voluntary subscriptions. Indeed many of the common village dame schools are far superior to some of the so-called National Schools of the metropolis. We have found that poor parents spend year after year in shifting their children from one free school to another, in the vain hope of finding one in which they would learn something, and are often obliged, at last, to send them to an expensive private evening school, in order to qualify them for any situation above that of a mere errand boy."

Before leaving what the pamphlet has to say about the national schools, we must call attention to some parts of an account extracted from the "*Morning Chronicle*," regarding an annual examination of the children of the National Society Central Model School, Westminster, at which examination the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Bangor, and about two hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. We quote from the account as it is given in a note to the pamphlet.

"The examination commenced with the junior class of boys, and consisted in hearing them read some printed extracts from the Scripture, relating to the history of Lot. We were struck with the inappropriateness of this lesson. Perhaps, there is no part of the Bible to which it is so little desirable to direct the attention of youth, as to this narrative. It appeared, however, to have been one which had made but little impression upon the minds of the children. When they had finished, they were asked several questions relating to the facts they had read. Some of their answers were given very correctly; but notwithstanding their previous drilling, one unhappy urchin, when asked who were the two men who came to Lot? blundered out Sodom and Gomorrah. The boys being dismissed, classes of girls were introduced, who, in like manner, read some portion of Scripture history, were interrogated thereupon, and repeated the Catechism and the Collects; they did not, however, appear thoroughly to understand the meaning of the words ascending and descending, for several of the girls, in answer to the question, 'What did Christ do after his crucifixion?' replied, 'He descended into heaven.' This error being corrected, other classes, first of boys, then of girls, were introduced, and went through the same ceremony, the only variation being that two of

the higher classes performed (not, however, without some stoppages) a sum in addition, and another sum in practice. When the turn came for the higher class to be examined, the Bishop of Bangor broke through the printed form of questions, to which the children had learned their answers by heart, and put a great number, which occurred to him at the moment, connected with the prophecies of Isaiah. Here, however, the children were sadly at fault; and, to do them justice, it was not to be expected they could be otherwise. Many of the questions were of a character which a profound biblical critic would have found it difficult to answer; and we heard two or three gentlemen sitting near us remark, once or twice, that they should have been equally puzzled with the boys, how to reply to some of the interrogations.

"Some pains appeared to have been taken with the children's reading, which, on the whole, was satisfactory. But, we much object to the practice of compelling the children to make a genuflection every time they pronounce the name of Jesus. As this word occurred some thirty or forty times, in the course of reading one chapter, the effect of a large class of girls dropping a low curtsy, at every ten or twentieth syllable, had rather a risible effect than one calculated to produce serious thoughts of the sacred character of Christ, and of his divine mission. This is surely a superstitious rendering of the text—that, at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow; and was not the meaning which that passage was intended to convey.

"We regret to observe, that notwithstanding the length of the examination connected with the historical facts of the Old Testament, and with some points of the Catechism, not a single question was asked relating to any of the moral duties of life, or calculated to shew whether the children had been taught the connection between the moral obligations of religion and their temporal as well as their future interests. No mention was made about duty to parents, love to one another, the importance of truth, honesty, industry, perseverance, &c. but the inquiries were confined chiefly to mere historical facts, relating to Abraham, Isaac, Rebecca, Hezekiah, Elisha, Elijah, &c. (To the question, 'Who was Jacob?' the girls answered, 'One of the twelve tribes of Israel.') The examination concluded with a hymn, and by all the children (falling down upon their knees) repeating the Lord's prayer."

Now, the school in question, the "*Chronicle*" afterwards states, is the central, model, and normal school, of a society which professes to educate 516,000 children of the poorer classes; and from this normal seminary, the teachers are supplied for most of the provincial national schools. Not to speak of the hosts of the children of the poor and the working classes throughout the kingdom, who receive no elementary school education whatever, what are we to think of the intellectual and moral condition of the many thousands who are instructed by the off-shoots of such a model as that which the "*Morning Chronicle*" describes—a description which unless contradicted in an equally public manner must be held as correct? Surely it is time that the legislature and government should look to it, lest the tide of ignorance, which for a time may

be dammed up and kept back, should so increase in magnitude and tempestuousness as to break every barrier which the laws of the country have erected, and devastate and swamp the nation.

Our author adduces other evils of system and administration besides those we have spoken of relative to the national schools, which we have not space to notice. We therefore proceed to attend to some of the observations and facts set down concerning another class of seminaries, viz. those that have at no very distant date been introduced for training and educating infants. To the originators and conductors of these schools, the pamphlet awards very considerable praise, but at the same time points out some methods and exercises which appear as egregious blunders and follies. Several of these absurdities arise from an extreme anxiety to teach infants a system of religious doctrines and scriptural declarations, even such as regard the mysteries of the Christian religion, instead of using only those simple explanations which are adapted to the capacities of little children. We first quote, as a specimen, one lesson which is intended to make an infant acquainted with historical events as recorded in Scripture, along with a knowledge of the alphabet, taken from a work which has gone through three editions, and which has been prepared by the masters of certain infant schools.

“ ‘ SCRIPTURE ALPHABETS.

Tune.—*Adeste fideles* ; or, *Portugal new*.

A—is an angel, who praises the Lord ;

B—is for Bible—God’s most holy word ;

C—is for church, where the righteous resort ;

D—is for devil, who wishes our hurt.’

‘ The tune requires that the first part of the last line should be repeated three times : thus—D, is for devil—D, is for devil—D, is for devil, who wishes our hurt.’ ”

The design, of course, is as declared by the authors of the work to make the children familiar with the letters, and at the same time to store their minds with scripture truths ; but whether little creatures of two or three years of age can be made to apprehend the meaning of the scriptural truth that may lay in an abstract proposition, or may refer to a simple fact, when that fact embraces in its statement a hard and unfamiliar proper name, is the question. Take, as examples, some other lessons from the same work as above.

“ ‘ G—is for Goshen, a rich and good land ;
H—is for Horeb, where Moses did stand ;
I—is for Italy, where Rome stands so fair ?
J—is for Joppa, and Peter lodged there ;
K—is for Kadesh, where Miriam died !
L—is for Lebanon, can’t be denied.’ ”

“ The above may be considered a fair specimen of the work, but the heading of some of the chapters which follow the preceding lesson, will

show further what kind of measure is taken of the capacities of little children, by the authors, and what the children are required to learn.

- “ ‘ 1. The names of all the books in the Old and New Testament.
 2. All the passages relating to the working of the Holy Spirit.
 3. The parallels between Moses and Jesus.
 4. The names of all the mountains mentioned in Scripture.
 5. The principal prophecies relating to Christ.
 6. Sins recorded in Scripture, with examples.
 7. All that is said of No. 7 in Scripture.
 8. Ditto of No. 40.
 9. The offices of angels.
 10. Names given to Christ, &c.’ ”

The following is a specimen of the kind of hymns said to be deemed suitable for children under six years of age, and the kind of tunes associated with serious themes.

“ ‘ The woman’s seed shall surely tread,
 Though wounded, on the serpent’s head.
 In Abraham’s, Isaac’s, Jacob’s seed,
 Shall all the earth be bless’d indeed.
 Judah’s sceptre shall not cease,
 Till Shiloh come—the Prince of Peace !
 His place of birth, his line, his tribe,
 The prophets carefully describe.
 Born of a virgin, he shall be
 Emanuel—God with us is he !
 These records, in the hands of Jews,
 Prove the Messiah they refuse.’ ”

“ ‘ Tune.—*Roy’s Wife of Aldivalloch.*
 Lord of life, oh ! let me love thee ;
 Lord of life, oh ! let me love thee ;
 Here thy love is shewn to me
 Lord of life, oh ! let me love thee ;
 Thine arm is ever round me thrown,
 To guard me as a tender blossom !
 Thou feign would’st class me as thine own,
 And bear me heaven-wards to thy bosom.’ ”

These extracts must suffice with regard to infant shools, to show that however plainly the experiment of such seminaries may shadow out the principles upon which they ought to be conducted, there is a necessity that a better digested system of education be established, which nothing, we believe, can satisfactorily introduce, but a large and national measure, which might furnish every appliance and means that the object contemplated calls for.

Taking all that we have gathered from the pamphlet, and presuming that it contains nothing but facts, which we may safely do when we find that it has been edited by one of the office-bearers belonging to the “ Central Society of Education,” who pledges his word in behalf of its accuracy—the resistless inference is, that there

is a lamentable lack of education among the working classes of England and Wales; not to travel farther, and that though there may be many schools, the instruction they disseminate is woefully defective. Truly it may be asserted, that, "nothing but inordinate vanity, and self-love, have blinded us to the truth that a large proportion of our population are, morally and physically, in a far inferior state to that of the American Indian, whom we term savage."

Without confining our attention to any one of the particular classes of schools of which we have been hearing—although to unprejudiced minds what has already been adduced must be enough to point out their limited influence as well as positive inefficiency—a few more testimonies from a great number of juvenile witnesses as described in the pamphlet will not fatigue any reader. The cabinet pictures which these testimonies present are extremely interesting; the following are taken at random.

"*November 4th, 1836.*—*MARIA SHREWSBURY*, Poole-street, North-road, aged 16.—Lives with her father and mother, and gets her living by shoe-binding. When in full work can earn 5s. per week. Went to a day-school when quite a child, but so long ago that she forgets all about it. Has been also to two Sunday-schools, one called a National School, in Hoxton. Used to learn to read and spell, but made very little progress. Is not able to read a chapter in the New Testament; cannot write at all."

"*CAROLINE HICKS*, aged 12.—In service as a milk-girl, with Mr. Curtis, Hosier-lane, Smithfield; was brought up in St. Andrew's workhouse; was placed out a twelvemonth back—cannot read and write. The school-mistress in the house had weak eyes, and was not able to hear them read."

"*November 1st, 1836.*—*SAMUEL TAYLOR*, aged 14, Hyde, Middlesex.—Mother a washerwoman, father dead, four children. Went to a day-school for a twelvemonth only; paid 10d. per week. Used to learn to read and write, cannot do much at either. Never attempted to read any other book than the New Testament; did not get so far as subtraction in cyphering. Knows that there are thirty pence in 2s. 6d.; believes that 8 times 8 are 56. Tried to get a living by selling oysters: did not succeed. Is now looking out for work; thinks if he were a better scholar he could soon get employment. Has learned no trade, and is at a loss to know what to do."

"*ISAAC WOOD*, aged eleven, Kent-street, Borough. Sells sticks for his father about the streets. Disposes of about a dozen every day at various prices, from a penny to sixpence. His father will not let him go to school. Is obliged to sell sticks on Sundays, cannot read and write. His father buys the sticks of Mr. Russell at the Catherine Wheel.

"*Mem.*—Many of the sticks sold about London in this manner, for a penny and twopence, appear to be young ash trees pulled up and stolen, when worth sixpence each in the ground.

"*THOMAS JAMES*, 63, East-street, Lambeth. Age fifteen, sells 'baked taters all hot' in the streets, carries them about in a portable kitchen in which they are kept hot. Cost of the steam kitchen with the lamp was £2. Thinks he sells about a hundred potatoes every day, at the rate of three

a-penny. Earns about six shillings every week. Father and mother get their living in the same way. Was brought up by the parish, and was six years in Mr. Aubin's establishment at Norwood. Used to learn to read and write, and can now read pretty well. Has read besides the New Testament and Spelling Book, the History of Jack the Giant Killer, and part of Robinson Crusoe. These were not school books, but one of the boys lent them to him. That boy got them from his parents. Don't know the meaning of the word arithmetic. Was taught ciphering. Knows that there are sixty pence in five shillings, and that twice sixty make a hundred and twenty. Has never read the Penny Magazine."

"DENNIS CRAWLEY, Church Lane, St. Giles'. Lives at the Robin Hood with his mother. Pays three shillings a week for one room with a bedstead. Aged fourteen. Has no shoes or stockings. Gets his living chiefly by selling onions at a penny a bunch. Buys a bushel in Covent Garden market for three shillings, and sells them in this way for four shillings. Disposes of a bushel in two days. Cannot read and write. Six years ago went to a day school for three months, began learning his letters, was taken away to help his mother to earn something because his father died.

"JOHNNY CAUTHY, 26, Red Lion Court, Saffron Hill. Age ten. Has no shoes or stockings. Father dead. Mother a very old woman. Gets her living by selling fruit in the streets. Pays one shilling and ninepence a week for a room at a public house. Boy sells penny alphabet picture books about the streets. Buys them at ninepence half a dozen. Does not sell generally more than half a dozen in a day, but one day he sold ten. Does not know the alphabet although he sells it. Mother not able to teach him. Never sent him to any school. His brother who was a working boy was drowned through playing on some barges.

"HENRY ABRAHAMS, 6, Coppice Row, Clerkenwell, age fifteen. Is a self-taught artist. Gets his living by making sketches of houses, chiefly public houses. Charges from two shillings and sixpence to five shillings each sketch. Is not able to draw figures or trees. Went to a school in Clerkenwell Square for four years, but thinks he learned more from his mother than he gained at school. She taught him to read before he was five years old, was not taught drawing at school. Made no progress in arithmetic there. Never could understand the mode of working questions by figures. Used often to get thrashed for it. Says he often lies in bed of a morning, and works difficult sums in his head in his own way. Is clever in mental calculation; a sharp lad possessing superior talents, but too badly educated to turn them to a proper account."

One biographical and family sketch more, and we must leave these touching pictures; it is of an interesting girl, we are sure, whether her appearance or conduct be regarded. Her testimony, like that of a number of the others, gives "Jack the Giant Killer," "Tom Thumb," and such precious histories, a precedence in the cottage libraries, which we hardly could have supposed existed at the present day. "Robinson Crusoe" will ever maintain his ground.

" **ELIZABETH KNOWLES**, aged 14,—2, Bryan-street, Webb-square, Shoreditch. Eight in family, Elizabeth the eldest; father works at shoe-making, as a chamber master. Went to a charity school, Wood-street, Spitalfields; used to have a stuff gown, and two pair of shoes every year, given to her; the children only allowed to stay three years in the school; thinks it was a very good school, but used to write only once a week, and sometimes not at all. Cannot now write much. Father is going to send her to an evening school to learn to write, as soon as he can afford it. Had a Bible from the school which she reads. Her father bought her Jack the Giant Killer, Tom Thumb, and Robinson Crusoe. Father and mother cannot read; she used to read to them, of an evening, Robinson Crusoe. Was only taught cyphering once a month; don't know how many 4 times 12 make; was chiefly employed in reading and sewing at school; can hem and stitch, and do anything with her needle.' "

Now, what ought to be the remedy for this deplorable state of things concerning the most vital interests of time and eternity? Since the education provided by the voluntary system, by the benevolence of individuals, and private bodies, is so deplorably defective, ought the public to be alarmed at the idea of government taking up the subject and establishing a national system, to be managed by a central board? On the contrary, the voice of the country should be sounded loudly in the ears of our rulers, demanding that the present stinted measure of instruction for the industrious classes should be supplanted by a large and liberal provision for their intellectual and moral necessities, and to such a call, all may rest assured, prompt attention would be paid. True it is, as remarked by our author, "Some years must elapse before a bill for national education, such as the people of this country ought to demand, will pass the House of Lords." But a bill to this extensive effect, he suggests, is not at the present moment a *sine qua non*. What then does he suggest? He says,

"Ministers have the power in their own hands, assisted by a simple vote of the House of Commons, of extending indefinitely, the number of schools, and of commencing a reform in those which already exist.

"Nothing more is required than a Central Board of Education, composed of fit men, (whom the Crown may appoint) with the same power over the annual government grants for educational purposes, that is now given to the Lords of the Treasury.

"Twenty thousand pounds are now voted every year in aid of building school houses, which when erected merely serve to deceive the public into the belief that education is advancing, when really it is making little or no progress. Suppose the same money given only on condition that the school established should be conducted upon a plan likely to be effective, and how different would be the result from what we see at the present moment.

"Let there be a model and normal school for training properly qualified teachers. Let the Central Board have power not only to aid in building school houses, but in supporting good schools when established,

and the way would be gradually paved for a more comprehensive measure. The power of withholding an annual grant, of however small an amount, from an ill-conducted school, would be quite formidable enough to cause their authority to be respected, and the power of giving pecuniary assistance, however limited, would be quite sufficient to induce by degrees all the mismanaged charity schools now existing to place themselves under the Board.

"The plan is simple and feasible; nothing but resolution is wanting to effect the object, not in a moment, but by such steps as would be at once safe and certain.

"Let no one imagine that the work of educational reform, can be effected without centralization. Without a central Board, armed not with despotic powers calculated to irritate and inflame the public mind, but with sufficient power to make it the interest of all persons connected with schools to adopt improved plans of instruction, little or nothing can be accomplished. An individual might waste a life in reasoning with school masters and mistresses, appealing to committees, and their secretaries, and canvassing subscribers, without succeeding in changing the character of more than half-a dozen schools throughout the country. But a central Board, operating by means of an establishment for training teachers, and annual grants, might in a short time, produce a change that would appear as the effect of magic."

Even the difficulties which religious prejudices would interpose between the suggested step and the present state of things, it is argued, would be much less than what is feared—being out of the House of Commons more in name than reality. The general success which is now allowed to have attended the experiment of education in Ireland, both for Catholic and Protestant is adduced; and why may not religious instruction in England be separated from that which is purely scientific and secular? One thing is clear, that the present state of religious as well as intellectual and moral education in this country must excite in the reflecting mind the most serious apprehension. "The Bible," says the pamphlet, "being made a spelling book, a task book, an engine of punishment, becomes connected with the most painful associations in the mind of the child." As we have seen also, even in the national schools there is a rote system which seems to us to be calculated to suggest, that instead of Christianity being a most reasonable faith, it is a code of forms, vain repetitions, and tiresome observances. But we must have done, consoling ourselves with the hope, that the very able and earnest work before us is destined to work a manifest salutary change on the all-important subject of which it treats.

ART. X.—*Memoirs de Jacques Casanova de Steingalt*. Ecrit par lui-même. Edition nouvelle. Paris 1836.

OUR author was intended for the church, and for some time wore the dress of an abbé. Not feeling a strong vocation for the ecclesiasti-

cal profession, he, after a while, abandoned it, and took the title of the Chevalier de Steingall. The order of knighthood to which he belonged seems to have been substantially that of the *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. He passed his life in travelling from city to city, living in great splendour, principally on the product of his skill in gaming, although he was at times employed in different ways by several of the governments. He also numbered among his other ways and means the art of predicting future events by the aid of a familiar spirit, to whom he gave the name of Paralís, and who made answer through the intervention of cards and numbers, in a way not particularly explained, to any question which our author thought proper to propose. His success in this kind of necromancy seems to have given him a complete ascendancy over the minds of certain very respectable old ladies, in France and Italy, who placed the contents of their strong boxes entirely at the discretion of him and his familiar. His fine person and engaging manners were equally successful with the younger part of the fairer portion of the creation, and a large part of the book is occupied by a narrative, in much freer language than suits the taste of the present day, of his adventures of gallantry. His achievements in the line of fortune-telling, attracted at one time the attention of the Inquisition, and he was confined by order of that tribunal in the prison called the Leads—*les Plombs*—it being the attic story immediately under the leaden roof of the ducal palace at Venice. The character and situation of this prison-house have lately been rendered familiar to the public by the work of Silvio Pellico, who was also confined in it. Casanova's apartment was immediately above the hall where the tribunal of the inquisition held its sessions. After a confinement of more than a year he succeeded, in a way that certainly does infinite credit to his address, perseverance, and physical power, in making his escape. He published at the time an account of his imprisonment and escape, which is incorporated in the present work, and forms one of the most amusing passages. Casanova combined with his other qualities a strong taste and aptitude for literature, but has not, we believe, left any work of value.

It is not our purpose to follow our author through the long career of his adventures. Having given our readers a general idea of his character and history, we proceed to lay before them some of the most entertaining passages in the work before us. In his travels about Europe he more than once visited Voltaire at Ferney; and gives the following account of the conversation at one of these visits.

"After dinner we went to see Voltaire, who was rising from table as we entered. He was surrounded by a sort of court of ladies and gentlemen, which made my introduction rather a formal one. After being presented, I said to him:—'M. de Voltaire, this is one of the happiest days of my life. I have been for twenty years your pupil, and I am truly delighted with the opportunity of paying my respects to my master.'

“ ‘Sir,’ said he, in reply, ‘after you have been my pupil for twenty years more I hope you will begin to think of paying me for my tuition.’

“ ‘Certainly,’ said I, ‘if you will promise me to wait so long.’

“ Voltaire’s sally produced a laugh at my expense, but I paid no attention to it, and waited for an occasion to take my revenge. Soon after, he addressed me again, remarking ‘that as I was from Venice, I was probably acquainted with Count Algarotti.’

“ ‘I know him,’ said I, ‘not, however, because I am from Venice, for seven eighths of my excellent countrymen are entirely ignorant of his existence.’

“ ‘I should have said that you probably knew him as a man of letters.’

“ ‘I know him because I passed two months with him at Padua, seven years ago. What particularly attracted my attention about him was the admiration which he professed for M. de Voltaire.’

“ ‘This was flattering to me, but it is not necessary for him to be the admirer of any one in order to obtain the admiration of all.’

“ ‘If he had not begun by admiring, Algarotti would never have obtained reputation. As an admirer of Newton, he undertook to teach the ladies to talk about light.’

“ ‘Did he succeed?’

“ ‘Not so well as Fontenelle in his plurality of worlds : still, to a certain extent, he has succeeded.’

“ ‘That is true. If you see him at Boulogne, I beg you to tell him that I am waiting for his letters on Russia. He can address them to my banker, Bianchi, at Milan, who will transmit them to me.’

“ ‘I shall do it with pleasure, if I see him.’

“ ‘I am told that the Italians are not satisfied with his style.’

“ ‘Assuredly they are not : his language is full of gallicisms ; his style is contemptible.’

“ ‘You do not think, then, that the use of French idioms renders your language more beautiful?’

“ ‘On the contrary, they render it insupportable, as the French would be, interlarded with German or Italian forms, even though Voltaire himself were the writer.’

“ ‘You are right. Every language must be written with purity. Even Livy has been criticised : it has been said that his Latin had a savour of *Pativinity*.’

“ ‘When I was studying Latin the Abbé Lazzarini, my instructor, told me he preferred Livy to Sallust.’

“ ‘What, the Abbé Lazzarini, author of the tragedy of the *Young Ulysses* ? You must have been very young then : I should have been glad to have known him. I was well acquainted with the Abbé Conti, who had been the friend of Newton, and whose tragedies embrace the whole Roman history.

“ ‘I also knew and admired him. I was very young, but I thought myself happy in being admitted into the society of these great men. It seems to me but as yesterday, although so many years have since passed.’

“ ‘May I ask you to what branch of literature you are devoted?’

“ ‘To none in particular :—I may, perhaps, hereafter make a selection : in the meantime I read as much as I can, and make observations as I travel, on men and manners.’

“That is the true way to know them, but the book is, after all, too large. You get what you want more easily by reading history.”

“No doubt, if one could depend upon it: the misfortune is that history is tiresome, and after all not to be trusted: in travelling you are amused as well as instructed. Horace, whom I know by heart, is my guide-book for all parts of the world.”

“Algarotti also knew Horace by heart. You must certainly be fond of poetry.”

“Passionately.”

“Have you written many sonnets?”

“Ten or twelve that I think pretty good, and perhaps two or three thousand more that I have never looked at a second time.”

“Sonnets are all the rage in Italy.”

“Yes, if you can properly call rage the disposition to clothe a happy thought in an harmonious form, that may render it effective. A sonnet is difficult, because you are limited to exactly fourteen verses, let the subject be what it will.”

“It is a sort of bed of Procrustes, and that is the reason why there are so few good ones. In French we have not one, but that is the fault of our language.”

“And also of your character: you believe that a thought, a little expanded, loses all its force and brilliancy.”

“Is not that your opinion?”

“Pardon me,—that depends entirely upon what the thought is. A *bon mot* for example is not sufficient to fill up a sonnet, whether in French or Italian, it will only make an epigram.”

“Which of the Italian poets do you prefer?”

“Ariosto: I cannot perhaps properly say that I prefer him to the others, because he is the only one that I like.”

“You are of course familiar with the others?”

“I think I have read them all, but they all sink into nothing by the side of Ariosto. At fifteen years old I had read what you have written against him, and I then said that when you had read him you would retract it all.”

“I am indebted to you for believing that I had not read him. The truth is, however, that I had read him, but I was very young, knew the language imperfectly and was prejudiced against him by some of the Italian scholars, who preferred Tasso. Under these circumstances, I unfortunately published opinions respecting him which I thought my own, but which were in fact only an echo of the prepossessions of others. I now worship Ariosto.”

“Ah! M. de Voltaire! you give me great pleasure by saying so. But will you not excommunicate the book in which you ridicule this great poet?”

“What good would that do? My works are all excommunicated. I will give, however, a proof of my conversion.”

“Voltaire then began to recite two long passages of the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth cantos, in which the poet relates the conversations of Astolfo with the apostle St. John, and he did it without a single omission or mistake. He afterwards pointed out their beauties with singular

sagacity and correctness of taste. The ablest Italian commentator could not have done it with more propriety. I listened to him with the greatest attention, scarcely breathing, and hoping to hear him make some mistake, but I lost my labour. When he had done, I turned to the company and exclaimed that 'I was more than surprised, and that I should inform all Italy of my just admiration.' 'And I,' replied Voltaire, 'shall inform all Europe of the reparation that I owe to the memory of the greatest genius that she has produced.' "

The most amusing passage in the work, as we before remarked, is the one which describes the author's imprisonment in the Leads, and his escape. It is given in great detail, and occupies half of one of the volumes. It was published at the time as a separate work, and would now be read with great interest in a translation. Within the narrow limits that remain to us, we can only give a very general outline of the narrative, and an extract from the close.

'At day-light, on the 25th of July, 1755, our author was roused from sleep by a visit from an officer of the Inquisition who entered his bedchamber, accompanied by forty soldiers, and took him away to prison. No warrant was exhibited, nor does it appear from the account, that he was ever brought to trial or even examined. The officer who arrested him inquired for certain books treating of astrology and necromancy, which he had in his possession, and he was led by this circumstance to suppose that he was charged with dealing in these forbidden arts, but this charge he considered as a mere cover for private malignity of some description. He was conveyed forthwith in a gondola to the quay of the prison, and thence over the famous *Bridge of Sighs* into the Ducal Palace, and up to the Leads where he was locked up by a jailer in a cell, of which he gives the following description. -

"The jailer made me a sign to enter, which I did by stooping very low, and after locking me in, he asked me, through a grated hole in the door, what I would have to eat. I told him that I had not yet made up my mind, and he then left me, locking several doors after him with great care." The opening in the door was two feet square, and was grated with six iron bars an inch thick. There was a window in the outer room, which would have rendered my cell tolerably light, had there not been a large beam between it and the grate. "My cell was about twelve feet square and five and a half high, with a little alcove on one side, intended for a bed, but there was neither bed, table nor chair in it, nor any other furniture but a single bench fixed to the wall. On that I placed my silk mantle, my elegant coat, and my hat, which was embroidered with point lace and ornamented with a white *plumet*. I then went to the door, and looked through the grated opening into the next room, where a number of overgrown rats were walking very much at their ease about the floor. I hastily closed the grate, and remained for eight hours leaning on my elbows upon the casement in a sort of reverie."

'Our author finally fell asleep, but was roused after a few hours,

and on recovering his senses met with an adventure which would do no discredit to the sombre records of the Mysteries of Udolpho.

"The midnight bell roused me from sleep. I could hardly believe that I had passed three hours without suffering any uneasiness. I was lying on my left side, and without changing my position I extended my right arm to take a handkerchief, which I recollected that I had placed there. Great God! What was my horror when on feeling about for it my hand encountered another hand as cold as ice! Terror electrified me in every limb, and my hair stood erect upon my head. Never in my life did I experience such a fit of terror; nor could I have supposed that I was susceptible of it to such a degree. I passed three or four minutes in a state of annihilation, not only without moving, but, I may say, without venturing even to think. Recovering myself, I finally thought that the cold hand which I had encountered might perhaps be merely an effect of imagination, and in this hope I again extended my arm in the same direction. Again I met the same icy hand. Shuddering with horror, I now sent forth a wild shriek, and throwing off the hand, drew back my own arm. When I had had a little time for reflection, I concluded that while I was asleep, a dead body must have been brought in and deposited by my side, for I was sure that there was none there before. It is probably, said I to myself, the body of some wretch who has been strangled, and they wish in this way to prepare me for the fate that awaits me. This reflection exasperated me, and the terror that I had felt gave way to rage. A third time I extended my arm towards the icy hand, and seized it firmly in order to assure myself fully of the atrocious act. I then attempted to rise. When I came to lean upon my left elbow, I discovered that the hand of ice was no other than my own left hand, which had been pressed between my body and the floor so long that it had become entirely insensible."

Our author relates in great detail his manner of passing his time, and the adventures of two or three persons who were successively put into the cell with him. Into these, we of course cannot enter. He for a long time flattered himself that he should be released at the close of the legal year, when the members of the Tribunal of this political Inquisition were changed; but the period passed over without any such result, and he then began to think very seriously of making his escape. He had been permitted occasionally to quit his cell and walk in the adjoining rooms, and had there found an iron bolt a foot and a half long and an inch thick, which with infinite labour and the help of a fragment of marble obtained in the same way, he succeeded in fashioning into a sort of spontoon, which was ultimately the instrument of his deliverance. He also provided himself by the use of great address, and, as it would seem by the connivance of the jailer, with a lamp, which enabled him to carry on his operations during the night. Thus prepared he set to work and began to make an opening in the floor of his cell, which, as we have remarked, was situated immediately above the hall where the Inquisition held their sittings.

"As soon as I found myself alone, I went to work with great activity. I was anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible, that I might not be interrupted by the introduction of another companion. I began by removing the bed; and having lighted the lamp, I threw myself on the floor with the spontoon in my hand, and a napkin near it, to receive the pieces of wood which I should chip off. My object was to make an opening through the floor with the point of my instrument. The chips were at first not longer than grains of wheat; but they soon increased in size. The boards, which I undertook to cut through, were of larch, and sixteen inches wide. I began at a place where two of them touched each other; and as there was no iron work in the way, my labours were easy enough. After working six hours, I tied up my napkin and put it aside, in order to empty it the next day behind the heap of papers in the adjoining room. The chips formed a mass five or six times as large as the hole from which they were taken, and which was about ten inches broad, with an inclination of thirty degrees. I now brought back the bed to its former place, and the next day, in emptying my napkin, I assured myself that the fragments would not be perceived.

"The following day, I cut through the first board, which was two inches thick, and found another under it, which I supposed to be of the same dimensions. I now redoubled my efforts, and in three weeks I had penetrated the three boards which composed the floor. Here, however, I thought myself at a stand, for under the last board I found a composition of pieces of marble, known at Venice under the name of *terrazzo marmoria*. This is the usual flooring in the great Venetian houses, and is even preferred to the handsomest *parquets*. I was struck with consternation when I found that my instrument would not enter this composition. This accident had nearly discouraged me; but I then recollected that Livy describes Hannibal, in his passage over the Alps, as breaking through rocks, after softening them with *vinegar*. I had some doubts whether the word translated *vinegar*, does not really mean an *axe*; but I nevertheless poured into the opening that I had made, a bottle of vinegar that I had with me; and whether it was from the effect of this, or whether I wrought the next day with more vigour, after a night's rest, I found that there was no great difficulty in pulverizing, with the point of my spontoon, the cement that united the pieces of marble. In four days I had pierced this mosaic, without at all injuring the point of my instrument. Under the pavement I found another board, as I expected, and I was satisfied that this must be the last. I attacked it with some difficulty, for the opening being now ten inches deep, I had but little room to manage my instrument. I implored, a thousand times, the mercy of God. Free thinkers, who deny the utility of prayer, are greatly deceived. I know, by my own experience, that after prayer, I always found myself more vigorous; and whether the increase of strength be the immediate gift of God, or the mere effect of augmented confidence, it is, in either case, equally useful.

"On the 25th of June, the day on which the Republic of Venice celebrates the appearance of St. Mark, under the form of a winged lion, in the ducal palace, as I was labouring, at three o'clock in the afternoon, with my lamp lighted by my side, stretched upon my face, on the floor, stripped to the skin, and dripping with perspiration, I suddenly heard, with unspeakable

terror, the rumbling of the belt of the outer door. What a terrible moment! I at once extinguished the lamp, and, leaving my instrument in the hole, and throwing in the napkin, with the chips above it, I replaced the bed as well as I could, and threw myself upon it, more dead than alive, at the instant when the jailer opened the door of my cell. Had he entered two seconds sooner, he would have surprised me. He was about to tread upon my body, when I prevented him, by a loud cry, which made him start back. 'Good God! Sir,' said he, 'your cell is like a furnace; rise and give thanks to God, who has sent you excellent company.'

The purpose of this unseasonable visit was to introduce another prisoner into the cell, whose presence interrupted our author's labours for several weeks. The new comer is at length withdrawn, and the narrative proceeds as follows:—

"I now resumed my work, and pursued it perseveringly, until on the 23rd of August, I brought it to a close. In cutting through the last plank, I proceeded with great circumspection, and, on reaching the lower surface, I made a small puncture, through which I expected to see the Inquisitor's Hall. On putting my eye to the puncture, I in fact saw the Hall, but I also saw, at the side of my opening, a perpendicular surface of eight inches. This was the side of one of the beams which supported the ceiling, and it passed, as I had feared might be the case, under a part of my excavation. I was consequently obliged to extend the opening on the opposite side, which occasioned a good deal of delay, and I wrought with the constant terror that the spaces between the beams might not be wide enough to permit me to pass. After extending my excavation, I found, by looking through a puncture, that Providence had blessed my labours. I then carefully closed the two punctures, lest a ray of light from my lamp, or something falling through them into the Hall, should betray me.

"Having thus completed my arrangement, I fixed on the eve of the festival of St. Augustin, as the time for my escape, because I knew that on account of that festival the great council would be in session, and that there would be no one in the Bussola, an apartment through which I was to pass out of the Hall. That festival was to happen on the 27th. On the 25th an event occurred, which defeated, for the time, all my hopes. Precisely at noon, on that day, I heard the bolts withdrawn, and the jailer, putting in his head through the grate, cried out, in a joyous tone, 'I congratulate you on the good news that I have to bring you.' I thought, at first, that he must have come to announce my release from confinement, and I shuddered at the thought that the discovery of my preparations for escape would probably lead to a revocation of the pardon. He entered, however, and told me to follow him.

"'Wait till I have dressed me,' said I.

"'Never mind,' said he; 'you are only going from this wretched cell into another, and a much pleasanter one, with two windows in it, from which you may have a view of half Venice; a cell in which you can stand upright.'

"I could hear no more. I felt myself fainting. 'Give me some vinegar,' said I, 'and go and tell the secretary that I humbly thank the tribunal for this favour, but that I beg of them to let me remain where I am.'

“ ‘Nonsense,’ replied the keeper, ‘you make me laugh. We are taking you out of purgatory, and putting you into a little paradise, and you refuse to go. Come, come, you must obey. I will give you my arm, and will order your effects to be brought after you.’

“Seeing that opposition would be of no use, I arose to comply, and was greatly relieved when I found that the servant was directed to bring up my arm chair. My spontoon, which I had secreted in it, was thus to follow me, and hope with it. How delighted should I have been, could I have also carried away my *beautiful hole*, upon which I had wasted so much labour! I can truly say, that when I left this horrible place, my whole heart remained behind.”

Such was the result of our author’s first attempt at escape. The jailer was afraid to inform the tribunal lest he should be supposed himself to have connived at it, and Casanova found himself no worse off than before. No sooner was he settled in his new quarters than he began to meditate new projects, and these were facilitated by the communication which he succeeded in opening with another prisoner. He was permitted by the jailer to exchange books with a monk occupying the next cell, named Balbi, and the books they sent each other were made the vehicle of a written correspondence. In carrying on this correspondence our author employed as a pen his little finger nail, which he had permitted to grow out and brought to a point, and used mulberry juice for ink. As every part of his own cell was now daily examined by the jailer he determined to commence operations in that of his correspondent, and succeeded in conveying the spontoon to him in the open back of a large bible. With this potent machine Balbi was to make an opening in the ceiling of his own cell, and having thus got into the apartment above, to cut through the partition wall, and finally make an opening from above in the ceiling of the cell of Casanova. When they had both in this way got from their cells into the apartment over them, which was immediately under the roof of the building, they were to effect their escape by getting out upon the roof and then taking their chance of what might occur. This plan, desperate as it may appear, finally succeeded, although it was obstructed by various interruptions, one of which, as in the former case, was occasioned by the introduction of another prisoner in our author’s cell. The details of the manner in which this and all the other difficulties were obviated, are given in a very particular and entertaining manner. Immediately on receiving the spontoon Balbi began to work, concealing what he did as he advanced, by hanging his room with engravings, one of which was made to cover the opening. While the affair was in progress our author took occasion to enlighten himself as to its probable results by a sort of divination formerly in use, under the name of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, which consisted in opening Virgil at random, and taking the first verse on the top of

the page as an oracle. Our author, having no Virgil, employed his favourite Ariosto, and proceeded in the following manner.

"I wrote down a question addressed to my supposed familiar spirit, inquiring of him in what canto of Ariosto I should find the prediction of the day of my escape. This question I turned into numbers, from which I extracted an answer according to certain rules which I was in the habit of employing in telling fortunes. The canto indicated was the ninth. Proceeding in the same way I obtained the seventh and first as the numbers of the stanza and verse. I now took the poem, and turning to the passage indicated found the following verse :—

'Tra il fin d' Ottobre e il capo di Novembre.'

"Between the close of October and the beginning of November." It is not a little singular that it was precisely at midnight on the last day of October, as the reader will presently see, that he effected his escape. As he did not enter his new cell till the 25th of August, he certainly deserved great credit for the rapidity with which he brought his labours to a successful close. On getting into the garret above and reconnoitering the roof, which was covered with tiles, and over them with leaden plates, he found that he could easily make an opening through both with the invaluable spontoon. He then returned to his cell and employed four hours in converting his sheets, coverlets, mattresses, and straw bed into ropes, of which he made a hundred fathom. Having thus completed all the preliminary operations, he commenced his labours, which he describes in the following manner.

"I succeeded without assistance in making an opening in the roof twice as large as I wanted, and reached the leaden plate. I could not raise this alone, because it was riveted down, but with the aid of Balbi and the vigorous use of the spontoon, I detached it, and turning over a part of it, made an ample aperture. On putting my head through this aperture I saw with pain that there was a bright moon-light. This made it necessary to wait till about midnight, when the moon would have gone down. On a fine moonlight night the whole fashionable world of Venice is in the habit of walking in the square of St. Mark. Under these circumstances the shadows that we should have cast, had we gone out upon the roof, would undoubtedly have been noticed at once, and would have attracted the attention of the officers of the Holy Inquisition. After midnight we should have, at this season of short days, about seven hours before us, which would be amply sufficient for the purpose. We accordingly returned to the cell and passed three hours in conversation. After the moon had gone down, we divided the effects we had to carry between us, and proceeded to the opening, through which, in the language of Dante, we went out to look at the stars.

'E quindi uscimmo a rimirar le stelle.'

"We wore jackets and trowsers, with hats on our heads. I went out first and Balbi followed. Sustaining myself on my hands and knees, I lifted up successively the edges of the plates of lead with the point of my

spontoon, and then taking hold of them with my four fingers, raised myself gradually to the ridge-pole of the roof. The monk supported himself by grasping my waistband, and I was obliged to draw him up with me, and this over a very steep ascent, rendered slippery by a thick mist. When we had got about half way up, the monk begged me to stop, saying that he had lost one of his parcels, and hoped that it had not got below the gutter. My first impulse was to give him a kick, and send him after his parcel, but thanks to Providence I had discretion enough to contain myself, and it was well for me that I had, for I could not have escaped alone. I asked him whether it contained our cords. He replied that it was a manuscript which he had found in the garret over the cells, and which he thought would sell for something handsome. I then told him that he had better bear the loss with patience, for that a single step backwards might be fatal to us. The poor monk groaned in the spirit, and still hanging on upon my waistband, followed me up.

"After getting with much difficulty over fifteen or sixteen leaden plates, we reached the ridge-pole and placed ourselves astride upon it. We had behind us the little island of St. George the Elder, and before us at two hundred paces distance, the numerous cupolas of the church of St. Mark, which makes a part of the Doge's palace. I now began to relieve myself of my parcels, and invited my companion to do the same. He placed his bundle of ropes under him as well as he could, but in endeavouring to lay aside his hat, he lost his hold of it, and it rolled from plate to plate into the gutter, where it followed the other parcel into the canal. My poor comrade was a good deal distressed. 'A bad sign this!' said he; 'here I am at the outset, without my hat, besides losing my curious account of the festivals of Venice.' Being now in rather better humour, I quietly told him that these two accidents were not extraordinary, and ought not to be viewed as bad omens. 'Let them rather teach you,' said I, 'to be prudent, and to recollect that we are under the protection of Providence. If your hat had gone to the left instead of the right, we should have been ruined. It would have fallen into the court instead of the canal, and would infallibly have given an alarm, which would have led to our apprehension.'

"After passing several minutes in looking to the right and left, I told the monk to remain where he was, until my return, and I pushed myself forward without any difficulty, upon the ridge-pole. I employed about an hour, in going, in this way, over the whole roof, and carefully observed every part of it; but I could see nothing upon any of the sides to which I could fasten the end of a rope. It was necessary, therefore, to abandon the idea of descending into the canal, or the palace court; and there was nothing on the top of the church, between the domes, that seemed to favour our purpose. If we crossed this church, and attempted to get up the roof of the Canonica, the ascent would be so steep as to be almost impracticable; and, though I was disposed to be bold, I wished to avoid the least imprudence.

"It was, however, necessary to decide upon something, and I finally fixed my eyes upon an upright window in the roof, on the side of the canal, and about two thirds of the way down towards the gutter. It was at such a distance from the place where we came out, that it probably did

not open upon the garret of our cells, but upon some other, belonging to an apartment in the palace, which would be open at daylight. I was quite confident that the servants in attendance, even those of the Doge's family, would assist our escape, out of hatred to the Inquisition, had they even supposed us to be the greatest criminals. Under this impression, I determined to examine the front of the window, and sliding gently down, I soon found myself astride, upon the top of its little roof. I then took hold of the sides with both hands, and advancing my head, I could see and feel a small grate, behind which was a window, glazed with diamond panes of glass, set in lead. The window presented no obstacle; but the grate, small as it was, seemed to be an invincible difficulty, for without a file I did not see how I could possibly remove it; and as I had nothing but my spontoon, I was greatly disappointed, and began to lose courage, when a slight accident restored my spirits.

"Dear reader! if you will but imagine yourself, for a moment, in my position; if you will but recollect the torments to which I had been subjected for fifteen months, and the danger to which I was now exposed, upon a roof of lead, where the slightest false movement would have deprived me of life; if you will reflect that I had only a few hours to overcome all the difficulties that might occur to prevent my escape, and that if I failed I should suffer an increase of severity from the horrible tribunal which had me in its power: if, I say, you will consider these things, you will not, I trust, however philosophically disposed you may be, think the worse of me for the candid confession that I am about to make, especially when you take into view the natural tendency of adversity and distress to weaken the mind. I must own, then, should it even injure me in your opinion, that the circumstance to which I allude, as having exercised a cheering influence upon my spirits, was the sound of the clock of St. Mark, which just then struck twelve. It reminded me at once of the oracle which I had obtained from my favorite Ariosto: *Tra il fin d' Ottobre e il capo di Novembre*. And it seemed to be a sort of speaking talisman, which commanded me to act, and promised me success. I resumed my work, and, on examining the grate again, I found that by inserting the point of my spontoon between it and the casement, I could, perhaps, remove it entirely. After a quarter of an hour's labour, I succeeded in this, and taking out the grate entire, I placed it on the roof by the side of the window. I then found no difficulty in breaking the glass, although I wounded one of my hands in the operation.

"I now returned to the top of the roof, and made my way to the place where I had left my companion. I found him in a great rage, and he abused me outrageously for leaving him so long alone, saying, that he had been upon the point of returning to the cell. I asked him what he thought had become of me? 'I thought,' said he, 'that you must have fallen from the roof.'

"And is this the way in which you express your pleasure at seeing me again?"

"What have you been doing all this time?"

"Follow me," said I, "and you shall see."

"We then resumed our parcels, and proceeded towards the window; when we had reached the point above it, I gave Balbi a full account of

what I had done, and consulted him upon the best means of getting into the window. It was easy enough for one, as by means of the cord he could be let down by the other; but I did not see what could be done for the second, as there was no way of fastening the cord to the window. By entering, and letting myself fall, I might break my arms and legs, and I did not like to venture without knowing the distance from the window to the floor. I communicated these reflections to Balbi in a tone of the most friendly interest. His reply was, 'take care of me first, and when I am fairly in, you will have time enough to think of yourself.'

"I confess that I was tempted, for a moment, on hearing this answer, to plunge my spontoon into his breast. I restrained myself, however, and did not utter a word of reproach, but proceeded at once as he suggested, to take care of him. Undoing my parcel of cord, I tied one end firmly round his body, and making him lie down upon his breast, with his feet downwards, I lowered him to the top of the window. When he was there, I directed him to get in and hold on by the sides of the casement, which he did. I then descended, myself, to the top of the window as I had done before, and placing myself astride on the top, I grasped the cord firmly, and told the monk to let himself down. When he reached the floor he detached the rope, and upon drawing it up, I found that the distance was more than fifty feet. This was too far to think of leaping. The monk, who now thought himself safe, after passing two hours of mortal terror in a position that was certainly not very satisfactory, called out to me to throw him the rope, and that he would take care of it. It will be readily believed that I did not follow this wise counsel.

"Not knowing what to do, and waiting for some new thought, I returned to the top of the roof, and I now remarked a dome which I had not yet examined. Upon approaching it, I found a flat terrace covered with lead, before a window, which was fastened with two bolts. The terrace was undergoing some repair, and I found here a tub filled with mortar, a trowel, and a ladder, which I thought might be long enough to enable me to descend into the garret where I had left my companion. I accordingly tied the end of my rope to the first round, and dragged the ladder to the window. It was about twelve fathom long, and the difficulty was to get it in, in doing which I found so many obstacles, that I regretted not having the assistance of the monk.

"I had let down the ladder into such a position that one of its ends touched the window, and the other extended about one third of its length over the gutter. I now descended to the top of the window, and drawing up the ladder, fastened the rope to the eighth round, after which I let it down again, and then attempted to introduce the end next me into the window. I found, however, after getting in a few rounds, the end struck against the roof on the inside, and that there was no way of introducing it any further without raising the lower end. I might have placed the ladder across the window, and by fastening the rope to one of the rounds, have let myself down without danger, but the ladder would then have remained on the spot, and would have furnished the means of discovering our retreat, perhaps before we had quitted it. Determined not to lose by any imprudent act, the fruit of so much labour, I sought for some way of introducing the whole ladder, and having no one to assist

me, I resolved to descend, myself, to the cornice, and see if I could effect it. This I did, but with so much danger, that without a sort of miracle, I could not have escaped with my life. Holding my spoutoon, I let myself down gently to the cornice by the side of the ladder. I lay upon my breast and rested the ends of my feet upon the side of the marble gutter. In this position I had strength enough to raise the ladder half a foot, and, pushing it forward, I had the satisfaction to see it enter the window to the length of a foot. This considerably diminished the weight. I had now only to push it in two feet more by raising it to that height, and I was certain that it would enter. In order to effect this, I attempted to rise upon my knees, but the effort which I made to do this made me slip, and I found my lower extremities thrown over the edge of the roof, upon which I now supported myself upon my elbows and breast.

"At the recollection of that moment I still shudder, and it would be impossible to describe it in all its horrors. The natural instinct of self-preservation made me instantaneously use all the strength I had in my arms and body to stop my descent, and I hardly know by what miracle it was that I succeeded. I had nothing to fear as to the ladder, for in the unfortunate effort which I had just made, I had pushed it in three feet, and thus rendered it immovable. I now perceived that if I could raise my right leg, so as to place the knee upon the gutter, and then the other in the same way, I should be out of danger; but I had not yet reached the end of my troubles. The effort that I made to raise my leg occasioned such a violent muscular contraction that it brought on a cramp, which deprived me for a moment of the use of the limb. I retained my self-possession, and having often experienced that the best remedy for an accidental cramp is to remain entirely motionless, I applied it in the present instance. What a fearful interval! In about two minutes I renewed my attempt, and gradually placed myself on both knees upon the gutter. When I had taken breath I carefully raised the ladder to the proper height, and then returning to the window with the help of my spoutoon in the same way in which I first ascended the roof, I pushed it in to the full length. My companion received the end of it in his arms, and, after throwing down the rope and our parcels, I descended myself without any difficulty. We then proceeded to reconnoitre our position.

"At one end of the room we found a large door composed of iron bars. This was no very good sign, but when I placed my hand on a latch in the middle it yielded and the door opened. We then made the tour of the next room, and crossing it encountered a table and some chairs. We also found some windows and opened one of them, from which we could see nothing but domes and perpendicular walls. Not knowing where we were, I could not think of letting myself down outside, and having closed the window again, we returned to the place where we had left our parcels. Being now completely exhausted, I threw myself upon the floor, and placing a parcel of ropes under my head, fell asleep. Had death itself been the immediate consequence I could not have held out longer. I slept about three hours and a half, when the monk roused me, but with difficulty. He could not conceive how I could sleep in the situation in which we were. This was, however, not at all surprising. For the two days preceding, my agitation had prevented me from taking either food

or rest, and the efforts which I had just made were enough of themselves to exhaust the strength of any man. Sleep, however, recruited me entirely, and I found on waking, that we had now light enough to proceed with assurance.

"As soon as I had cast my eyes around, I said to the monk that this room was no part of the prisons and that we could easily make our escape. We took the direction opposite to the iron door and found another. I felt about it till I put my finger upon the key-hole, and introducing the end of my spontoon, I soon opened the door. This conducted us into another chamber out of which we passed through another door that was not locked, into a gallery covered with pigeon-holes filled with papers. These were the public archives. At the end of this gallery we found a little stone staircase, which we descended, and then a second, at the bottom of which a glass door opened into the ducal chancery. I opened one of the windows of this room and might easily have let myself down, but not knowing where I should fall, I did not like to take the risk. I went to the door of the chancery and attempted to unlock it with the point of my spontoon, but finding this impossible I proceeded to cut an opening through it with that instrument. The monk, who aided me as well as he could, was alarmed at the noise I made, which might have been heard at a considerable distance. I felt the danger myself, but it was inevitable.

"In half an hour I had made an opening which was sufficiently large, and it was well that it was, for it could not have been made larger without the aid of a saw. It was rather a difficult and painful business to get through, for the sides of the hole were filled with sharp points that tore both clothes and flesh. We succeeded however, though not without several severe wounds. When I had got through, I collected our parcels, and descending two staircases, opened, without much trouble, the door which leads into the principal passage from the exterior of the building. The outer door which closes this entrance was locked, and I saw at once, that I could not think of forcing it. I therefore sat down quietly and resigned myself to my fate, advising the monk to do the same. 'My work is done,' said I. 'It remains for Providence or fortune to do the rest. I know not whether the domestics will come here to sweep to-day or to-morrow, both being great festivals. If any one comes I shall make my escape as soon as I see the door open; if not, I shall stay here, and if I die with hunger, so much the worse.' The monk was furious; he called me madman, deceiver, and liar, but I paid no attention to him. At this time the clock struck six, and I found that one hour had passed since I awoke in the garret.

"I now proceeded to change my clothes, and with my laced hat and rich dress must have had at this time of day and under the circumstances, very much the appearance of a rake who had been carried in a drunken frolic to the watch-house. In this costume I went to a window and was seen there by some of the idlers in the court, who went and gave notice to the porter. I regretted, on reflection, that I had gone to the window, from a fear that I might have betrayed myself, but the effect proved to be good. The porter, hearing that a gentleman in full dress was seen at the window, supposed that he had accidentally locked in somebody the night before, and came to open the outer door. I was seated near the monk, listening to his stupid abuse, when the rattling of the keys struck my ears. I rose immediately,

and looking through a crevice, I saw a single man with a wig on and without a hat, who was slowly mounting the steps, with a large bunch of keys in his hand. I told the monk in a very serious tone not to open his mouth, and to follow me. I held the spontoon in my right hand, under my coat, and placed myself near the door, in such a position that I could go out as soon as it should open. I devoutly prayed that the porter might not attempt to stop me, for if he had I was determined to despatch him.

"At length the door opened. On seeing me the porter stood aghast, but without stopping to explain the matter, I sprang out at once, followed by the monk. Without appearing to run, but walking as fast as I could, I went down the magnificent steps called the giant's stair, and proceeded directly to the royal gate of the palace, and thence across the square to the quay. My object was to escape as soon as possible from the territory of the Most Serene Republic, and going on board the first gondola I saw, I gave directions to the boatman to row me to Fusina."

After clearing the palace, our author found but little difficulty in effecting his escape, although he was placed once or twice in rather a hazardous position, by his own imprudence and that of his comrade. He succeeded, not without some trouble, in ridding himself of this personage, and being still in the Venetian territory, he threw himself, alone and on foot, into some of the by-roads, in order to avoid observation. Being entirely exhausted, as night drew on, he sought hospitality in the nearest house, which proved, singularly enough, to be that of one of the principal police-officers, who with his whole suite were actually out at the time in pursuit of the fugitive. A good night's rest restored his strength, and in two or three days more he found himself in safety beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of the Most Serene Republic. He then repaired to Paris, where he was well received by Cardinal de Bernis, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom he had known as Ambassador at Venice, and who procured him an appointment under government.

We shall not pursue any further the detail of our author's adventures, which are in general of a wholly private character, and possessing no value, whether political or otherwise.

ART. XI.—*The Life and Reign of William the Fourth.* By the Rev. G. N. WRIGHT, M. A. 2 Vols. London: Fisher and Son. 1837.

WE really did not expect that a life of our late Monarch upon a scale equal to the present, and published so soon after his decease could have possessed half the value which Mr. Wright has thrown into these volumes. So much has been said and repeated within these few months or weeks concerning William the Fourth in newspapers and other publications, that we anticipated any two volumes devoted to the subject at this early date would be dull and heavy. But the contrary is the case, for if we may judge from the fact of

ourselves being carried forward from the first page to the last without languor or fatigue, the work is deserving both of the passing and the future consideration of the public, not merely as containing the biography of a prominent individual, but a summary of great historical events during nearly three-fourths of a century. Into this space of time an extraordinary amount of wonderful events was crowded and developed, with which Great Britain has been identified, while the chief family of the nation was remarkably numerous, illustrious, and widely connected in a variety of relationships; so that a plentiful harvest of materials was ready for our author's choice, of which he has aptly and for the most part felicitously taken advantage, weaving them with grace into a narrative that naturally circles round the life of our late sovereign. In such a record, personal and family anecdotes are to be expected, which, indeed, largely abound in these volumes; most of them, we believe, being authentic, or, at least, bearing the marks of authenticity. These are also, for the most part creditable to the personage who is the hero of the work; for although the author leans to the side of panegyric, it is not at the expense of truth, but rather in the exercise of a becoming charitableness of feeling and construction.

Of course there is in the work a great deal which is familiar to all; but there is also so much that has not hitherto been told, or been generally forgotten, or that can never become stale, that the reader must be instructed and entertained whatever be the portion of it which he peruses. The life of no human being if judiciously handled in narrative can be devoid of interest, or incapable of yielding useful lessons. That of William the Fourth, even among kings, we are inclined to regard, as possessed of several special attractions. Not that he was remarkable either for his talents or exploits, but because there was such an admixture of virtue and vice, of wisdom and folly in his history, as to render him a valuable example for the generality of mankind both as a beacon to avoid, and a model to copy. But without farther preamble, we proceed to lay before our readers a few passages, illustrative of the character in question, or that of some of his kindred, and also of contemporaneous history.

In reference to the month in which William the Fourth was born, viz. the 21st August, 1765, between the hours of three and four in the morning, our biographer says,

"Superstitious observers of hours, days, and years may remark, that the first three children of their Majesties were born in August, a month which had proved particularly auspicious to the House of Brunswick. On the first of August, 1714, corresponding with the twelfth of the new style, the death of the last sovereign of the family of Stuart, Queen Anne, gave George the First peaceable possession of the throne. On the 11th of August, 1737, Augusta, the eldest child of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was born; on the

1st of August, her husband, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, obtained the glorious victory of Minden over the French; in the same month were born Frederick, King of Bohemia, and his heroic consort Elizabeth, only daughter of James the First, from whom the present royal family are descended. And, lastly, Queen Adelaide, consort of William IV., was born in the month so propitious to the royal house."

There are several anecdotes introduced by our author in the early part of his work, concerning the Duke of Cumberland, the youngest child of George II., and who died soon after the birth of our late king. The duke was born in England, and we are told that one day, when not more than eleven years of age, as he accompanied his father to a review, an officer, as the royal party passed along the line, happened to exclaim, "What a *charming* boy!" To which the young prince replied, having mistaken the word "charming" for "German," "Gentlemen, you are wrong, I am not a German boy; I'm an English boy, and I beg you will never call me so any more."

Here is another anecdote of this military duke, that is not less indicative of considerate benevolence than the former was of his gallant spirit.

"When at the head of the army in Germany, he was particularly struck with the ability and valour displayed by a sergeant belonging to his own regiment. Having often noticed the gallantry, and made inquiries into the private character of the man, his Royal Highness took occasion, on an exploit performed by him, to give him a lieutenancy. Some time afterwards, this person, so favoured, entreated his royal patron to take back the commission, and restore him to his former station. Surprised at so extraordinary a request, the Duke demanded the reason; and was told by the applicant, that he was now separated from his old companions by his elevation, and could not gain admittance into the society of his brother officers, who considered themselves as degraded by his appointment. 'Oh! is that the case?' said the Prince, 'let the matter rest, and I will soon find a way to give you satisfaction.'

"The next morning his Royal Highness went on the parade, where he was received by a circle of officers. While in conversation, he perceived the lieutenant walking by himself. On this, the Duke said, 'Pray, gentlemen, what has that officer done, that he should be drummed out of your councils?' Without deigning to wait for an answer, he went up, took the lieutenant by the arm, and in that posture of familiarity walked up and down the lines, followed with all humility by the whole staff, much to their own mortification, and the amusement of the privates. When the parade was over, Lord Ligonier respectfully requested that his Royal Highness would honour the mess with his presence that day. 'With all my heart,' replied the Duke, 'provided I bring my friend here with me.' His lordship bowed and said, 'I hope so.' After this no one presumed to treat the Duke's friend with contempt, but, on the contrary, all seemed eager to seek his acquaintance. He rose to the rank of a general; and, with more

gratitude than taste, erected the gilded equestrian statue of his patron, which stands in Cavendish-square."

In the earlier part of the life a review is naturally taken of the contemporaneous history of the navy, and many notices introduced of a number of our most illustrious naval commanders. In alluding to Admiral Geary, who was a sailor of the school of Hawke, some particulars are communicated respecting this latter hero. The mother of Edward Hawke, it would appear, was sister to a Colonel Bladen, who, having one morning sent for his nephew, said, "Ned, would you like to be a sailor?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Are you willing to go now, or wait till you grow bigger?" was next put. "This instant, sir," was the rejoinder, though the boy was then only twelve years old. His wish was soon afterwards complied with; and on the morning of his departure to go abroad, when his mother said to him, having summoned her utmost fortitude, "Adieu, Ned, I hope shortly to see you a captain," his reply was, "A captain, Madam, I trust you will soon see me an admiral!" A letter of this great character, written some months before his death, to Admiral Geary, for whom he seems to have entertained a remarkable esteem, conveys a noble idea of the veteran hero, which one loves to associate with age and valour. It is in these words—

"I find, by the papers, that you are getting ready for sea, with all the despatch that is possible, and that you will sail the instant that it is in your power; and, though I could wish this could get to your hands first, yet the times are so very pressing, from many unfortunate events, that I think the sooner you can get to my old station off Brest, the better it will be for my country. When you are there, watch those fellows as a cat watches a mouse; and if once you can have the good fortune to get up to them, make much of them, and don't part with them easily. Forgive my being so free. I love you. We have served long together, and I have your interest and happiness sincerely at heart. My dear friend, may God Almighty bless you! and may that all-powerful hand guide and protect you in the day of battle."

In a school where such men as these abounded, Prince William spent a large portion of his earlier age. It was about the year 1781 or 1782, that he became personally acquainted with Nelson, of whose character the royal sailor seems from the first to have formed a just appreciation, and whose enthusiastic heroism awakened in the bosom of the prince something like a kindred spirit. The following is given as the account communicated to Dr. Clarke, now canon of Windsor, by William himself, of the first interview between him and England's greatest naval captain.

"I was then a midshipman on board the *Barfleur*, lying in the Narrows off Staten Island, and had the watch on deck; when Captain Nelson of the *Albemarle* came in his barge alongside. He appeared to be the merest boy of a Captain I ever beheld, and his dress was worthy of attention.

He had on a full-faced uniform, his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length : the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat, added to the general quaintness of his figure, produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice, for I had never seen any thing like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed, when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation ; and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that shewed he was no common being. Nelson, after this, went with us to the West Indies, and served under Lord Hood's flag, during his indefatigable cruise off Cape François. Throughout the whole of the American war, the height of Nelson's ambition was to command a line-of-battle ship : as for prize-money, it never entered his thoughts ; he had always in view the character of his maternal uncle. I found him warmly attached to my Father, and singularly humane. He had the honour of the King's service, and the independence of the British navy, particularly at heart, and his mind glowed with this idea as much when he was simply Captain of the *Albemarle*, and had obtained none of the honours of his country, as when he was afterwards decorated with so much well-earned distinction.' "

Here is an anecdote connected with the name of Nelson, which we do not remember to have before heard :

" On Nelson's return to Naples, after the victory of the Nile, an Irish mendicant, of the order of St. Francis, presented to him a poem, of no great merit indeed, but remarkable for predicting the taking of Rome by the English admiral's fleet. The prophecy struck Nelson ; who smiled, and represented to the author the impossibility of getting ships up the Tiber, to act against Rome. The friar replied, ' I nevertheless foresee that it will certainly come to pass.' Nelson gave the prophet some dollars, and, for a time, both the mendicant and his prediction were forgotten.

" But if the English ships did not sail up the Tiber, they took possession of Civita Vecchia, at the mouth of it ; and when the French general claimed the Roman territory by right of conquest, the brave Commodore Trowbridge, who commanded that expedition, replied, ' And its mine by reconquest.' Captain, afterwards Admiral Louis, was the first British seaman that rowed up the Tiber in his barge, hoisted English colours on the Capitol, and governed Rome. The prophetic friar, on the recommendation of Nelson, obtained ecclesiastical preferment at Naples."

It is also reported of the hero of the Nile, that he had talked of paying a visit to the pope, about the time that the latter humbled himself before Bonaparte, by ceding to the French all the ports belonging to the Ecclesiastical States, saying, " I do not think that his holiness will oppose the thunder of the Vatican against my thunder ; and, if I succeed, I am determined to row up the Tiber in my barge, and to enter Rome."

To the published Life of Mrs. Jordan, we presume the present author has had recourse for most of the anecdotes concerning her history ; some of them will bear reprinting. We quote one, illustrative of her benevolence and quickness. This celebrated actress had taken

shelter from a shower under a porch, when a poor woman, whom she had relieved from the debtors' prison at Chester, approached her to return thanks, exclaiming—

" ' God bless you for ever, madam, you have saved me and my poor babes from ruin ! ' The children added to the affecting scene, by crying ; and Mrs. Jordan, stooping down to kiss them, slipped a pound-note into the mother's hand, saying, ' There, there, now it's all over ; go, my good woman, and God bless you ! don't say another word. '

" It happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole transaction. He now came forward, and, holding out his hand, said, ' Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger ; but, would to the Lord, the world were all like thee ! '

" The figure of this man bespoke his calling : his countenance was pale ; and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. Mrs. Jordan soon developed his character and profession, and replied, ' No, I won't shake hands with you. '—' Why ? '—' Because you are a Methodist preacher ; and when you know who I am, you will send me to the devil. '—' The Lord forbid ! I am, as you say, a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed ; and do you think I could behold a sister fulfil the commands of my Master without feeling that spiritual attachment, which leads me to break through worldly customs, and to offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love ? '—' Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say ; but I—I don't like fanatics, and you'll not like me when I tell you who I am. '—' I hope I shall. '—' Well, then, I tell you I am a player. ' The preacher sighed. ' Yes, I am a player, and you must have heard of me. My name is Jordan. ' After a short pause, he again extended his hand, with a complainant countenance, and said, ' The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art. His goodness is unlimited. He has bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit ; and, as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraided thee not, the Lord forbid that I should. '

" Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together ; the offer of his arm was accepted ; and the votary of Thalia, and the disciple of Wesley, proceeded to the door of Mrs. Jordan's residence. At parting, they shook hands, and the preacher said, ' Fare thee well, sister ; I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be, thou art the first I ever conversed with ; but if their benevolent practices equal thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty will say to each—' Thy sins are forgiven thee. ' "

The public are apt to regard royalty as a condition which modifies many of the common feelings of humanity, and by generally hearing only of their formalities and pageants, can hardly suppose that the inmates of the palace can be accustomed to the habits of a domestic and family circle. It is well known, however, that George the Third and his Queen, were not merely exemplary parents as respected affection for their offspring, but for assiduity and regularity in rearing them. It is known to all, likewise, that the old king bore an unsurpassed love for a daughter who had long been afflicted,

and that when she, the Princess Amelia died, the external world became a blank to him, the bereavement cleaving his heart, unseating the light of reason, and chasing away every endearing recollection. But we are not to presume that the father was the only disconsolate member of the royal house, and nothing can be in better accordance with all that has ever been known of King William's character than the statement which our author makes, when he says, that at the funeral of Princess Amelia, which took place by torch-light, "his Royal Highness, who supported the Prince of Wales on the left, as the Duke of York did on the right, was observed during the service to weep much." It is added, "and so, indeed, did all the family that were present." No doubt, the knowledge of the state to which their father had been brought by his last visit to the dying princess, when she placed a ring, composed of her hair upon his finger, and said, "Remember me," must have given indescribable poignancy to the feelings of the sorrowing funeral group. Such scenes, however, are valuable tokens; nor was the one alluded to the only amiable display which William the Fourth's life affords, as we shall see ere closing the present volumes.

Since the commencement of the present century, the royal family of England has, indeed, been distinguished by the number of those domestic afflictions and trials, which, as being a great portion of that inheritance bequeathed to mankind, are alike showered down upon the prince and the peasant. A family so numerous and widely connected, could not be long exempted in the ordinary course of events from the strokes of death. Every one knows that the month of November, 1817, witnessed the most affecting instance of those vicissitudes to which we particularly refer, that the annals of the nation can point out, when the whole empire and even foreign nations wept over the bier of the Princess Charlotte. We particularly allude to this calamity, however, merely to mark the events of an analogous description in English history which our author has carefully collected, and strikingly pointed out. We have observed in several parts of this work, indeed, similar methods of illustration, which exhibit some of the author's habits of reflection and industry; nor could any other species of diffuseness have contributed more impressive matter to these pages.

"When the melancholy intelligence reached Paris, the public sympathy was strongly excited, and honourably expressed in that capital. The places of amusement were closed; on the exchange, the ordinary course of business was suspended; and the public journals were unanimous in the language of concern for a loss, which, as they observed, would perhaps affect, not the welfare of England alone, but the current of history, and the fate of nations, throughout the European world. The remark was just; and our own chronicles exhibit proofs that great changes have resulted from calamities of this nature.

"Thus, to name only a few instances. The death of Arthur, Prince of Wales, occasioned the abolition of the Papal supremacy, and the introduction of the Reformation into these realms:—the death of Edward the Sixth in his minority, though in itself an incalculable loss, ultimately proved beneficial, by giving permanency to the Protestant religion, and liberty to the United Provinces, and other states:—in the succeeding reign, the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, gave the crown to his brother Charles, which prepared the way for two revolutions; one of a sanguinary, and the other of a pacific character. The restoration of the monarchy fixed the constitution; and the abdication of James the Second secured the Protestant religion; but the death of Mary, the consort of William the Third, without issue, produced another change:—the hopes of the people now rested upon the young Duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of the Princess Anne of Denmark; but here again the national hopes were blasted by the death of the prince at the age of eleven years. With Queen Anne, the line of Stuart terminated; but the mutations of royalty did not end here. The death of Frederick Prince of Wales was followed by the war of seven years, which produced, under his son George the Third, the separation of America from the crown of Britain, and the revolution of France. Lastly, the stroke which, by cutting off from the elder branch of the royal house of Brunswick two generations at once, left the succession in a dislocated state, and the nation with discouraging prospects."

While in the "House of mourning," let us bring to the recollection of many of our readers the account of two affecting passages or scenes in the history of the royal family. The first belongs to that period, when, in consequence of the death of the "Hope of England," and when the nation had in prospect "a broken lineage and a doubtful throne," several of the unmarried members of the house entered into the marriage state. At this period, Queen Charlotte was labouring under heavy bodily affliction.

"These were painful separations to the Royal patient; but the most distressing of all was the parting from the Princess Elizabeth, who had always been the favourite daughter of her Majesty.

"This affecting scene took place at Buckingham House on the morning of the third of June, when the Prince of Hesse Homburg and his excellent consort left the metropolis for Brighton; with the express condition, that if the shock, as might be feared, should produce any alarming effects upon the Queen, her Royal Highness was to return immediately. Happily for both parties, the apprehended danger did not occur: the mind of the venerable invalid rose superior, in the hour of trial, to the weakness of nature; and the accounts of her Majesty's health were so far favourable, that at the end of a week, the Prince and Princess left Brighton for Dover, where they embarked, and landed at Calais, from whence they proceeded to Frankfort, by the way of Brussels.

"Such was the dispersed state of the royal family at this time, when the heads of it were brought into the valley of the shadow of death—the one unconscious of what was passing around him, and the other incapable of

enjoying the satisfaction of seeing the dearest object of her earthly regard, and of dying under the same roof where he was secluded. The disorder with which the Queen was afflicted admitted of no hope. The anasarcous appearances, and spasmodic attacks, made it necessary that precautionary measures should be adopted for the care of the King's person, in the event of her Majesty's dissolution. Accordingly, at the close of the session, two amendments in the regency act were passed; one empowering the Queen to add six new members to her council; and the other repealing the clause which required the immediate assembling of a new parliament on the demise of her Majesty. But though it was evident that the anticipated event could not be far distant, the Royal patient herself entertained, to the last, hopes of a recovery. Her thoughts were continually on the wing for Windsor; and to gratify the desire she felt to be where the King was, various expedients were devised, but all without effect."

The second scene to which we above alluded, with sufficient clearness introduces itself.

"The same placidity continued to the last, and providentially she was not only free from pain, but in the entire possession of her mental faculties, when the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, who had been sent for by express, reached Kew on the seventeenth at noon. On their arrival, they went, accompanied by the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester, into the dying chamber; where they were instantly recognized by the Queen, who smiled upon them all, and, while holding the hand of the Regent, closed her eyes in

a death-like sleep;

A gentle wafting to immortal life.

Thus died this exemplary model of public and private virtue, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, and the fifty-eighth of her residence in England.

"On Tuesday, the first of December, the ceremony of lying in state, as it is called, took place, though on a contracted scale; and the next day the royal obsequies were solemnized at Windsor, the Regent attending as chief mourner, supported by the Dukes of York and Sussex. Throughout the awful ceremony, all eyes were fixed upon the Prince, who was evidently absorbed in grief. He was long known to have been the favourite son of his mother; and this was the occasion, when, as might be expected, filial piety would appear in the outward traits of affectionate sorrow. Besides, the paternal concern of the Prince for the loss which he had just sustained, must have been heightened by the remembrance, that in the vault, now disclosed to his view, were deposited the remains of his only child, who, had Providence permitted, would after himself have succeeded to the throne. But amidst the pomp and pageantry of regal grandeur, what was there in the crown worth contemplating with pleasure, by a man far in the decline of life, isolated and childless? The world to the Regent was now become a blank; and the prospect that lay before him, exhibited only shadows of further changes, more likely to depress than to console the mind under its present bereavement."

The malignant reports spread amongst the vulgar and misinformed to the prejudice of this exemplary queen, resembled in

several respects those which have of late years been industriously fabricated concerning Queen Adelaide; and although our author has nothing to relate of the latter which has not previously been publicly made known, we feel it to be a pleasure to give currency and permanency to the account of her virtues, and of the attractive sequestered manner, as well as spot in which she was reared.

"Meiningen, fortunately, by its seclusion and apparent insignificance, but, above all, by the prudent management of the dowager regent, escaped, like an oasis in the arid desert, the visitation of the troublers of the earth. Napoleon, it seems, did not think it worth his while to bestow his attention upon so trivial a spot as Meiningen; and thus the regent duchess was left in undisturbed possession of her authority, and the tranquil enjoyment of domestic comfort; while the larger states became exposed to a train of evils, of which atheism and immorality were not the least. Thus favoured by Providence, the little court of Meiningen was distinguished by its purity of principles, and its two princesses were objects of admiration by their exemplary conduct. Their chief delight was in establishing and superintending schools for the education of the lower classes of the community, and in providing food and raiment for the aged, helpless, and destitute.

"The Princess Adelaide, in particular, was the life of every institution, that had for its object the happiness of her fellow-creatures. It has been said, and evidently on good authority, that the late Queen Charlotte had long kept her eye upon this virtuous family, with a view to the union of the elder princess with one of her Majesty's sons; and that, when the Duke of Cambridge had chosen a partner for himself, she strongly recommended Adelaide of Meiningen to the Duke of Clarence.

"The extent of the territory of Meiningen is about six hundred and eighty square English miles, and the population one hundred and forty thousand; that is, a little larger than the county of Hertford. The people of the entire country are supported by agriculture, a few simple manufactures, and their mutual trade. Of course there are not, what may be called, many wealthy families, in such a confined district. They are governed according to the constitution of Ernest the Pious, and have an elective house of representatives, the members of which are chosen for six years.

"Meiningen, the capital, contains nearly five thousand inhabitants. It is called proverbially the city of the Harp; from a natural phenomenon in the vicinity. On a mountain ridge is a cavern, from which, when the wind is favourable, issue sounds more beautiful and powerful than those of the ancient æolian harp. The town is handsome, and completely embosomed in green sylvan hills, along the right bank of the river Werra. The suburbs are richly planted, and sprinkled with numerous white summer-houses."

We have the following account of the education and military services of the Duke of Kent.

"He was first educated under Dr. John Fisher, late Bishop of Salisbury, who was afterwards the tutor of the Princess Charlotte; but at the age of

seventeen, his Royal Highness was sent to Hanover, with General Budé, a native of Switzerland, and high in the estimation of George the Third. While in Germany, he was subjected to all the strictness of the Prussian discipline: and of its severity, as well as of his own conformity to military rules, he used to relate an anecdote, which we shall give in his own words. 'Being placed as a cadet at Hanover, the regiment on duty was discharged in the usual form; but the general commanding happened to forget to dismiss me, which was always accompanied with a distinct and peculiar ceremony. On this, I continued, in a very uneasy position, and was actually forgotten for four hours, when at length the commanding officer rode up, and apologized. I should have remained, but for this, at my post, until I had fainted with fatigue.

"This rigid tuition had a bad effect upon the royal Duke, who became, in consequence, so severe a disciplinarian himself, that when he obtained the command over British soldiers, his conduct made him enemies, and produced mutiny oftener than once. From Hanover, Prince Edward was removed to Geneva; and there remained, to complete his education, till the month of January, 1790, when he returned to England without parental permission, and, in consequence, was sent off to Gibraltar. His stay there was short; for in 1791, he was ordered to Canada, from whence, on the breaking out of the war, he proceeded to the West Indies to join Sir Charles Grey, under whom he displayed great gallantry, in the attack on St. Lucie, and also in the capture of Guadaloupe and Martinique. At the close of the campaign in 1794, the Prince returned to British America, and served as a major-general at Halifax till 1798, when, in consequence of a fall from his horse, he left that station for England. In April following, having attained his thirty-second year, he was created Duke of Kent; to support which dignity, the annual allowance of £12,000 was appropriated by parliament. About the same time, he was promoted to the rank of General of the army, and appointed commander-in-chief in North America, to which destination he proceeded in July; but ill health again soon obliged him to return, and he arrived in England in the autumn of 1800. In May, 1802, the Duke went to Gibraltar, as governor of that important fortress; but this proved an untoward event, and, after the lapse of a few months, his Royal Highness was recalled, never more to be re-instated in actual service."

It ought to be remembered, that the father of our present sovereign was not only an ardent scholar in the German school of discipline—affording a striking example of military obedience in his own person—but that he was always abstemious in his habits to an extraordinary degree, and not less remarkably punctual in the discharge of all his duties. Here are some particulars concerning his conduct in private life.

"The Duke, like his father, was an early riser; and, to insure punctuality in this object, he kept a servant, whose business it was, in the winter, to light the fire at a precise hour, for which purpose he was not allowed to go to bed till he had discharged that office. Precisely at six o'clock, a cup of coffee was brought to his Royal Highness by one attendant, and the tray

removed by another. In the course of the morning, all the chief servants made their appearance in turn; and a bill of the expenses of the preceding day was produced by the house-steward, whose statement included the minutest articles, and all of them distinctly classed.

According to the late Mr. George Hardinge, one of the Welsh judges, and a frequent visitor of the Duke, a hair-dresser for all the livery servants constituted one of the efficient characters on the establishment: the result was, that, in this complicated machine of souls and bodies, the genius of attention, of cleanliness, and of smart appearance, was the order of the day. Among other peculiarities, the Duke had his bells enumerated, to preserve order and regularity of attendance. Five separate pulls were placed in a recess in the parlour next Kensington Gardens, each intended to summon a particular domestic; and the expense of these fittings alone, it is said, cost three hundred pounds. It is a fact worth mentioning, that the late Mr. Canning adopted the Duke's plan in his office at the Treasury, where, however, it was more necessary. The palace at Kensington, in the Duke's time, abounded with musical clocks; two of which chimed every quarter of an hour, and that not very agreeably to those who were engaged in business or conversation. Notwithstanding the narrow circumstances of his Royal Highness, his hand was always open to the relief of the distressed; and on every occasion of public charity, he came forward with alacrity, to aid the cause by his subscription and eloquence."

With respect to regular habits, our late sovereign may be classed with the brother we have just been hearing of. A few notices and anecdotes, illustrative of this fact, as well as of his Majesty's frank and unsophisticated character and manner, during the days of his vigour, shall now be strung together. The following is taken from Dr. Beattie's account, who attended the Duke of Clarence on a visit to the Continent.

"Unless when engaged with important business or company, his Royal Highness observes the same punctuality in his hours of retiring and getting up, that he does in the public and private duties of his station. Eleven o'clock is the hour at which he generally retires. At seven in the morning he is dressed; and, when the weather permits, walks in the avenue or gardens till eight, or later. In this country, breakfast occupies but a few minutes,—a dish of coffee and a rusk comprise all that is generally offered. These are served in a small tray or plateau, during or immediately after the operation of dressing. At the chateau, however, the English breakfast is still adhered to.

"When the letters are finished, and enclosed to the chargé d'affaires at Frankfurt, his Royal Highness walks till dinner-time; then comes in, dresses, and proceeds to the drawing-room. He does every thing by system.

"Air and exercise are those essentials to health and longevity, which his Royal Highness observes with strict and uniform punctuality. His walks, which have occasionally extended to four, are very seldom less than two hours' duration, and generally taken at the hottest period of the day. When prevented by the state of the weather from indulging in out-door

exercise, his Royal Highness uses the large drawing-room as a substitute, with one or more windows thrown open, so as to afford the best means of counteracting the effects of temporary confinement.

"If vigour of constitution is to be acquired or improved by the quantum of exercise thus taken without fatigue, his Royal Highness may anticipate a hale and green old age.

"In travelling, whenever the carriages halt at a fresh relay, it is his custom to alight, and employ the interval, though only five minutes, in exercise. In wet or damp weather, he never ventures abroad, not even in the carriage, without adopting the precaution of wearing galoches.

"In diet here, as in England, his Royal Highness observes a strict regimen,—plain roast or boiled mutton to dinner: such George the Third preferred. Sherry is his favourite, and I may say, only wine. I never saw him taste Port; and seldom French or Rhenish wines. He rarely eats roots or vegetables, not even a potato. The only beverage in which he indulges an innocent freedom, is barley-water flavoured with lemon."

"On post-days, his Royal Highness generally employs from two to three hours in correspondence. The method of answering all letters by autograph is habitual, and always appears to afford him satisfaction. Upon my making some observation during his late attack, to induce him to limit his application on this head, his Royal Highness replied, 'I admit the propriety of your suggestion, but I must keep up the practice of letter-writing—I have always done so—and one day or other, I may have still more occasion for it.'

"In expressing his opinion of men and things, the Duke is always frank and explicit. Whatever be the subject upon which he chooses to communicate his sentiments, they are invariably followed by a statement of the premises from which his conclusions are drawn. For example, 'This is my opinion; and I'll tell you why:—or, 'There I differ from you; and I will give you my reasons.'"

The firmness, decision, and promptitude of King William the Fourth may be illustrated by the two following anecdotes. The occasion referred to, is when he suddenly prorogued Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution, in 1831, so much against the will and to the dismay of the anti-reformers.

"So suddenly was the King's determination to prorogue parliament in person, taken, that it was found impossible to get the cream-coloured state-horses in readiness; and the black Hanoverian horses were, in consequence, substituted. When he first ordered the horses for three o'clock, he was told that they could not be ready by that time. 'No! then I will go down in a hackney-coach; I shall then, at any rate, be the first sovereign of England who rode in a *jarvey* to prorogue parliament.'

"When the King was in the act of attiring himself in the robing room, two of the lords in waiting, as usual, offered to assist in placing the crown upon his head; which he declined, saying, 'No, no; on this occasion I will place the crown upon my head, without assistance.'

"When King William IV. went, in person, to dissolve his first parliament, while placing the crown upon his own head, turning to the Lord Chancellor, he said, 'This, my lord, is my coronation day;' and it was

generally imagined, that the ceremonial of a public inauguration was not intended by his Majesty, nor by his ministers, till the subject was brought before the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington."

It is well known that the king was averse to put the country to the enormous expense attending the gorgeous pageantry which custom had connected with this imposing ceremony, for Earl Grey said as much in the House of Peers, in answer to the Duke of Wellington. It was found, however, to be proper to follow the example of former sovereigns, although William's apprehension of the necessity does not seem to have been strong.

"A circumstance of peculiar interest, connected with the Coronation, should here be mentioned, as exhibiting the just and constitutional views entertained by the late King of his exalted office. At the grand dinner which followed the ceremonial, his Majesty gave as a toast, in his own frank and true English manngr, 'The Land we live in:' adding, that 'the day had afforded him satisfaction; but that he did not at all agree with those who had considered the ceremony as indispensable, for that the compact between the Prince and the people was as binding on his mind before, as after; that no member of the House of Hanover could forget the condition on which he held the crown;' and his Majesty repeated, (striking the table with energy,) 'that he was not a whit more desirous now, than before taking the oath, to watch over the liberties, and promote the welfare, of his people.' The Duke of Wellington was present."

A punctilious observance of ceremony was not one of our late King's foibles, as many circumstances prove. Take, as one example, the following:—

"In the early part of the year 1831, a gentleman left town for Brighton, where, passing along the Steyne, he met the King. His Majesty, with his usual frank urbanity, accosted him as an old acquaintance. 'Ah, L——, how are you? what brings you here? how long do you stay?' L—— replied, he came to see a sick relation, and was obliged to return the ensuing day. 'Pooh, pooh, pooh,' said his Majesty, 'you must dine with me first.' 'Please your Majesty, I am under the necessity of returning immediately.' 'Nonsense; come to-morrow. Sir Herbert, do you mind, L—— does not go away without dining with me.' L—— whispered to Sir Herbert, that it was quite impossible he could avail himself of the honour, for he was deficient in a certain article of dress. Sir Herbert overwhelmed poor L——, by at once informing his Majesty of his reason for declining the honour—namely, that he had no breeches. 'Nonsense—ceremony—stuff—let him come without, let him come without,' said the King."

Descriptive of the peculiarities of temperament and still more of those indulgences which we presume, are identified with the habits of royally educated youths, Prince William seems to have had his share of errors in the way of abrupt, rash and unmannerly thoughtlessness and frowardness. Mark the following instances, with the appended corrections.

"One day, the Royal Duke, being left only with Lady ——, the Young

Roscus, and the painter, and perhaps worn a little out of patience with the tedium of an unusually long sitting, thought to beguile an idle minute by quizzing the personal appearance of the royal academician. It is well known that Northcote, at no period of life, was either a buck, a blood, a fop, or macaroni; he soon despatched the business of the toilette, when a young man; and, as he advanced to a later period, he certainly could not be dubbed a dandy. The loose gown, in which he painted, was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might perchance be half a century old; his white hair was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald. Thus loosely attired, the Royal Visitor, standing behind whilst he painted, gently lifted, or rather twitched, the collar of the gown; which Mr. Northcote resented, by suddenly turning, and expressing his displeasure by a frown. Nothing daunted, his Royal Highness presently, with his finger, touched the professor's grey locks, observing, 'You do not devote much time to the toilette, I perceive—pray—how long do you?'—Northcote instantly replied, 'Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me: you are the first that ever presumed to do so, and I beg your Royal Highness to recollect that I am in my own house.' He then resumed his painting. The Prince, whatever he thought or felt, kept it to himself; and, remaining silent for some minutes, Mr. Northcote addressed his conversation to the lady, when the Royal Duke, gently opening the door of the studio, shut it after him, and walked away. Northcote did not quit his post, but proceeded with his painting. It happened that the royal carriage was not ordered until five o'clock: it was now not four. Presently the Royal Duke returned, re-opened the door, and said, 'Mr. Northcote, it rains; pray, lend me an umbrella.' Northcote, without emotion, rang the bell; the servant attended, and he desired her to bring her mistress's umbrella, that being the best in the house, and sufficiently handsome. The Royal Duke patiently waited for it in the back drawing-room, the studio door still open; when having received it, he again walked down stairs, attended by the female servant, who, on opening the street door, his Royal Highness thanked her, and, spreading the umbrella, departed. 'Surely, his Royal Highness is not gone; I wish you would allow me to ask,' said Lady ——. 'Certainly, his Royal Highness is gone,' replied Northcote, 'but I will inquire, at your instance.' The bell was rung again, and the servant confirmed the assertion. 'Dear Mr. Northcote,' said Lady —, 'I fear you have highly offended his Royal Highness.' 'Madam,' replied the painter, 'I am the offended party.' Lady — made no other remark, than wishing her carriage had arrived; which soon happening, Mr. Northcote courteously attended her down to the hall; he bowed, she curtsied, and, stepping into her carriage, set off with the infant Roscius. The next day, about noon, Mr. Northcote happening to be alone, a gentle tap was heard, and the studio door opened, when, who should walk in but his Royal Highness; 'Mr. Northcote,' said he 'I am come to return your sister's umbrella, which she was so good as to lend me yesterday.' The painter bowed, received it, and placed it in a corner. 'I brought it myself, Mr. Northcote, that I might have the opportunity of saying, that I yesterday took a very unbecoming liberty with you, and you properly resented it; I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more of it.' 'And what did you say?' inquired the first friend to whom he related the cir-

cumstance. 'Say! why, nothing; I only bowed, and he might see what I felt. I could at the instant have sacrificed my life for him: such a Prince is worthy to be a King!' The venerable painter had the gratification to live to see him King.

"The following is another instance of the handsome manner in which the Royal Personage could correct any trifling indecorum into which, from his frankness, he might chance to fall. Being once in a fashionable shop at Brighton, the Duke was struck with the entrance of three ladies in the dress of Quakers. While the two eldest were looking over some of the articles, the Duke addressed himself to the youngest, who was about fourteen, and said, 'So, I see that thou art not above the vanities of this gay world.' The fair young Friend said nothing; but the matron, under whose care she was, gave a look more expressive than words. The Prince felt it; and immediately purchasing a handsome work-basket, respectfully asked the eldest lady for permission to present it to her daughter. The answer was mild, but laconic. 'She will receive it, and thank thee friend.' The basket was accordingly taken, with the same courtesy as given; and thus the matter ended."

We shall now throw into a condensed shape, a few of the most striking passages belonging to the last days of King William's life, during which his mortal conflict was great, and its ravages speedy. We follow certain "Recollections" of these days, as set down in an "Appendix," furnished by one who subscribes himself "J. R. W." dated "Bushy House, July 14, 1837." Concerning the writer of these Recollections, our author says that the initials quoted sufficiently demonstrate that the most full confidence may be placed in them; alluding, we presume, to the chaplain, whose name shall be mentioned in the course of our statement. As may already have been clearly perceived, our endeavour is not to select what is most novel in the work before us, but a few of those notices and anecdotes that are most characteristic of the individuals and events described.

From these Recollections we learn, that on the 22nd of May his Majesty's ministers obtained exceedingly unfavourable impressions of his health, from the remarkable change that had recently taken place in his appearance. On May the 27th, however, he felt still sufficiently strong to hold a council. But that his debility was now great, and the exertion too much, may be inferred from the fact that he had lost the power of walking, and had to be wheeled into the council-room in an easy chair. He continued to the last hour of his existence, however, to manifest the utmost consideration for the public good, deeming no sacrifice which he himself could make sufficient for that end. His anxiety also to soothe the feelings of all around him seems to have been remarkable; the display of his tender affections, no doubt, owing much of its warmth and delicacy to the composure, resignation, patience, and equanimity which he constantly was master of in such trying circumstances. Indeed, whatever may be thought of some parts of his Majesty's earlier history, we think it is impossible for the eye of the Christian to

alight upon one recorded passage belonging to his death-bed which is not beautiful, and the rightful source of hope.

It is stated in the document before us that at no period, from the commencement of the king's last illness, was he insensible to his critical state. On the 16th of June, he observed to the queen, "I have had some quiet sleep; come and pray with me, and thank the Almighty for it." Her Majesty joined in this act of devotion, and when the King had ceased, said, "And shall I not pray to the Almighty that you may have a good day?" To which hereplied, "Oh, do! I wish I could live ten years, for the sake of the country, I feel it my duty to keep well as long as I can,"—thus evincing that his solicitude in reference to the embarrassment into which the nation might be thrown by his early dissolution, was superior to that which concerned his own personal health.

One day when Mr. Wood entered the King's room, his Majesty said, "I will thank you, my dear sir, to read all the prayers till you come to the prayer for the church militant." The reverend gentleman adds, "his Majesty intended to include the communion service, and all the other parts of the liturgy used in the celebration of public worship." The Recollections continue—"It was equally an affecting and an instructive lesson to observe the devout humility of his Majesty, fervently dwelling, as could be perceived from his manner and the intonation of his voice, on every passage which bore even the most remote application to his own circumstances." "During the whole service his attention was undisturbed, and he experienced none of those fits of coughing and oppression, which for some time past had formed an almost uninterrupted characteristic of his complaint. As Mr. Wood withdrew, his Majesty graciously expressed his thanks, and afterwards said to the Queen, 'It has been a great comfort to me.'"

The Queen and other members of the household seem to have frequently also joined his Majesty in religious services, and to have read to him what was best calculated to afford him consolation; so that altogether when the reader of the present volumes has fresh upon his mind a view of the orderly and affectionate habits which uniformly prevailed in their domestic circle, the close of the drama produces a still deeper, more touching, and attractive picture than could otherwise, or without such preliminaries, have been exhibited to the imagination.

On Sunday, the 18th of June, the Archbishop of Canterbury administered the sacrament to the King, the Queen, and one of his daughters. As his Grace withdrew, his Majesty, inclining his head, said, "God bless you—a thousand, a thousand thanks!" Although the service alluded to had fatigued the King, it was not long ere he requested the attendance again of the Archbishop; the presence of this dignitary seeming to comfort the royal patient, even

when too weak to converse. At one time he took the hand of this spiritual consoler, and pressing it fervently, said in a tone which was only audible to the Queen, "I am sure the Archbishop is one of those persons who pray for me." On another occasion he said, addressing the same personage, "God bless thee, dear, excellent, worthy man—a thousand, thousand thanks."

On June 19, the King on awaking, observed to the Queen, "I shall get up once more to do the business of the country," although on the 18th he had told one of his medical attendants, "Let me but live over this memorable day—I shall never live to see another sunset." It was on the 19th that the Archbishop of Canterbury read to him the service for the Visitation of the Sick, and when, as the form of blessing was pronounced in that service, the Queen, for the first time, in his Majesty's apartment, was overpowered by the weight of affliction, he, observing her emotion, said, "Bear up, bear up." After this, he saw all his children; "and as they successively knelt to kiss the hand, gave them his blessing in the most affectionate terms, suitable to the character and circumstances of each." He had avoided all along alluding in distinct terms to death, in her Majesty's presence: but on the day of which we have just been speaking, he besought her not to make herself uneasy about him, evidently anticipating his speedy dissolution, which was, in fact, close at hand.

It was the Queen's very frequent exercise, gently to chafe his Majesty's hand, this assurance of her presence yielding him manifest comfort. Not many hours before the closing scene, when his weakness was such that he scarcely opened his eyes, "save to raise them in prayer to heaven, with a look expressive of the most perfect resignation;" he once or twice uttered, "Thy will be done." It is added, that on one occasion he used the words, "The church—the church!" and the name of the Archbishop. When his Grace for the last time withdrew from the King's presence, saying, "My best prayers are offered up for your Majesty,"—the reply was in "slow and feeble yet distinct utterance, "Believe me, I am a religious man." We quote some of the last of the Recollections before us.

"His weakness now rendered it impracticable to remove him into his usual bed-room, and a bed was accordingly prepared in the royal closet, which communicates with the apartment in which his Majesty had passed the last ten days of his life. At half-past ten the King was seized with a fainting fit, the effects of which were mistaken by many for the stroke of death. However, his Majesty, gradually, though imperfectly, revived, and was then removed into his bed.

"From this time his voice was not heard, except to pronounce the name of his valet. In less than an hour his Majesty expired without a struggle and without a groan, the Queen kneeling at the bedside, and still affection-

ately holding his hand, the comfortable warmth of which rendered her unwilling to believe the reality of the sad event."

We think that the general and concluding estimate which the author of this life has made of William the Fourth's character is a fair and just one; and with this sketch we close our notice of the work—only farther remarking, that to its other recommendations the sixteen highly-finished plates, which are introduced at suitable parts of the narrative, consisting chiefly of portraits of celebrated naval commanders, from the original pictures in the Naval Gallery of Greenwich Hospital, add very considerably to its beauty and value.

"In analyzing the character of the late King, while many censurable weaknesses, many youthful indiscretions, and a few, very few, grave offences against the moral code of his nation, may be laid to his charge, a host of palliating and redeeming circumstances can be pleaded in favour of his memory. When a boy, he exhibited qualities that endeared him to every one, and at the same time displayed others that called for the exercise of forbearance in the same individuals. He was impatient, impetuous, violent, iracible, and sometimes overbearing, yet there was a rough kind of generosity about him, that obtained forgiveness for many of his failings. His bursts of passion might have offended—his own sorrow for his excesses, changed the feeling into forgiveness. He had, unfortunately, never enjoyed the benefit of a suitable education. To books, in his youthful days, he manifested no partiality: his disposition was too volatile, his habits too unsteady for the pursuits of literature. In this uneducated state, at much too early an age, he was turned adrift upon the ocean. This loss was irreparable; yet his natural powers were confessedly great; and, had he been placed under proper instructors, armed with sufficient power of restraint, until his mind was habituated to literature, there is much reason to believe, that as he reigned with honour, so would he have added still greater dignity to the crown he wore at the closing years of his life.

"The profession, to which his late Majesty was attached early in life, seemed to have tinged his character throughout with its proverbial candour, bluntness, and integrity. He will be remembered in future times by the endearing title of the *Sailor King*. The distinguished officers who flourished in that period, and the circumstances in which the country was then placed, which gave such a preponderance to the navy, had their natural effect in stimulating the impulse that led to the choice of his Majesty's position. But a variety of influences and accidents prevented him from occupying that prominent place in his profession, to which, it is well known, his own ambition always pointed. Notwithstanding, however, the obstructions that interrupted his progress to distinction, in the way that would have been most grateful to his own feelings, he never ceased to regard the service with ardour, and retained, even upon the throne, his original enthusiasm in reference to its interests. The incidents of a life, which was past for the most part in retirement, afford few points upon which biography can dwell at length; but its unostentatious quietude suggests more eloquently than the most brilliant acts, the superiority of his Majesty's

nature to the tinsel advantages of mere birth. While other members of the royal family lived in culpable profusion, his Majesty, content with a restricted income, and the serene pleasures of domestic happiness, was rarely heard of in public. He had no taste for the pageantries of a court; he loved tranquil pursuits; he removed voluntarily from the flattering and tempting splendours that were within his reach, and it is to the honour of his name that he was uncorrupted by the associations to which his rank exposed him. Called from his retreat to assume the sceptre, a grateful nation marked its profound respect for his memory, its sense of the mildness and justice of his sway. The noblest panegyric which can be pronounced upon a monarch has already been paid to WILLIAM IV.—the united testimony of all parties to his virtues. Even faction has not cast a single reproach upon his name—abashed by the many simplicities of his life, its silence is his epitaph.”

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Lectures on Entomology.* By JOHN BARLOW BURTON.
London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1837.

THESE Lectures in a succinct and engaging shape contain a description of that branch of zoology which treats of the kingdom of insects, one of the most interesting and instructive in the history of Natural History. The sevenfold division of Linnæus is adopted, and the several orders are explained in a manner perfectly consistent with science, comprising the results of the latest investigation on the part of enthusiasts in the study, at the same time that the whole is rendered perfectly plain to the ordinary reader. There are several illustrative specimens also introduced to render the descriptions more intelligible and distinct; and as the entire publication amounts only to a handsome little pamphlet, it is calculated to become extremely useful not only as an introduction to the general study of Entomology, but a short and comprehensive treatise on the principles of the science aptly elucidated. We extract two short passages:—

“The extreme beauty of the *Lepidoptera* (or Butterflies), the striking contrast they present in the different stages of their existence, so remarkable as to have caused them to be regarded by a mystical philosophy as the types of the human soul released from its material incumbrance; their habits and times of appearance, the one suggesting the purity of an ethereal nature, the other associating them in the mind of the observer with the beauty of external nature, and the genial influence of the seasons, have alike contributed to render them objects of general favour.”

Of the Wasp:—“One of these insects was crawling up a window, when a lady seized it with a pair of scissors with the intention of killing it, but by accident cut it in two; the wasp was no longer thought of for some time, but the lady happening by chance to look at it, thought the two parts had approached nearer each other; it was then watched, and after being separated for three or four hours they gradually joined; it then rested for a few minutes, and the parts appeared to be as firmly fixed as before the accident had happened, it then crawled up the window and flew away.”

ART. XIII.—*The Present State of the Controversy between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.* By HUNTER GORDON, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. London: Whittaker. 1837.

Mr. Gordon gives it as his opinion "that there has lately arisen, in this island as well as on the continent of Europe, a prejudice in favour of some of the leading principles of the Romish Theology, and above all, a desire to effect a combination of these with Protestant principles." Whence this change proceeds, he considers in the pages before us,—stating generally, at the outset, that it is to be found in something within the pale of the Protestant Church, rather than in the active force of the Catholic Priesthood, or in any external source whatever.

He believes that the inevitable consequences of the rationalism that prevails among the Protestants of Germany,—that the delirium of private judgment and free examination, which exists in that quarter, must be a sudden and violent revulsion to the Roman Catholic principle of implicit submission, and the absolute resignation of all private judgment, reason, and inquiry. He also argues that although in Great Britain the same boldness of speculation does not exist, yet that the same sort of influences are at work. He says, "Among the very small number who, in England, are favourably disposed towards the Roman Catholic faith, two classes may be noted: those who venerate revealed religion as the word of God, and those who prize Christianity chiefly as the cement of civil society, and as an indispensable support to the authority of the civil magistrate." He thinks that "the two great divisions of the Western Church are not separated by any irreconcilable difference in principle, but are only distinguished by their respective predilections for different parts of a common system," viz, a system where Reason and Revelation have both a proper place,—the abuse of the former leading to scepticism, and that of the latter to superstition and dogmatism. In these circumstances he recommends it to Protestantism to define the province of right reason in religion, and to show that the two are perfectly consistent,—that faith and philosophy must and ought to stand together. But then the question arises,—by what authority are the relations and rightful positions of faith and reason to be interpreted? Here, we confess, we have not been able to gather much satisfaction from the author. Upon each one of the points, however, to which we have referred in this short notice, and upon collateral subjects, the essay exhibits the result of deep reflection, of liberality, and above all of an exalted sense of the importance of religion, of the destinies of man, and the necessity of each one applying his mind to similar inquiries without prejudice and rancour, in order that the purity of truth may be established and universally promulgated for the sake of man's happiness here and hereafter.

ART. XIV.—*Hebrew and English Spelling Book, adapted for the use of Schools and Private Tuition. To which is affixed an Abridgment of the Hebrew Grammar.* By J. L. LYON. London: Effingham Wilson. 1837.

THE professed object of the author is to furnish an easy and concise mode of acquiring a knowledge of spelling and reading the Hebrew Language,

adapted to the sounds of the Spanish, Portuguese, German, and Polish Jews. So far as we are aware this is the first initiatory work of the kind that has appeared in this country, and being simple in its plan, and clear in its details, must be regarded as supplying an important manual to the attainment of the most Sacred Tongue. The words are arranged alphabetically, and their number of syllables, in separate divisions, according to their respective accentuation,—the best authorities pertaining to this last mentioned particular and other intricacies of the Hebrew having been consulted and followed.

There seems to be a very good reason for recommending this small and cheap volume (three shillings is its price), and the more so, since the author pretends not to have made any new discoveries, but to have done his best to facilitate the pupil in his laudable endeavours to acquire an intimacy with the language in question, and to ease the master, not to dictate to him.

ART. XV.—*A Hand-book for Travellers in Southern Germany, being a Guide to Bavaria, Austria, Tyrol, the Austrian and Bavarian Alps, and the Danube from Ulan to the Black Sea.* 12mo, pp. 407. London: Murray. 1837.

THE present is a fit companion to a preceding volume which had Northern Germany for its theatre. In one respect, however, it possesses more interest than its fellow, for several of the routes and scenes it describes have been comparatively seldom traversed, and much more seldom delineated in the form of a traveller's manual. The plan of the work is admirable, and ought to be the model for all guide-books to foreign countries. It first contains a general sketch of the region about to be traversed, and next details particulars which must be of immediate and practical service to him who carries the volume in his hand. With these kinds of information is blended a sufficient store of amusing matter, compiled from published and manuscript journals with great judgment and taste. In short, a better companion and guide in the course of no fewer than one hundred and thirty-six routes, through some of the most interesting and least frequented portions of Europe, in so far as the British are concerned, cannot be named than this hand-book, nor a season in the year pointed out when its aid can more fitly be called for. We must extract a specimen of the author's style and matter; nor can we do better than on the Danube, to which we advise all our readers who have time and money at command instantly to repair.

"Alt Orsova, 'Orsova is a military village, about three miles from the frontier, with about 900 inhabitants, chiefly Wallachians, a race distinct from both Hungarians and Sclovoeks, intruders, as it were, in this land, though in the course of centuries they have pushed themselves into the heart of it, from their own country (Wallachia Proper), so as to form the majority of the inhabitants in many provinces. They have a more wild and barbarous appearance than even the other races which inhabit Hungary, and are clad from head to foot in sheep-skins, wearing high hairy caps like the end of a mop, and long cloaks with the wool outside, reminding one of a door-rug. With their low foreheads, unshorn locks,

and filthy persons, they really look not much superior to the animals whose skins they occupy; at least such was my first impression as I threaded my way through a crowd of the lower sort, collected together in the anti-chamber of the inn, which re-echoed with their wild cries, and was redolent of the fumes of garlic and schnaps, which the host was dispensing to an already half-inebriated party of them. These, however, were labourers of the lowest grade. The female Wallachs, when young, are often very pretty; they wear a peculiar costume, a sort of apron, dyed red and black, falling nearly to the feet before and behind, the lower part of which consists of a long fringe of the same colour, which dangles about their feet. They enclose their feet in high Hessian boots of bright red leather, and are generally occupied, in or out of doors, in busily twirling the spindle. Outside the town, by the water-side, and near the ferry over the Danube, stands the Parlatorium, a wooden shed in which the market (Shela) is held. On account of the quarantine regulations, the inhabitants of Servia and Wallachia are prevented coming in contact with the subjects of Austria, and dare not cross the frontier without an escort. The Austrian quarantine is five days for those who come out of Wallachia, and ten for those from Servia; the Wallachians again have a quarantine of five days against the Servians, so that none of the three parties can intermix for the purpose of buying and selling, nor can they touch each other's goods. On this account the building where the market is held is divided by three partitions, breast high, behind which the dealers of the three nations are congregated. In an open space in the centre is a table by the side of which the Austrian quarantine officers take their stand, aided and supported by a guard of soldiers with fire arms and fixed bayonets, to enforce order and obedience. Whenever a bargain is made, the money to be paid is handed to one of the attendants, who receives it in a long ladle, transfers it to a basin of vinegar, and, after washing it, passes it on to the other side. The goods to be purchased are placed within sight, and are immersed in a tub of water or fumigated, when they happen to change owners. It is an amusing sight to see the process of bargaining thus carried on by three parties at the distance of several yards from each other, attended by the vociferation and gesticulation inseparable from such business. When the bartering is transacted, the Wallachians and Servians are escorted back to their own territory, as they had previously been in coming to the spot, by a guard of soldiers.—*M S. Journ.* Any person wishing to visit the Turkish fortress of New Orsova, on an island about two miles lower down, the Iron Gate, or Trajan's Bridge, must take with him from Orsova an officer of quarantine and another of customs, who are paid at the rate of about two florins a day, and must return before sunset. If the traveller ventures to cross the frontier without a guardian, he cannot return without passing ten days' quarantine."

ART. XVI.—*Questions on the History of Europe; a Sequel to Miss Mangnall's Historical Questions.* By JULIA CORNER. London: Longman. 1837.

Miss Mangnall's *Historical Questions* relate to Greece and Rome, and the authoress of the present volume has aimed to render her readers as familiar with the history of the modern nations of Europe as has been done by the

popular work which she has selected for a model. How far such skeletons are really serviceable in the education of the young, and for the purpose of impressing upon the mind facts that best communicate the spirit of history, we have not had any practical means of ascertaining. To some the form of question and answer into which this effort has been thrown will be thought antiquated, yet it seems the simplest and happiest method that can be employed to rivet the attention upon particular dates, transactions, and characters. The work before us, we think, is a good specimen of the class to which it belongs, and is very creditable to the lady who is the compiler, for it displays great industry, and sound judgment.

ART. XVII.—*Case on the 43rd Elizabeth for the Relief of the Poor. For the Opinion of Mr. Serjeant Snigge.* GAWDY, Attorney. London: Longman. 1837.

THIS document has been lately cited as a genuine Case and Opinion both by those who favour and those who object to the Poor Law Amendment Act; and yet it is fictitious after all, having been written and partially circulated, as its present editor informs us, by Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart. above thirty years ago. We are also informed that Sir Thomas was a man of abilities, who had been educated to the law, and that he was fully competent to give a sound legal opinion upon the subject treated of. He seems to have turned his particular attention to the original Poor Laws, and to have perhaps amused himself by the successful manner in which he could imitate the style of such an eminent lawyer as Serjeant Snigge, who flourished in the time of James I. At that period and long afterwards this case might have offered constructions and laid down principles, which, we can believe, would have been justly considered as valuable. As the matter now stands, we think the document must be regarded as little better than a curiosity, and as an example of what talent and ingenuity may accomplish in the way of deceiving antiquarians, and thereby vitiating the sources whence the lights of history or of law may be sought.

ART. XVIII.—*Observations on the Preservation of Health, in Infancy, Youth, Mankhood, and Age, &c.* By J. H. CURTIS, Esq. London: Renshaw. 1837.

LIKE the two former works by Mr. Curtis on the "Preservation of Sight," and on the "Preservation of Hearing," the present is plain, sensible, and divested of everything in the shape of scientific abstruseness or dogmatic quackery. It does not even labour under that objection which has, with great justice, been generally taken to the study of popular treatises on health—these treatises for the most part addressing themselves to the cure of disease, whereas this contains practical rules and lessons for the *preservation of health*. Mr. Curtis is of opinion, that the four stages of human life mentioned in his title-page, are beautifully shadowed out in the physical world, in the successive seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; and in a form which is much shorter, and more forcible than has hitherto been adopted, points out the directions which, if rationally observed, will contribute most assuredly to the prolongation, not only of

life, but of that equanimity of temper and sweetness of experience which render life a double blessing. That these "Observations" contain the wisdom, appositeness, and illustrative interest, which are sure to render them as popular and useful, as were those previously published by him on the Ear and the Eye, as testified by a number of editions through which each of them has passed, may be safely predicted by any one who will take a cursory glance at the volume, or at a portion of any one of its chapters. We quote a specimen from what Mr. Curtis has to say on the effect of one species of excessive mental excitement, that will show to the conviction of many, how correctly he has read human nature, and human history. He is speaking of the vehemence of the passions—and thus delivers himself in a note to the general rule as laid down in the text—"The passion of love deserves to be mentioned, as being the most universally experienced and as having the greatest tendency to excess, and in that state producing the worst of maladies. Disappointment in love is one of the principal causes of suicides; and this fact clearly proves the deranging effect of the passion upon the mental faculties. The progress of the disease, of which excessive love is productive, may be thus described: as the force of love prevails, sighs grow deeper, a tremor affects the heart and pulse, the countenance is alternately pale and red, and the voice is suppressed in the fauces, the eyes grow dim, cold sweats break out, sleep absents itself, at least until the morning, the secretions become disturbed, and a loss of appetite, a hectic fever, melancholy, or perhaps madness, if not death, constitute the sad catastrophe." This is dreadful enough, but not more so than the ravings of despair have often been, as exemplified by love-sick dames and luckless wooers.

ART. XIX.—*Three Experiments of Living*. London: Parker. 1837. THESE three experiments consist of "Living within the Means, Living up to the Means, Living beyond the Means:" and though the account extends not beyond an hour's reading or so, it is impossible to peruse one page of it, without desiring to learn the whole before laying the volume down. There are proofs, not only of talent but of originality in the production, and originality is the criterion of genius. To use an idea, suggested in the Preface of the work, this little *tract* is calculated to effect far more, and far better things than the heavy artillery of many a royal quarto and imperial octavo. The lessons it contains are excellent.

ART. XX.—*Peter Parley's Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky*. Edited by the Rev. T. Wilson. London: Darton and Clark.

WE decidedly pronounce this to be a work of superior merit, for the purpose of introducing young people to the various branches of Natural History. The aim of its author has been to select a few of the Phenomena of the Kingdom of Nature which are best calculated to excite wonder and admiration, which is the surest path to useful and delightful instruction, —instead of fruitlessly attempting, by brevity and comprehensiveness, to embrace and explain everything, in a manner strictly accordant with scientific discovery, that is known in each department.

ART. XXI.—*The History of the Borough of Preston, in the County Palatine of Lancaster.* By P. WHITTLE, F. A. S. 2 Vols. London: Tegg. 1837.

THESE volumes are worthy of the patronage of every person immediately interested in the district of which they treat, and, indeed, of every one who desires to obtain a minute knowledge of one of the most influential and important counties of Old England. To antiquarians, particularly, we recommend its precise and curious information.

ART. XXII.—*On the Extent of the Atonement, in its relation to God and the Universe.* By the Rev. H. W. JENKYN. Second Edition. London: Snow. 1837.

AN excellent treatise on the most solemn and arresting subject of which the human heart is cognisable. Its strictly scriptural and its tenderly benevolent tone is not more to be praised than its argument and illustration are convincing and satisfactory. Somehow, many works which treat of man's salvation and immortal destinies, although not open to any doctrinal objection, are forbidding or gloomy. Here, although there be no relinquishment of the truth or blinking of its denunciations, there is a delightful encouragement, which ought to induce every soul to rush to the fountain which gratuitously assuages all thirst, and perfectly extinguishes all sin.

ART. XXIII.—*A Key to the Statutes affected by the Enactments of the Reigns of George IV. and William IV.* By GEORGE FARREN, Jun. Esq. Chancery Barrister. London: Pickering. 1837.

"THE following work," says the Preface, "has been arranged for the purpose of saving time in obtaining information of the material contents of existing Statutes. Great velocity of legislation has made it difficult, not to say impossible, for any one mind to collect and retain the volatile sapience of the manifold enactments to which the last twenty years have given origin; so that an investigation of the statute law has become far less encouraging than would be the fabled exercise of tracing the needle in its meanderings through the mazes of a hay-stack; since the needle, when found, presents in itself the entire object of search; whereas it is of rare occurrence that any one statute comprehends the whole matter of which it professes to be the law—but merely points to other statutes as affected by it." This very clever and sarcastic sort of announcement, which no doubt cost its author a few revisings and corrections, ushers in a small tome that furnishes a Key to the altered and altering statutes during the eras indicated; a compilation which, if found to be generally acceptable, is to be extended from the earliest to the latest period of legislation. We think that the work will prove itself to be a ready and real assistant to practitioners, and that its merits are of such a kind as ought not to be hailed by those whose endeavour it is to perplex law and justice through the loop-holes and intricacies which multifarious legislation has created: and this is decided praise.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1837.

ART. I.

1. *The Hunters of the Prairie, or the Hawk Chief. A Tale of the Indian Country.* By JOHN TREAT IRVING, JUN. 2 Vols. London: Bentley. 1837.
2. *Uncle Hordce.* By MRS. S. C. HALL, Authoress of "Sketches of Irish Character," &c. 3 Vols. London: Colburn.
3. *The Old Commodore.* By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer." 3 Vols. London: Bentley.
4. *The Vicar of Wreshill.* By MRS. TROLLOPE, Authoress of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," &c. 3 Vols. London: Bentley.
5. *Kindness in Women: a Novel.* By T. HAYNES BAYLEY, Esq. 3 Vols. London: Bentley.
6. *Stokeshill Place; or, the Man of Business.* By the Authoress of "Mrs. Armytage," &c. 3 Vols. London: Colburn.
7. *Ethel Churchill; or, the Two Brides.* By MISS LONDON. 3 Vols. London: Colburn.
8. *Ernest Maltravers.* By the Author of "Pelham," &c. 3 Vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

DURING the last eight or ten weeks there has been a greater dearth of new publications than we ever remember to have noticed, even during the same dull period of the year. With the exception of an abundant crop of novels, of which the list at the head of this article only forms a part, the elections and the American crisis seem to have so blighted or absorbed the public mind as to have produced a stagnation of all its desires and enterprize. Indeed those who greedily long for new food for the intellect, and who are impatient when driven to digest that which has in by-gone times been furnished to them, must have been looking forward to a period of absolute starvation, and at no distant date, had it not been that, for lack of nutriment, they, no doubt, found an allowance in the quantity of sweet and hastily nurtured fruit, which the imaginations of some of our liveliest and most inventive writers have been bringing forth in

the shape of novels. Of this sort of substance, as already stated, there has not only been a plentiful harvest, but a storing-up that ought to serve for winter provender, till the morning and twilight show us that spring has set in again.

Many are inclined despitefully to speak of novels, and treat them as if they not only belonged to a heap of trifles to which any idle or wild fancy may contribute, but as forming no sort of index either of the state of contemporary literature, or the changes which obtain in manners and the conditions of mankind. To this disdainful class of thinkers we do not attach ourselves; on the contrary, we look upon the lighter kinds of literature as being more faithful indices of the contemporary, it may be the transient, revolutions in the social and political condition of a community, than much more elaborate and much graver efforts under the head of history or speculation. It is certain, that both in this and foreign countries there have been alterations in the lighter fields of literature within the compass of the last fifty years, and, indeed, in the course of half of that period, which are not less remarkable than those which have been often noticed and described in reference to dynasties, political creeds, or national and individual character.

Prior to the French Revolution—to go to foreign parts—there prevailed in the country where that mighty and hideous phenomenon was first developed, a style of tales and fictions that contained little adventure, and comparatively few startling incidents, but only slight stories, which were made the vehicles of sentimentality and of the manners most approved of at that time. German literature was still in its cradle, but its fathers were in such productions as the “Sorrows of Werther” and the “Robbers” laying a foundation for the most extravagant, wild, and affecting imaginings that had ever excited mankind. The passion for this sort of fiction for a time continued amongst the people of Germany, and in the meanwhile was eagerly transplanted by the fickle and lively French into their own country, or rather engrafted by them on those political frenzies and revolutionary delights that sought for new and more awakening excitements, or rendered those that had been experienced more dramatic, picturesque, and harrowing. From one extravagance to another our Gallic neighbours rushed even in the dominions of fiction, till Victor Hugo and his followers have well nigh surfeited, we faintly hope, their nation with insane horrors and revolting indecencies. Indeed an auspicious reaction appears to have commenced.

While the imaginative literature of Germany was young, its career was reckless and different from what it was known ever to have been among any other people. Its vagaries in infancy and more advanced life have afforded many evidences how difficult it is to the unrestrained imagination to discover the olive leaf, or set foot upon the

dry and firm land. We are not prepared to trace all its flights and wanderings, but one thing is notorious—that after it had wearied itself with extravagant efforts at the expense of all that had been deemed classical and chaste, it has at last assumed a character that is tranquil and metaphysically subtle, avoiding as much as possible whatever is purely romantic or pathetic, and dealing in ordinary scenes which afford scope for transcendental views of the soul and human nature, or in criticisms on literature and art ; love, passion, and adventure being in these critical novels only introduced as episodes, or slight pegs on which to hang some fanciful theory, unintelligible speculation, or enthusiastic dream.

In Germany, therefore, there has also been a reaction, arising, as we believe, partly from the young and untried wings of genius, having discovered their impotence in the flights first attempted, or their maldirection, and partly in consequence of the languor which has come over the spirit of the people since revolutionary excitement is no longer in being, and the strange sacrifices of patriotism are no longer demanded. The result accordingly presents a sort of sobriety, though it is by no means symptomatic of permanence ; for it manifests rather the dulness imposed by an induced and affected obtuseness to nature, than the healthful beatings of conscious life, and the coldness of vain abstractions, rather than the aspirings of humanity.

In our own country, the changes and fashions that have characterized the regions of light literature since the commencement of the current century need not farther be alluded to than to say, that the spectral romances of the *Ratcliffe* school, the inanities of the *Minerva Press*, the splendid creations and faithful pictures of *Scott*, and the brood of his imitators, together with those adventurers who since he flourished have attempted to strike out a new line and originate spheres of fiction for themselves, may each and all, in a great measure, be attributed to certain cycles in manners, prevalent modes of thinking, or social and political conditions. To be sure, a genius such as *Scott* may and will fashion the rough and disjointed materials that are abundantly strewed around him, when feebler, less observant, and less imaginative minds have not been able to perceive such things, or if perceived be too unskilful to reduce them into shapes which shall be so wonderful that the multitude may look upon the artist both as creator and modeller. But let any one pursue the history of British literature in its lighter walks during the last forty years or so, and we think he will be satisfied that all its phases have borne a close relation to the contemporary, social, and political condition of the people, both receiving and reciprocating influences in a remarkable degree, parallel with the reactions between languor and extravagance, imitation and experiment, in matters of more obvious import.

Coming down to the present day, and to the immediate subjects

of this article, there can easily be detected much that marks an imitative as well as an inquisitive age strenuous after novelties. Where there are so many writers, novel writers of either sex, there must needs be much trash as well as imitations and sameness. It will be found, however, that not a few adventure upon their own individual capitals and stocks in trade, sometimes to the bankruptcy of their fame, no doubt, but sometimes to the establishment of a firm by which each one is known. Of this latter class the above list furnishes a number that is flattering to the age, although not one of them, we suspect, is destined to found a school, or to be regarded by their successors as a model. Indeed there is not one on our list, unless it be Mr. Bulwer, who is decidedly an originalist, even upon the narrowest scale of that which is enviable; and his genius we regard as being destitute of that breadth, that characteristic individuality, and of those general qualities that can easily be imitated, however much these may be admired. One proof that such difficulties exist may be found in the fact, that it is extremely hard to tell what really constitutes his excellences even when the reader feels deeply their combined impressions.

But to speak less vaguely—we may remark that of modern novels it has been said, that they are either historical, romantic, or fashionable; and certainly those at the head of this article may take their stand under one or other of these denominations, and in some instances under more, with the exception of the first, which, being a narrative dealing with Indian life, has as little claim to what is generally understood by *historical*, as a purely domestic tale has to the term *fashionable*. Yet Indian life, and domestic scenes, may furnish materials for a startling or pathetic novel, just as legitimately as any of the three kinds under the vaunting titles which have been mentioned as comprising the whole world of modern prose fiction:

Of Mr. Irving's "Hunters of the Prairie," we must, however, offer one general criticism, and say, that it is not so properly a novel as a series of facts, or apparent facts, well told indeed, and often conveyed in the form of natural dialogue. What we have to add, however, is, that he wants the power of lending to these dialogues a dramatic force—of preserving those lights and shadows in painting that bring the picture near and clear to the vision—of disposing of his materials in such a manner as to produce a great or fine effect, briefly and easily. In short, Mr. Treat Irving is like a faithful narrator of all that he knows, or has seen, connected with the subject of his story, without being able to make a strong impression; he paints minutely and with praiseworthy care, but his efforts amount only to so many sketches, without the composition of the artist.

We are not going to offer any specimens, for from what has been

stated, it may be presumed that no extract, such as our pages can admit, would *tell*. Neither are we going to outline the story, though this might be done in a few sentences. Suffice it, that it treats of Indian life, and chiefs, as the title of the work intimates; that white as well as red samples of the human race figure in it; and that noble as well as savage deeds are performed by the children of the wilderness. But the Irvings and others have already surfeited us with Prairie scenery and Indian exploits, because there is a marvellous sameness in all that has been told by them. This uniformity is by no means relieved on the present occasion, and therefore, independent of its defects as a novel, we have found it a wearisome narrative. The work does not even contain those reflections which might, in default of original incidents, have lent it value and weight, nor does it give evidence of such methods of speculation on the part of the writer, as might have attracted the reader's admiration in behalf of the man, though not for the ground on which he has disported himself.

"Uncle Horace" is an unequal work, for while its improbabilities and imitations are striking, several of the characters are well drawn and many beautiful, even poetically impassioned parts awaken fine and strong emotions, so as to render the performance upon the whole attractive and instructive. We are not going to tell the story of the novel, but shall quote two paragraphs, the first containing a single portrait, the second, Mrs. Hall's estimate of the charms of the English fairer-ones in general.

"It was a beautiful sight—Lady Ellen Revis, half sitting, half sup-
porting herself on the couch, the drapery of which, descending from a
golden star in the ceiling, nearly shrouded her figure; while her spark-
ling, intelligent, but restless features, were turned on the sleeping coun-
tenance of her favourite. The contour of her delicate form never looked
more graceful than it did then, her head bent down and her hands clasped
on her knees in an attitude of intense watchfulness. Lucky was it, for
the sake of my picture, that the drapery partly concealed the figure of
Lady Ellen. Her's was one of those clear, penetrating, intellectual
countenances which strike immediately, and are never forgotten. Her
eyes were of a deeply pure blue, full of tenderness and fire. Her brow
was high, broad, and full; her nose well shaped; and her mouth capable
of every variety of expression, from the most severe reproof to the bland
persuasive smile which wreathes the lips with beauty. Her hair was
magnificent, shading in its depths to the deepest brown, and coming out
in the sunshine with silken brightness. Her skin was clear—her com-
plexion almost colourless, except when animated or startled, then it
flushed with the impetuosity of ardent temperament to the deepest
crimson. But, alas! there ended her beauty! Nature had decreed that
this lovely flower should blossom on a bended stem; the stalk was
weighed down by the rich burthen of its coronal. She was deformed—
not much, not half so much as many who pass through society without

thinking it a misfortune; but *she* felt it in all its aggravated bitterness; it was the bane of her existence—the drop of poison which tainted the whole cup.”

It cannot be denied that this is description of a very high order, but the next passage is even more glowing.

“Despite of all that has ever been or will be said of the fragility of English beauty, its danger, its destruction, it is a blessed thing to look upon and live amongst. Talk of its fading! it never fades: it is but transferred from face to face. The bud comes forth as the blossom is perfected; and the bud bursts into blossom but to hide the falling leaves, fragrant amid the decay of the parent flower. Then the beauties of our country are so varied—the peasant girl, gifted with pearl-like modesty; and the courtly maiden, set, as her birth-right, in a golden circlet, the intellectual face beaming intelligence; and the English matron, proud as Cornelia of her living jewels. Nor is the perfectness of English beauty confined to any class. In summer-time you meet with it every where—by the hedge-rows, in the streets, in the markets, at the opera, where tiers on tiers, hundreds on hundreds of lovely faces glitter and gleam, and smile and weep; and then you wonder whence they come, and bless your fortune that they so congregate to harmonize the sight, in sweet accordance with the ear.”

It is pleasant and delightful to listen to a gifted female discoursing in favour of her sex, and Mrs. Hall does this in a manner that has seldom been surpassed, whether the exterior or the soul be her theme. We should have been better pleased, however, with her present work, had it not, in its fashionable scenes, been so servilely imitative of some of our living female novelists, and had its more romantic parts been less forcedly obtruded upon the modern manners which prevail in what are by some called the better circles of English society.

It may be said of “The Old Commodore” as of the “Hunters of the Prairie,” that it belongs to a subdivision, which cannot well be ranged under either the romantic, the historical, or the fashionable class of novels. We must also add, that it is a subdivision, which for some time has been overcrowded. We are little short of being sick of nautical tales; not that the sea is barren of startling incidents, or its roamers of strongly marked characters, but that these are not sufficiently diversified to afford endless scope for the pen or pencil to throw off new combinations, so as to amount to striking original pictures. At any rate, our most esteemed nautical novelists, who are men that have spent a large portion of their lives at sea, the author of “The Old Commodore” being not the least popular of the number, have failed in the endeavour to sustain, much less to enhance, our interest by their many renewed attempts. We must also say, that these gentlemen, when taken off their favourite element and feel inclined to traverse *terra firma*, are for the most part signally unsuccessful in their delineations, and that they more

frequently give birth to improbabilities or caricatures, than accurate or arousing representations of life or scenery. In the instance before us, this remark holds especially true. It must also be stated, that our author fatigues us with his sea-phrases, or rather, slang, and is too anxious about filling his *yarns* with nautical drollery and roughness of style, so that, as a whole, the work becomes heavy and tiresome.

It is unnecessary for us to tell more of the story, than to say "The Old Commodore" is the identical gentleman that figures in the well known song which goes by that name—that we find him at first on shore, of which he is heartily sick—that in this condition he is irritable, and fond of discoursing of his bygone services and exploits—that he had been a bit of a tyrant in his day, some of his doings having brought on him the dishonour of being superseded. In the course of time, however, he is reinstated. We shall give a specimen of Sir Octavius's discipline and manner of haranguing, for such is his name, after he is restored to the sphere of his choice and delight. The ship's company are, at the time alluded to in the extract, on short allowance and on the borders of mutiny.

"Fresh beef and vegetables were now things only to be thought of with the agony of hope. A sort of mirage of turnips, carrots, potatoes, and cabbage, were continually before the eyes, but, alas! many a weary league from their mouths. It is true, the Commodore gave the men full latitude of grumbling, only with this proviso, that if the expression of it, either by word or gesture, reached him, they should be flogged. He told them that he had not yet begun to complain, and that he fared exactly as they did—which was *almost* true—and that it was just as noble a deed to starve as to fight for one's country; and once, when twelve large, brawny, expressively hungry Jacks came aft, with three ribs of beef upon a wooden platter—and asked the Commodore respectfully, if those three bare ribs, with a piece of ruddled up salted mahogany that lined the extremities of the bones, weighing about two ounces avoirdupois, were to be served out to them for an eight-pound piece of beef—which was to support twelve fellows that day and the next, which was banyan day—the old gentleman put his one eye close to it, scrutinizing the morsel as if it had been an entomological specimen of rare genuh. After this visual examination, he thrust the iron spike that he always carried at the end of his arm—when he did not screw on his fork, or his spring pincers to hold his cards at whist—into the little flesh discoverable, and holding out his arm like a steel-yard, began balancing it, as if to ascertain its monstrous littleness of weight, and that too, with a countenance full of commiseration—he was just on the point of sending for the purser, when his sharp single eye caught, ranged along the main-deck, an interminable line of hungry men with miserably filled platters, all anxiously waiting the result of the bold and piteous expostulation, ready to rush on, each with his complaint.

"The Commodore was decided in a moment. He saw, at once, that all redress was precluded by the magnitude of the evil; so he turned sternly to the complainants, and said, 'My men, you had better, to save your flesh,

pick your bones yourselves. It is dangerous to sup soup with the devil, or permit your captain to pick a bone with you. I shall look over your fault this time, of being hungry, as it may be an accident when it happens to no more than twelve of you; but to any above that number it is downright mutiny."

The complainants are obliged to walk off. But just as Richard Stubbs, the captain of the mess, has nearly disappeared, "The Old Commodore" struck up "O the roast beef of Old England! O the Old English roast beef!" which unsuitable remembrancer caused the said Richard to shake his head, "while his outstanding pigtail made solemn gyrations in the unconscious air." This was sufficient to call forth the display of the Commodore's authority; and accordingly the captain of the mess was recalled, when the following dialogue and lecture took place.

"Did you ever hear, Richard Stubbs, said the Commodore, 'of the Devil's dumplings?'"

"Lord bless your honour and his Majesty, no, sir," said Richard, again all trembling.

"Order the master-at-arms to send aft every third man who was going to bring his beef under my nose to-day—every third captain of the messes, I mean." * * *

"When the Commodore had them all properly toe-ing a line, he placed himself before the centre man: he cast his one ogre-eye fiercely up and down the rank, and then said sharply, 'My men, do any of you know what Devil's dumplings are?'" * * *

"Their silence was a complete manifestation of their ignorance, and the Commodore proceeded:—"My men, I have served his Majesty before most of you were born (the hat lifted as usual at 'Majesty') and at a time when British seamen gloried in their hardships, and could live upon their glory, for they had very often little else to eat; but you—you are a fallen race, a set of gormandizing rascals, who are only thinking of how much living fat you can turn his sacred Majesty's, God bless him! (hat higher than usual) pork and pease into. It is of no use telling such ravenous eaters as you are, how, when I sailed in the Weasel in the Dutch war, the men were put upon an ounce of bullock's hide, taken off the main yard, per day per man, and when this failed us, we tried what kind of wood, when reduced to sawdust, would make the best substitute for flour. After several trials, we found that the hard wood we got from the Spanish main answered the purpose best; and, ever after, it was called *lignum vitæ*, or the log of life, just in the same way as we call bread of wheaten or barley meal the staff of life; and then the little round wooden wheels in our blocks began to get the name of sheaves, for really they were as sheaves of corn to us." * *

"Now, my men, ever since I have had command of this ship and squadron, I have been like a father to you all,—and bating that I have spared the rod, I have proved myself to you a wise and indulgent parent—a little too indulgent, mayhap—allowed a little too much for lee way in my dead reckoning with you all, but I hope none of you will take advantage of my weakness. Now, for the good of his Majesty's service, God bless him,

and may he never see a banyan day ! (hat lifted) you have all been placed six upon four; and hot weather and long keeping will make salt beef shrink like a lawyer in his shroud. I know all this, and I likewise know that ye are not like the men I sailed with in the Dutch wars; in those days four of them would eat up an ox at a meal, or live upon his hoofs for a fortnight, as the case might be, according to orders, and as was most fitting for the good of the service. Ah! there were giants in those days; and sages, too, who made their giants' strength still stronger by their wisdom; and it was those sages who taught the seamen, when provisions ran short, how to make Devil's dumplings. Now, my men, as I wish you to make the most of your rations, and as I do not think that any considerations could induce *me* to allow you to eat the hides of the yards or grind up the blocks for flour, you had better listen attentively;—and then the Commodore, taking out of his pocket a well thumbed volume of Roderick Random, which he generally carried about with him, holding the book in his right hand, commenced very deliberately turning over the leaves with his iron left, as if to discover the right place, and then, pretending to read, went on, with a look sour enough to pickle cabbage without vinegar, as follows: 'Page the 75th, chapter the 14th. 'How to make Devil's dumplings. Let the cook of the mess take a four-and-twenty-pound shot, or a shot of any other weight, the heavier the better, and clean it well with spittle and fresh oakum.'

"Here three midshipmen burst out into indecorous laughter, and were immediately sent to the three respective mast-heads for their unmannerly interruption of the solemnity of the proceedings; and, after the Commodore had eyed them half up the rigging, he continued to appear to read,—'And fresh oakum: then take all the bones you can get, whether of pork or of beef it matters not, and pound them into a pulp, of the consistency of damp flour. You must then return the shot to the shot-rack, and take for every handful of said pulp three handfuls of oatmeal, mix carefully with cold water, and knead all together into dough, and then tie up into dumplings of half a pound each, boil three hours in salt water, season them with gunpowder, and serve up hot. The above dish will be found the most wholesome and savoury that you can put upon the mess-table, *when no better can be procured.*'

" 'I arn't a morsel o' doubt of it, Sir Hocktiovas,' said a grim old quarter-master, one of the instructed.

" 'Nor I either, nor any reasonable man,' said the Commodore in continuation."

Such is a specimen of the gruff, coarse, kind, and bold Old Commodore's eccentricities.

Mrs. Trollope's "Vicar of Wrexhill," is the most objectionable even of that lady's objectionable tales. She seems under the influence of many strong prejudices, and various sorts of unprovoked bitterness. The object of her present spite and abuse is that party of the English established church which passes by the name of *Evangelical*—a section, we believe, whose doctrines may be called *hyper-calvinistic*, and which, we have no doubt, frequently lays itself open to the chastisement of satire, not merely on account of

the inconsistencies which occur between profession and practice, but of the constant employment of a sectarian slang that is calculated to bring contempt upon religion, and to disgust the minds of all who are possessed either of Christian humility and tenderness of conscience, or of a just taste. Now this is the class which our authoress has fallen foul of, and though there are, here and there, clever hits and some happily constructed scenes, these are neither so numerous nor so brilliant as to redeem the novel from the charge of being of a heavy and dull character, evidently the work of one who knows nothing of Christianity, either as respects its benign and gracious spirit, or with any class of its true professors. There can be no doubt, however, had Mrs. Trollope that large body of the churchmen of England to describe, who are toppers, fox-hunters, and card-players, and whose sermons, if composed by themselves, as well as their ordinary language, breathe not one sentiment peculiar to the New Testament, the picture would be as largely filled with adulation as the present is with abuse. We have still a graver charge to advance against this pure creation of a distempered imagination, which is, that sentiments both in spirit and expression abound in it which are grossly irreverent, even blasphemous. It is a daring thing to repeat the words that the tender ear is sometimes forced to listen to, coming from the depraved, the sceptical, or the fanatic; and nothing but some positive good to be done by the repetition of them, will induce a person of a well-regulated mind to mouth language so abhorrent. What then is to be said of that one, who deliberately and continuously racks her brain to devise a fictitious story that is interlarded with expressions which the tasteful and the devout would shun to repeat, even when their invention was not tasked? We therefore hold Mrs. Trollope as doubly guilty, being not only the gratuitous rehearser of language altogether unwarrantable, but the creator of the occasion on which it was used. The recklessness with which she makes use of the most sacred name, and of the most solemn phrases of Scripture, is in itself a fearful experiment to make in a novel which is meant to entertain the young. All who rely in any degree upon our opinion will, we hope, take our advice when we counsel them not to offend their consciences or waste their time by such reading; for although we extract a specimen, which by the bye is not so objectionable as hundreds of others which might be quoted, it is merely to fortify our censure, and to prove, that besides extravagant caricature, the authoress has given reins to a most serious freedom and violation.

Before introducing our extract, we may just allude so far to the course of the story as to say, that a Mr. Mowbray, who has an income of 14,000*l.* a-year, dies suddenly, leaving the whole of his fortune to his wife, without making any provision for his children. Mr. Cartwright, the newly inducted Vicar of Wrexhill, intrudes

himself upon the family under the pretence of administering religious comfort, but really with other and less pious views, as becomes too apparent when Mrs. Mowbray changes her name to that of Mrs. Cartwright. She also, to the great injury of her children by the former marriage, makes a will in favour of her new husband, but at length discovering his true character, secretly revokes it. On her death the detestable hypocrite finds his schemes wholly defeated, and is obliged to retire from the splendid possessions which he was ready to pounce upon.

Such is a meagre outline of an improbable story, which has not in the filling up even the merit of preserving consistency upon its own showing. Now for our extract. The scene occurs at a dinner given after a serious fancy fair.

"The champagne flowed freely; and whether it were that the sacred cause for which the meeting was assembled appeared to justify, or at least excuse, some little excess; or that nothing furnished at Mr. Cartwright's board but must bring a blessing to him who swallowed it; or that the fervent season led to thirst, and thirst to copious libations; whatever the cause, it is certain that a very large quantity of wine was swallowed that day, and that even the most serious of the party felt their spirits considerably elevated thereby.

"But, in recording this fact, it should be mentioned likewise, that, except in some few instances, in which thirst, good wine, and indiscretion united to overpower some unfortunate individuals, the serious gentlemen of the party, though elevated, were far from drunk; and the tone of their conversation only became more animated, without losing any portion of the peculiar jargon which distinguished it when they were perfectly sober.

"The discourse especially, which was carried on round Mr. Cartwright after the ladies had retired, was, for the most part, of the most purely Evangelical cast; though some of the anecdotes related might, perhaps, in their details have partaken more of the nature of miracles than they would have done if fewer champagne corks had saluted the ceiling.

"One clerical gentleman, for instance, a Mr. Thompson, who was much distinguished for his piety, stated as a fact which had happened to himself, that, in his early days, before the gift of extempore preaching was fully come upon him, he was one Sabbath day at the house of a reverend friend, who, being taken suddenly ill, desired Mr. Thompson to preach for him, at the same time furnishing him with the written discourse which he had been himself about to deliver. 'I mounted the pulpit,' said Mr. Thompson, 'with this written sermon in my pocket; but the moment I drew it forth and opened it, I perceived, to my inexpressible dismay, that the handwriting was totally illegible to me. For a few moments I was visited with heavy doubts and discomfiture of spirit; but I had immediate recourse to prayer. I closed the book, and besought God to make its characters legible to me; and when I opened it again, the pages seemed to my eyes to be as a manuscript of my own.'

"This statement, however, was not only received with every evidence

of the most undoubting belief, but an elderly clergyman, who sat near the narrator, exclaimed with great warmth, 'I thank you, sir; I thank you greatly, Mr. Thompson, for this shining example of the effect of ready piety and ready wit. Though the cloth is removed, sir, I must ask to drink a glass of wine with you; and may the Lord continue to you his especial grace.'

"There were some phrases, too, which though undoubtedly sanctioned by serious usage, sounded strangely when used in a scene apparently of such a gay festivity.'

"One gentleman confessed very frankly his inability to resist taking more of such wine as that now set before them than was altogether consistent with his own strict ideas of *ministerial* propriety. 'But,' added he, 'though in so yielding, I am conscious of being in some sort wrong, I feel intimately persuaded at the same time, that by thus freely demonstrating the strength and power of original sin within me, I am doing a service to the cause of religion by establishing one of its most important truths.'

"This apology was received with universal applause; it manifested, as one of the company remarked, equal soundness of faith and delicacy of conscience.

"One of the most celebrated of the regular London speakers, known at meetings throughout the whole Evangelical season, having silently emptied a bottle of claret, which he kept close to him, began, just as he had finished the last glass, to recover the use of his tongue. His first words were, 'My King has been paying me a visit.'

"'Indeed!' said Mr. Cartwright, whose attention was instantly roused by this very interesting statement; 'where was the visit made, Mr. White?'

"'Even here, sir,' replied Mr. White, solemnly; 'here, since I have been sitting silently at your hospitable board.'

"'As how, sir?' inquired a certain Sir William Crompton, who was placed near him. 'Do you mean that you have been sleeping, and that his Majesty has visited you in your dreams?'

"'The Majesty that I speak of, Sir,' replied Mr. White, 'is the King of Heaven and the Lord of Hosts.'

"'What other could it be!' exclaimed Mr. Cartwright, showing the whites of his eyes, and appearing scandalized at the blunder.

"'I wonder, Mr. Cartwright,' said a young man of decidedly pious propensities, but not as yet considering himself quite assured of his election, 'I wonder, Mr. Cartwright, whether I shall be saved or not?'

"'It is a most interesting question, my young friend,' replied the Vicar mildly; 'and you really cannot pay too much attention to it. I am happy to see that it leaves you not even at the festive board; and I sincerely hope it will be finally settled to your satisfaction. But as yet it is impossible to decide.'

"'I shall not fail to ride over to hear you preach, excellent Mr. Cartwright!' said a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who, though not hitherto enrolled in the Evangelical calendar, was so struck on the present occasion with the hospitable entertainment he received, that he determined to cultivate the acquaintance.

"'You do me great honour, Sir,' replied the Vicar. 'If you do, I hope it will be on a day when you can stay supper with us.'

" ' You are excessively kind, my dear sir,' answered the guest ! ' but as my place is at least ten miles distant from yours, I fear, if you sup in the same style that you dine, it would be somewhat late before I got home,'

" Mr. Cartwright bowed, dropped his eyes, and said nothing.

" ' Oh, sir,' said Mr. Hetherington, who, though he had drunk more than any man at table, excepting the cousin Corbold, had as yet in no degree lost his apprehension, ' Oh, sir, you quite mistake: the supper that the excellent Mr. Cartwright means is to be taken at the table of the Lord.'

" ' Dear me !' exclaimed the squire, who really meant to be both civil and serious, ' I beg pardon, I made a sad blunder indeed.'

" ' There is nothing sad but sin, Mr. Wilkins,' replied the Vicar, meekly. ' A mistake is no sin. Even I myself have sometimes been mistaken.'

" ' What heavenly-minded humility there is in Mr. Cartwright !' said Mr. Hetherington, in a loud whisper to his neighbour ; ' every day he lives seems to elevate my idea of his character. Is not this claret admirable, Mr. Dickson ?' "

" *" Kindness in Women,"* is intended to be illustrated by Mr. Bayley in the course of two distinct stories, the one called "*Kate Leslie*," and the other "*David Dumps*." These two titles naturally suggest that both humour and pathos have been aimed at, and we must add, with considerable effect. Indeed, we hardly expected from a pen that has hitherto been known for its sweet poetic warblings, such variety and vigour as it has in these tales displayed. Still *lightness* even in this light department of literature is the characteristic of the work ; and though it may serve to beguile a long winter evening, while the hail patters on the window and the blazing fire is the only living companion which the reader can behold or listen to within, he will not, next morning, be reminded of any absorbing scene which his late occupation presented to him. Neither his dreams nor his waking hours are ever likely to be burdened by Mr. Haynes Bayley's musings or creations.

" *" Stokeshill Place"* is like all Mrs. Gore's novels, skilfully constructed in point of plot, and cleverly as well as naturally detailed. She is a smart writer as well as a shrewd observer ; and along with these requisites for one who would show up the frailties and follies of mankind or lash them effectively, she can, whenever she chooses, strike a deeper tone and appeal to strong or tender affection.

A Mr. Barnsley is the hero of "*Stokeshill Place*," who, from being an active attorney, acquires such a command of the *needful* as to purchase a fine country estate. He is as selfish, hard-hearted, and incapable of appreciating his daughter Margaret's virtues, as she is beautiful and endearing. He obtains a seat in Parliament, which he only values on account of its enhancing his own consequence. Both she and her father have to experience many vicissitudes, but we will not disclose more of the story, in order that we may have room for a specimen of the work, which is sufficient to show that the

hand which fashioned it cannot produce any thing that will not repay an examination. The passage relates to an election contest, and explains some of Mr. Barnsley's feelings and principles, as well as his position at a certain period.

"And the morrow!—The cruelty of the fiat, 'Master Barnadine, rise and be hanged!' seemed nothing in comparison with 'Mr. Barnsley, rise and be chaired!'—He felt that he had been elected in opposition to the wishes of what might be called the town; that he had been thrust upon them by the activity of the two Hs, and the gathering together of the scattered tribes of Westertonians. Most of the out-voters (London mechanics or men of small business, or small men of business elsewhere,) had returned to the place from whence they came. His oration would be performed to an audience of dissidents; and he thought of dead cats and rotten apples, and trembled.

"But it was too late for retreat. The chair, adorned with its laurels and ribands, was already exhibiting in the shop of Varnish and Deal, the upholsterers, over whose door streamed a blue banner variegated with mud by the malcontents; while the bales of blue ribbon already laid to his account by Miss Tiffany the milliner (from whom Mrs. Timmins threatened to withdraw her custom), were in progress of augmentation by a few thousand yards more, sent for express to Maidstone the preceding night, as if all the maids of Kent were to be indebted for a twelvemonth to come to Barnsley for the splendour of their topknots. As the new member stood before the glass, shaving the lengthened chin of his disconsolate face, he could not but bewail the inconsistency of destiny; which, during the last six weeks, had condemned a man exclusively devoted to business, to all the fiddle-de-dee of life; to balls, junkets, bonfires, illuminations—first the pleasures of the table, and now the honours of the chair.

"'Sir!'—said John, who was maliciously watching the progress of his master's despondency, 'I hope your Honour be in good heart this morning—for I'm feared your Honour will have but a trying day on't. Job Hanson have been up at the Place this morning, (about stacking the wood yard,) and told us as how Dobbs's people were recruiting with good bounty money, far and near, for a strong hiss at the charring; such a mint of money, he says, never was spent at any election since the time Squire Woodgate, Sir Henry's uncle, was shoved to the wall.' (Barnsley's face brightened at the comparison.) 'But, to be sure, Sir, times be changed; for nigh as Sir Henry was upon a majority, they say it havn't cost him not a tithe part of what's gone out of your Honour's pocket. Farmer Hawkins up at Longlands, he have undertaken to clear Sir Henry out and out, for a matter of eight hundred pound. His woters was all residents.'

"Barnsley's face grew black as the stock which the footman was buckling on.

"'If so be I might make bold to give a bit of advice,' resumed John, watching in the glass into which he peeped over his master's shoulder, to watch the effect produced by his communications,—'I could venture to say as it would be worth while to give the constable a bit of a tip, to keep near your Honour's person, during the ceremony; for from somethin' Job overheard as he was a-passing the Winchelsea Arms, he do think there'll be a sort of a plot a-carrying on.'

“ ‘A plot?’ reiterated Barnaley, thinking of nothing less than the gun-powder and Guy Fawkes. ‘Do they want to blow me up?’ ”

“ John, though almost as much of a wag as Squire Closeman, was forced (in regard to the subordination of his cloth) to resist the retort that rose to his lips, of ‘Lord, Sir, hav’n’t you had blowing up enough from them already?’—and simply replied—‘Bless you, Sir, no!—all they wants is to blow you *down*. They’re getting up somethin’ of a sham chairing, that’s all; and heads is so hot at elections, that it will be hard if some on ‘em doesn’t get broke on sich a ‘casion. Would your Honour wish me to speak to the constables?’ ”

None of the works that have already been noticed in our present list can be compared with Miss Landon’s “*Ethel Churchill*,” either as respects an entangled plot skilfully developed, clearly defined characters, or the fine, often the profound, reflections that everywhere enrich the current of the narrative. Indeed, some may be inclined to say, that our authoress too frequently stops to give utterance to her principles and feelings, when she should make her characters act and educe the same lessons in the progress of the story. But still her sentiments are so excellent, the language which clothes them is so eloquent, and the whole evidently the result of so much purity of heart, that on a second perusal, which the novel must command, these episodes become the real gems of the work.

The scene is laid during the reigns of the two first Georges of England, and besides fictitious actors, several of the most celebrated individuals of the period are ingeniously introduced, such as Pope, Swift, Miss Fenton, who became Duchess of Bolton, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the Duchess of Queensberry, Sir Robert Walpole, &c. Such a variety of characters, and a great diversity of incidents both distressful and otherwise, are thus brought upon the stage, that a mind of Miss Landon’s calibre and habits obtains almost innumerable opportunities for strewing her pages with precious opinions and thoughts. [It ought also to be observed, that the poet everywhere may be detected in the position of the acting parties, and in the choicer morsels of the work.

Of the details of the story we must not attempt any outline; but its moral is valuable, inasmuch as it impresses upon the mind the superiority in point of delight and principle which the performance of every-day duties in the noiseless tenour of life yields to all that wealth, rank, or talent can command. We have only farther to state, before quoting a few examples, that this seems to us to be a production which will be often read long after the season has expired in which it was first published. It is certainly the most beautiful specimen we have yet seen of Miss Landon’s elegant and earnest pen.

Our first extract contains a delightful sketch of a party where a number of those belonging to high life are introduced.

“ Midnight brought with it all the world to Lord Norbourn’s—at least

that portion of it which calls itself the world, to the exclusion of all the rest. His usual good fortune attended him; and the management of a *fête* requires as much good fortune as anything else. How many there were in that glittering crowd whose names are still familiar to us! There was the Duchess of Queensberry, who had not as yet cut the King and Queen, looking strangely beautiful, and half tempting one to believe in the doctrine of transmigration; namely, that the soul of the Duchess of Newcastle had transmigrated into the body of the modern peeress. There she was, doing rude things, and saying ruder, which everybody bore with the best grace in the world: then, as now, it was perfectly astonishing what people in general will submit to in the way of insolence, provided the said insolence be attended by rank and riches. Near her was the young and beautiful Duchess of Marlborough, wearing the diamond necklace she had recently purchased with Congreve's legacy—last memorial of the small vanity which had characterised him through life. The money now lavished on the ostentation of a splendid toy, what a blessing it would have been to some one struggling with life's worst difficulties—poverty and pretence!

"Lord Peterborough was talking to her,—a man sent into the world to show that the Amadis could have its prototype in reality; and yet all his heroic qualities dashed with a ridicule, as much as to say, the present age is quite unfit for them. Next came a crowd of young beauties, who shed their own brilliancy around; and near were a group of cavaliers, 'fine gentlemen about town,' who, whatever else they might doubt, had not a doubt of their own irresistibility. And, crowning glory of the evening! a conquest was made, a conquest so sudden, so brilliant, and so obvious, that it was enough to give any *fête* at which it occurred the immortality of a season.

"At Lord Norbourn's express petition, the beautiful Miss Walpole was allowed to emerge from the seclusion of Houghton, where she had been wasting her sweetness on the desert air for the last two years. Very lovely, and very simple minded, she was allowed more of her own way than it is ever good for a woman to have. Engrossed in politics, her brother left her almost entirely to her own amusements and fancies. Unfortunately, she was induced to accept an invitation to stay at Lord Wharton's, a man notorious for what are so strangely misnamed gallantries, and whose Lady was as bad as himself. She had scarcely reached the place before, also, her intended visit reached Sir Robert's ears. With him, a resolution always carried itself into action with all possible rapidity: he ordered post horses to his carriage, and went himself as courier to precede it. Making no excuses, and listening to none, he insisted on his sister's immediate appearance and departure, and sent her off next day into Norfolk. Fortune, however, to-night seemed resolved on making full amends to a beauty cut short in the first flush of success, and sent to waste two of her prettiest years in the dull seclusion of an old house in the country.

"'What blooming simplicity!' exclaimed Lord Townshend.

"'Positive milk of roses!' exclaimed Lady Mary Wortley Montague; but the sneer passed unheeded; and Lord Townshend, crossing the room, entreated Mrs. Courtenaye to present him to her lovely young friend.

"Miss Walpole was a soft, sleepy-looking beauty, with a pretty, startled, fawnlike look in her large eyes; shy, silent, and with gathered blushes of two summers on her cheek: but, if she had few words, she had a great

many smiles, and of these Lord Townshend had the entire benefit. She was just one of those sweet and simple creatures whose attraction Talleyrand so well described, when he was asked what was the charm he found in Madame ——'s society : ' *C'est que cela me repose !* '

"Nothing could be more satisfactory than this conquest was to Lord Norbourn ; he saw how it would strengthen the connexion between Walpole and Townshend, and he liked the *éclat* of its happening at his daughter's house. No one in his secret soul more despised the small vanities and successes of society, while he, also, well knew the advantage to which they might be turned ; but he had to-night one deeper and dearer source of gratification—it was seeing his daughter look so well. Lady Marchmont had superintended her toilette, and it was the very triumph of exquisite taste ; everything about it seemed as fragile and delicate as herself. The robe was the palest pink taffety, trimmed with the finest lace, and a magnificent set of emeralds served to contrast her soft fair hair. The excitement of the evening lighted up her eyes, and warmed her cheek with a faint but lovely colour—

' The crimson touched with pale. ' "

We shall quote two or three specimens of the sort of remarks and reflections to which we have referred as forming the precious morsels that everywhere enrich "Ethel Churchill." Here is something about different stages of life :

"There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitude—early youth and old age. In the middle of life, we are indifferent to change ; for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it at first appeared. We know, moreover, how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances ; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event.

"But age is heart-wearied and tempest-torn : it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope. Wherefore should there be turmoil for the few, and evening hours, when all they covet is repose ? They see their shadow fall upon the grave, and need but to be at rest beneath.

"Youth is not less averse from change ; but that is from exaggeration of its consequences, for all seems to the young so important, and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they fear, hopeful, because they know not what they expect. Despite their gaiety of confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life's unfathomed deep."

Miss Landon spares not coquets in certain observations which belong to a scene in which an attempt is made to account for the quarrel between Pope and Lady Mary W. Montague.

"There is cruelty in feminine coquetry, which is one of nature's contradictions. Formed of the softest materials—of the gentle smile and the soothing word, yet nothing can exceed its utter hard-heartedness. Its element is vanity, of the coldest, harshest, and most selfish order : it sacrifices all sense of right, all kindly feelings, all pity, for the sake of a transient triumph. Lady Mary knew—for when has woman not known ?—her power. She knew that she was wholly beloved by a heart, proud, sensitive, and desponding. She herself had warmed fear into hope ; had

made passion seem possible to one who felt, keenly felt, how much nature had set him apart. If genius for one moment believed that it could create love, as it could create all else, hers was the fault; she nursed the delusion: it was a worthy tribute to her self-love."

What is said about certain pecuniary obligations and large families, will sustain our general opinion regarding the writer's profoundness as well as closeness of observation.

"He was right in his refusal. Sooner or later a woman must inevitably despise the man who takes money from her. Before a man can do this, there must be those radical defects of character to which even kindness cannot always be blind. He must be a moral coward, because he exposes her to those annoyances which he has not courage enough to face himself; he must be mean, because he submits to an obligation from the inferior and the weak; and he must be ungrateful, because ingratitude is the necessary consequence of receiving favours of which we are ashamed. Money is the great breaker up of love and friendship; and this is, I believe, the reason of the common saying, that 'large families get on best in the world,' because they can receive from each other assistance without degradation. The affection of family ties has the character on it of childhood in which it was formed: it is free, open, confiding; it has none of the delicacy of friendship or the romance of sentiment: you know that success ought to be in common, and that you have but one interest."

One other example and we pass on—

"Both had a great deal to say, and yet the conversation languished: but we have all felt this after a long absence. Confidence is a habit, and requires to be renewed. We have lost the custom of telling everything, and we begin to fear that what we have to tell is scarcely worth being told. We have formed new acquaintances; we have entered into other amusements; we feel that our tastes are altered, and we require a little while to see if the change be mutual. Moreover, the affections are always timid; they require both encouragement and custom, before they can venture to communicate their regrets.

"It is a curious, but an undeniable fact, that the meeting, after absence, of old friends, is almost always constrained and silent at first: they are surprised to find how little they have said of what they meant to say. It merely shows, after all, that affection is a habit."

There are few novelists to whom it could be safely recommended to extend a fiction beyond the compass of three volumes. Much less safe would it be to the great majority to bring before the public such a work piece-meal or by halves. Yet this is the shape and manner in which the present performance appears, for "Ernest Maltravers," the man of genius, has not yet been allowed to consummate his history in these volumes, and the remainder, from what we have seen, will no doubt be as brilliant, impressive, and suggestive as anticipation can feign or curiosity desire. This we are sure of, from the sustained command and confident composure with which Mr. Bulwer has carried himself throughout the portion before us; nor

do we feel much regret that the drama of "Ernest Maltravers" is not here brought to a close, seeing how great and manifold are the treasures for thinkers to digest which every part of it contains, being for their excellence and rarity admirably calculated to raise expectation the longer they are examined, and so as that by the time the forthcoming part appears, the mind of the reader may enter more properly tutored upon the renewed and progressive study.

We find it difficult, nay, impossible to convey by any general or limited account any thing like an adequate idea of this novel. That it is the noblest of all its gifted author's productions, it may be rash to assert; but there can be no hesitation on the part of any intelligent reader to pronounce it a splendid work, bearing the impress of genius stamped on every page, of genius as diversified in its displays as it is original.

In delineating the genius and the history of "Ernest Maltravers," Mr. Bulwer has not only rejected the common incidents and accessories which ordinary novelists take advantage of when they bring upon the stage a hero who is to astonish the world by his talents, but he has not even adhered to any thing like his former plots. For instance, Maltravers is by birth and other circumstances beyond the frowns of fortune; but nevertheless he is required to be the architect of his own fame in a position which has peculiar obstacles and dangers to encounter. Of his character and fortunes however, as well as of the many distinct and clearly drawn actors that appear in the story, some of them finely idealized, it is impossible to obtain any thing like a just conception from any hasty outline or fragmentary extracts. In these circumstances, nothing can be so safe or succinct on our part than to take a sample from the very opening of the whole.

"Some four miles distant from one of our northern manufacturing towns, in the year 18—, was a wide and desolate common;—a more dreary spot it is impossible to conceive—the herbage grew up in sickly patches from the midst of a black and stony soil. Not a tree was to be seen in the whole of the comfortless expanse. Nature herself had seemed to desert the solitude, as if scared by the ceaseless din of the neighbouring forges, and even Art, which presses all things into service, had disdained to cull use or beauty from these unpromising demesnes. * * For miles along the moor you detected no vestige of any habitation; but as you approached the verge nearest to the town, you could just perceive at a little distance from the main road, by which the common was intersected, a small, solitary, and miserable hovel.

"Within this lone abode, at the time in which my story opens, were seated two persons. The one was a man of about fifty years of age, and in a squalid and wretched garb, which was yet relieved by an affectation of ill-sorted finery: a silk handkerchief, which boasted the ornament of a large brooch of false stones, was twisted jauntily round a muscular but meagre throat. His tattered breeches were also decorated by buckles, one of pinchbeck, and one of steel. His frame was thin, but broad and

sinewy, indicative of considerable strength. His countenance was prematurely marked by deep furrows, and his grizzled hair waved over a low, rugged, and forbidding brow, on which there hung an everlasting frown that no smile from the lips (and the man smiled often) could chase away. It was a face that spoke of long continued and hardened vice—it was one on which the Past had written indelible characters. The brand of the hangman could not have stamped it more plainly, nor have more unequivocally warned the suspicion of honest or timid men.

"He was employed in counting some few and paltry coins, which, though an easy enough matter to ascertain their value, he told and retold, as if the act could increase the amount. 'There must be some mistake here, Alice,' he said, in a low and muttered tone; 'we can't be so low—you know I had two pounds in the drawer but Monday, and now—Alice, you must have stolen some of the money—curse you!'

"The person thus addressed sat at the opposite side of the smouldering and sullen fire; she now looked quietly up,—and her face singularly contrasted that of the man.

"She seemed about fifteen years of age, and her complexion was remarkably pure and delicate, even despite the sunburnt tinge which her habits of toil had brought it. Her auburn hair hung in loose and natural curls over her forehead, and its luxuriance was remarkable even in one so young. Her countenance was beautiful, nay, even faultless, in its small and childlike features—but the expression pained you—it was so vacant. In repose it was almost the expression of an idiot—but when she spoke, or smiled, or even moved a muscle, the eyes, colour, lips, kindled into a life which proved that the intellect was still there, though but imperfectly awakened....

"'I did not steal any, father,' she said, in a quiet voice, 'but I should like to have taken some, only I knew you would beat me if I did.'

"'And what do you want money for?'

"'To get food when I'm hungered.'

"'Nothing else?'

"'I don't know.'

"The girl paused—'Why don't you let me,' she said, after a while, 'why don't you let me go and work with the other girls at the factory? I should make money there for you and me both?'

"'Stuff!' said the man, angrily; 'I have three minds to—'

"Here he was interrupted by a loud knock at the door of the hovel.

"The man grew pale. 'What can that be?' he muttered. 'The hour is late—near eleven. Again—again! Ask who knocks, Alice.'

"The girl stood spell-bound a moment at the door; and as she stood, her form, rounded yet slight, her earnest look, her varying colour, her tender youth, and a singular grace of attitude and gesture, would have inspired an artist with the very ideal of rustic beauty.

"After a pause, she placed her lips to a chink in the door, and repeated her father's question.

"'Pray pardon me,' said a clear, loud, yet courteous voice, 'but seeing a light at your window, I have ventured to ask if any one within will conduct me to****; I will pay the service handsomely.'

"'Open the door, Alley,' said the owner of the hut.

"The girl drew a large wooden bolt from the door; and a tall figure crossed the threshold.

"The new-comer was in the first bloom of youth, perhaps about eighteen years of age, and his air and appearance surprised both sire and daughter. Alone, on foot, at such an hour, it was impossible for any one to mistake him for other than a gentleman; yet his dress was plain, and somewhat soiled by dust, and he carried a small knapsack on his shoulder. As he entered, he lifted his hat with something of foreign urbanity, and a profusion of fair brown hair fell partially over a high and commanding forehead. His features were handsome, without being eminently so, and his aspect at once bold and prepossessing."

But for Alice the man of genius would have been murdered by her ruffian father. We dare not, however, venture to surmise how deeply interesting this poor maiden afterwards becomes, or how much she affects the fortunes of the hero of the tale. We conclude with expressing our strong belief that "*Ernest Maltravers*" will take its permanent station among the very first class of British novels.

ART. II.—Seventh Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

HAVING observed the progress of this Association, and given some account of its proceedings each year, we shall invite attention in like manner to its latest Meeting, which took place in the course of September last. It can hardly be necessary to say any thing to those who have before read what we have had to advance in praise of such an institution, and of its services to the interests of science, as to its objects and arrangements. Still there may be some who are not aware of its prominent features and purposes, to whom something like a recapitulation may be acceptable, in which recapitulation better cannot be done than to take the Report of the Secretary, Dr. Traill, as a guide, which was read at an evening assemblage of the members at Liverpool.

The idea of the British Association was suggested by the successful efforts of the Philosophers of Germany within the last few years, the obstacles to the free intercourse between scientific men, in that part of Europe, having always been felt as a great bar to the advance of science. The same causes certainly did not exist in our more limited and favoured land, but so long as human nature is affected by the stimulus which the aggregation of a number of persons similarly devoted creates, and so long as the best informed may receive valuable accessions to his knowledge by an intercourse even with less profound investigators, so long will the Meetings of the British Association—made up as they are, besides raw disciples, of the High Priests in every department of natural science who

have obtained renown in our land, as well as of many others from foreign countries—be a powerful agent both in diffusing light, and in eliciting new beams. Having at once numbered in its ranks the *élite* of the philosophy of the United Kingdom, its magnitude and vigour was from its commencement gigantic, and unrivalled in our annals. Every branch of scientific inquiry has apportioned to it a Section, towards which all those particularly devoted to that branch repair, so that every one treading the same path is made acquainted, in the simplest and most speedy manner, of all the contributions which individual researches can accumulate.

Besides the cultivation of science which the British Association immediately contemplates, an inseparable, and, morally speaking, not less valuable result attends its Meetings, viz., an ameliorating influence upon the human heart. “Men accustomed to meet and act together for one great end, naturally and insensibly imbibe the social spirit—scientific and personal rivalry are softened by mutual approximation.” Thus the institution, in question, must have a decided tendency to spread, as well as to originate “peace upon earth, good will towards men,” while all its conquests are bloodless, and its monuments unassociated with crime.

It may be asked, what are any of the real and practical benefits which the Association has conferred, or is likely to bestow upon mankind? A general answer may be returned, containing an assertion, the mere statement of which will carry weight with it. As its migrations are annual and extensive, and admission into its ranks easy, thousands have already had a taste for scientific disquisition thereby excited, and this cannot, of course, be done without some fruits being reaped. But some of the positive and definite advantages that have resulted from the activity and sway of the institution can easily be pointed out. For example, the Supreme Government of the nation has been stimulated to aid the progress of science by its powerful patronage and means, in reference to several highly interesting and important subjects, at the suggestion and instigation of the Association. One of the most striking proofs is to be found in the fact that, at the petition of the Association, the Treasury have assigned *five hundred pounds sterling* for the purpose of forwarding the reduction of the enormous mass of observations on the heavenly bodies, accumulated since 1750, at the Greenwich Observatory, which, though universally allowed to be of the utmost moment to the future progress of astronomy, have been permitted to remain a rich, but unexplored, mine of facts.

Some years back, the Association applied for the resumption of the Trigonometrical Survey of Scotland, the importance of which may be in some measure appreciated, when it is learnt that several of the large islands at the mouth of the Clyde are at present laid down several miles out of their true position. The Survey, it is

stated, is to be recommenced under the auspices of Government early in 1838.

Other great scientific undertakings have begun to be pursued at the instance of the supreme power, as suggested by the Association, which we need not particularly describe. Some of these undertakings, it is highly gratifying to find, are to receive the co-operation of foreign authorities.

The direct contributions to science which the Association has made by its own exertions and at its own Meetings, amount already to a value and a number which afford grounds for triumph. These contributions in the department of Physics are especially remarkable, as may be found detailed at length in the memoirs and communications that have been submitted to the several Meetings. A variety of investigations which have been undertaken by individual members at the direction of the Association are still in progress, the most of which, there is good reason for believing, will be brought to a satisfactory close. None of these appear to us to be more curious or important than the results which have already attended the observations and experiments of Mr. Russell and others, on the "Ratio of the Resistance of Fluids to the Velocity of Waves," and the numerous phenomena belonging to the tides of the ocean, shallows, seas, and rivers. The pecuniary assistance lent to the gentleman we have just named and other individuals, appear to have been appropriated with exemplary discretion and foresight. Nor do such appropriations amount in the aggregate to a trifle, but to the sum already of 2659*l.*, which the numbers annually desirous of admission into the Association have supplied.

To persons unacquainted with the practical results which attend scientific investigations, it is not often that the mere announcement of a physical discovery, for instance, is understood to be more than a thing calculated to afford employ to persons fond of curious or abstruse studies. An account of the "Discussion of Observations of the Tides," which has been obtained under the auspices of the Association, must, however, in this great mercantile country be at once perceived to be a point of incalculable benefit. And yet ever since the promulgation of the Newtonian Theory, till taken up under the patronage of the institution we are speaking about, it had been strangely neglected. Of the laborious exertions which on this subject have been brought to such a satisfactory pitch, Sir W. Hamilton, at the last Meeting, asked in words to the following effect: "Of what advantage could it have ever been to mankind, but for the Discussion alluded to, that it had been recorded that, on the 14th of April, 1804, the tide stood at such a height at such an hour of the day or night?—What advantage was it, that similar observations had become multiplied to an extent that was calculated to produce, in the mind of any person who looked over them, only one

feeling of stupified confusion? But these very observations, when discussed, became like the rough ore from the mine refined and purified; and now they, indeed, become, if not the precious metal itself, at least the means of safely conveying to our ports the vessels which brought that wealth. By these observations, however, it became possible to predict, with almost mathematical certainty, the exact time at which the water in the harbour of this great commercial port would, on any stated day, attain a height which would suffice to float its proud navies over the shoals which lay around, and almost enclosed, the noble docks which had been prepared for their safe reception; and thus the merchants of this great port became most deeply indebted to that very body on whose members they were now, in return, so lavishly showering their hospitable favours."

Of the various branches of science to which the Association directs its sectional attention, we have been in the habit of selecting some one that admits of such illustrations or furnishes such discoveries as will be understood by the general reader even when these illustrations and discoveries appear in our pages in a broken and slightly detailed or connected form. From the communications and reports made to the Liverpool Meeting, we shall now only insert a few notices under Statistics. An exceedingly interesting report was read by Dr. Black in the Section devoted to "Anatomy and Medicine," which contains particulars that would not strike every one were it not for the minute tables introduced, without which the subject would be tame. The report in question concerned the Epidemic Influenza, as it occurred at Bolton-le-Moors, in January, February, and March last. The points chiefly referred to are the Meteorology of the season, and the extent unto which the Epidemic bore upon vital Statistics and Mortality. An account is given of the weather. A column constructed from the several lists of cases entered and kept by three of the principal practitioners of the place, besides the Reporter, enabled him to present a statement of the epidemic's rise, maximum intensity, and decay. A Mortality Register of 420 burials is added, in which is inserted the several ages at quinquennial periods at which the individuals died, after the fifth year, with the different amounts and ratios for the epidemic period, as well as for the average of the same months during the five previous years.

It is to be regretted, however, that for the sake of humanity, as well as the elucidation of important facts in physics, reports similar to those furnished by Dr. Black have not been more general, so that some general deductions might have been made as to the laws under which the epidemic appeared and marched over the kingdom. Had the date of its appearance, and its culminating point at many places been taken, the nosometrical lines might be traced over the map of a country, and perhaps over the globe itself.

In proceeding to extract some of the statistical matters that were brought before the Liverpool Meeting, we begin with a few of those notices which Colonel Sykes detailed in a paper "On the British Collectorate of the Deccan," prepared by the direction of the Association, which met at Cambridge in 1833.

The four collectorates of the Deccan, within the province of Bombay, contain a population of 3,285,985 souls, averaging about sixty-seven individuals to the square mile. The climate is very salubrious. In Colonel Sykes's camp, consisting of 100 persons, not a single death occurred in six years, and there was only one case of sickness which he did not cure without medical aid. Dr. Lawrence, the medical attendant at Bombay, had charge of 1000 natives for several years, and had lost less than one per cent. per annum. Agriculture, though rudely carried on, is very productive; there are forty-five cultivated fruits, including six or seven species of the grape, and twenty-two wild fruits. There are two harvests in the Deccan, one at the hot and wet season, the other at the cold or dry season—rice being the principal product of the former. The productiveness of some of the grains is astonishing. The grasses are innumerable, and some of them useful for cordage. The domestic poultry of our own country, it is supposed, have originated in India—the two species being identical.

The tenures of land are exceedingly numerous, and amongst them is the freehold which has been acknowledged by the native governments; whilst there are many descendants of those amongst whom the land was originally divided, now in actual possession. Artisans of various kinds do the work of the farmers in their respective branches, and are paid by allotments of land, and a per centage on the produce; thus the barber shaves for his land, the tailor makes clothes for his land, &c.—which land is cultivated by them to produce food. The revenue derived by government was 82 per cent. in the aggregate of land, and altogether averaged *eight shillings* per annum for each individual. The native manufacture of silk and cotton has been almost suppressed by British machinery. There are few other manufacturing products of any value, and these are not produced in the Company's territories, with one or two slight exceptions. The transit duties on the conveyance of goods are exceedingly onerous, and form a great impediment to commerce.

As to the social condition of the inhabitants of the Deccan, their longevity, &c., Colonel Sykes stated, that in a variety of particulars there was a strong similarity to what prevailed in England. The proportion, for instance, of male to female births, which in our country is 100 to 93, in the Deccan is 100 to 87—which difference, he adds, obtains with very little variation throughout India, modified, however, by the singular fact exhibited in the excess of grown-up women over men; a law which appears to prevail both within

and without the tropics. The proportion of marriages is very nearly the same as in England and France, it being one in 125 in Poonah, one in 128 in England, and one in 130 in France. With respect to education—in one province there is only one school to 2452 inhabitants; in another, one to 4639; in a third, one to 3337.

To certain questions put to the Colonel it was answered, that the wages of a head carpenter, as compared with the price of grain, were from 25s. to 30s. per month; field labourers 14s., for a woman from 7s. to 14s., and 6s. for a boy, finding themselves in everything, and working from sunrise to sunset. He was afraid that the loss of the two principal manufactures was not made up or compensated by any increase of raw produce for exportation. The cultivation of various articles, however, might be greatly augmented to the advantage both of the natives and of the people of this country—for example, of several kinds of oils, and many species of fibrous plants, suitable for cordage. The breadth of land under cultivation has not been enlarged of late years. In fact, one great obstacle exists, which, until overcome, must, as it appears to us, prevent any very important internal improvements, viz., the want of roads and bridges—there being in the Deccan, with the exception of two great military roads, nothing of the kind, in so far as art is concerned. The condition of the labouring classes is represented to be little better than that of the people in many parts of Ireland. It is gratifying to hear that the system of transit duties is under the serious consideration of the Indian government; and that the constant intestine wars which had existed in the Deccan until within the last twenty years, were now put an end to under the influence of the British.

Mr. G. R. Porter, Vice-President of the Statistical Society of London, read "A Brief Memoir of the Growth, Progress, and Extent of Trade between the United Kingdom and the United States of America." To the manufacturing people of this country this Memoir contains valuable and interesting information. Without attempting a summary of the whole of Mr. Porter's statements respecting our trade with the United States, some of the conclusions to which he has come cannot well be overlooked. Avoiding to enter upon the question about over-trading, he stated that the means of obtaining the comforts of life are enjoyed by a larger proportion of the two people referred to, than is the case with any other two people; that the habits and predilections of the Americans are in favour of British goods; and that the British market is the cheapest in which our brethren of the New World can procure many articles which are necessary to them. Mr. Porter then asked whether, if the trade of the two countries were put upon a proper basis, and conducted upon enlightened principles, that amount of traffic could be considered excessive and over speculative which yielded annually

to every citizen of the United States articles of British growth and manufacture to the value of sixteen shillings and nine pence three farthings ?

At the commencement of his Memoir, Mr. Porter took notice of one thing which sounds strangely in the ear at the present day, when scrutiny and economy are so much exercised—viz. that in the Journals of the House of Commons, there is not to be found a trace of any account of the produce of the taxes having been called for by Parliament during the whole course of the American War. What a glorious harvest-season for a Ministry !

Still keeping abroad—there was a paper read by Mr. Urquhart, “On the Localities of the Plague in Constantinople,” which is suggestive of lessons to the inhabitants of London. As the result of his three years’ observation in Turkey, he stated that if the disease in question did not originate in localities close to cemeteries, it was greatly aggravated by the proximity of these spots. The Turks, from religious prejudices, made their graves hollow, and placed a very shallow covering of earth over the dead. The mephitic vapours that arose from the putrescent bodies tainted the surrounding atmosphere; and even the inhabitants of the towns where such pollution was spread, are accustomed to say that birds abandon the neighbourhood when the plague rages, although fruits become more abundant. Colonel Briggs said that the plague was unknown in India, and there they burn the dead. It was in ancient times unknown in Egypt, and there they embalmed the dead. In classical times, even the countries which now constitute Turkey were seldom devastated by pestilence.

Coming home—we shall now call the attention of our readers to some statements regarding the education, the amount of crime, &c., in certain towns and districts. A report, “On the State of Education in the Borough of Bolton in 1837,” was read by Mr. Ainsworth, which we are sorry to say goes to corroborate strongly the account we gave of the condition of the working classes in this respect last month. According to the present account, it appears that children equal in number to 20 per cent. of the population are not in attendance at any school whatever. But this is not all, for the education that is received at common and Sunday schools is both limited, and of an inferior quality. We extract some of the Reporter’s statements.

“I find that in many of the schools there are, in many cases, from twenty to a hundred scholars, crammed into a dirty room or cellar, without air-or ventilation, the effluvia from whose breath and clothes is exceedingly offensive, and must be very injurious to the children’s health. In most, too, ordinary household occupations have been carried on by the old women along with the teaching of the scholars. In some instances, the neighbours were sitting over the fire in the school, smoking their pipes, to chat and gossip.

"A good deal of the bad morals, bad manners, and absurd prejudices, which we find amongst our population, are perpetuated by the example of the teachers and their associates. It was sometimes difficult to get questions answered. To the inquiry as to the method in teaching arithmetic several of them replied, '*Why ih' graidley owd-fashioned road.*'"

"One of the masters, whose head was bound up with a dirty rag, and whose house, in a back street, seemed never to have been cleaned, told me, in answer to the question whether he was educated for the employment, that he was so educated, adding, '*My feyther larnt eight parts of speech besides English, and parson Fonds toud him tin he could teych him no feer.*' Upon my remarking that I supposed he would also have been liberally educated, he said, '*Oh yes, I larnt accoidents and grammar.*' His occupation he said had been that of a navigator, or, as he explained the term, 'he had worked at making lodges and reservoirs.' Necessity, not fitness, seems in almost every instance to have been the cause of the teacher's adopting this employment, as is evident by a perusal of the answers which they have given on being asked what inducement led them to undertake the profession of a school-master. 'Old age, and to get a living,'—'My husband left me with four small children, and I undertook it to get a living,'—'My husband could not keep me, so I took this because I could get nothing else.' One man gave as his reason that he had lost his left arm, and a woman that she had lamed her foot. Another old woman said she kept a Dame-school because 'she geet poor and was a widow.'

Among the *Dominies* in Bolton there thus appears to have arisen an *unknown tongue* of frightful singularity. It may not be out of place here to observe, that the Return made to government in 1833, on the State of Education in England, has been found to be exceedingly defective. There have indeed been frequent occasions on which the Statistical Section of the British Association has been obliged to pronounce the statistical tables founded on mere estimates unworthy of reliance, and that nothing short of direct observation and close inquiry can be confided in.

A Report of the Committee appointed by the Association to investigate the State of Education in the city of York was read at the last Meeting; but as it is to be published by the Manchester Statistical Society, one of the most efficient and active bodies of men that ever undertook a philanthropic cause, we shall not refer to its contents at present, farther than to say that here also the Government Returns in 1833 were extremely inaccurate, and that although in some respects the schools for children of operatives be superior to those found in mercantile towns, the defects are still frightful.

There was a Report read by Mr. Walmsley, "On the State of Crime in the Borough of Liverpool," which was intended as an answer to that of Mr. W. R. Greg's Paper "On Statistical Desiderata," read at the Bristol Meeting of the Association. We quote a part of the Report.

"The report gave, as the result of rigid inquiry, a criminal population

to this town of 4200 females and 4520 males, 2270 of the latter being professional thieves, and the remainder occasional thieves, living by a combination of labour and plunder; and the whole was set down at upwards of 700,000*l*. This does, at first sight, appear incredible; but an investigation, pursued with much labour, and not unattended with obloquy, convinced me the statement contained no exaggeration.

"A more recent inquiry, carried on by better means, afforded by a more experienced police force, not only confirms these details, but leaves an impression that the number of criminals was underrated. In an inquiry of this kind an approximation to accuracy is all that can be expected, and all I purpose to do is to furnish the society with the most accurate data which is accessible.

"I hold in my hand two or three returns, about the correctness of which there can be no doubt. They contain the number of persons brought before the magistrates, and the number committed; the number of felons apprehended, and the number committed; they also give the age of the juvenile felons. In the year 1835, there were taken into custody 13,506 persons, of whom 2138 were committed. In 1836, there were taken into custody 16,830, of whom 3343 were committed. Up to the 13th of the present month, the number taken into custody in eight months was 12,709, of whom 2849 were committed. From July 1835 to July 1836, the number of juvenile thieves, under eighteen years of age, apprehended was 924, of whom 378 were committed. From July 1836 up to the present day, the number of juvenile thieves taken into custody was 2339, of whom 1096 were committed. There were in custody, during the same period, upwards of 1500 well-known adult thieves.

"In our report, juvenile thieves were set down at 1270; it now seems that the number was very greatly underrated, for the most expert officer does not pretend to say that one-half were taken into custody.

"In the returns made by the old watchmen, the number of houses of ill-fame was set down at 300; but this return referred only to the *notorious* ones. A full and complete return has since been made, and the real number is 655, exclusive of private houses in which girls of the town reside. In all the houses of ill-fame females reside, and, allowing an average of four to each house, the number residing in such places only would be 2620.

"This return is further confirmed by the fact, that in the year preceding the inquiry, there were apprehended 1000 females of a particular description. Mr. Bachelidor, now the excellent governor of the Borough Gaol, was then our principal bridewell-keeper; he gave it as his decided opinion, and no one was more competent to give one, that not one-fourth of the females has been apprehended. In this opinion the heads of the police, deriving their knowledge from a different source, coincided.

"Another return has been placed before me, which, though not absolutely bearing on the subject, is not without interest. Of 419 individuals now in the gaol, 216 profess the religious creed of Church Protestants, 174 Roman Catholics, 8 are Methodists, 17 are Presbyterians, 2 are Unitarians, 1 Baptist, and 1 Independent. 141 can neither read nor write, 59 read imperfectly, 38 read well, 127 read and write imperfectly, and 56 read and write well."

It is to be remarked that many impressions as to the amount of crime, or the state of education, which have been generally trusted to, are found on actual and close examination to be fallacious. The increase of Statistical Societies, and the earnestness which these are beginning to exhibit in their researches, promise to bring to light affecting truths that cannot but awaken a national interest in behalf of the destitute and the degraded. Mr. Walmsley said, "I am glad to see that so great an interest is now taken in Criminal Statistics. One of our worthy magistrates, a few days since, observed that people were wont to go in search of the picturesque, but that now they come in pursuit of crime. Like Sancho Panza's hare, they start up where least expected; but the subject being disagreeable and repulsive, there is no danger, I apprehend, of this kind of research becoming mischievously fashionable."

Many papers and notices were elicited at the last Meeting of the Association, connected with the moral and social statistics of various parts of England, that possessed an extraordinary interest. None of these, perhaps, were so important as a "Report of the Condition of the Working Classes in Manchester, Salford, Bury, Dukinfield, and Staly Bridge." These inquiries were made by a Committee of the Statistical Society of Manchester, occupying seventeen months, in the years 1835-6, and costing 175*l*. The agents appointed by the Committee to pursue the necessary inquiries were for the most part well received, and the questions readily answered, excepting when wages and hours of labour came to be spoken of. We shall do little more than give the titles of the various tables which have been drawn out at length; but the value of the Report, and the labour it must have caused, may hence be apprehended.

Table 1st. Number and Condition of the Dwellings examined.

The agents profess to have visited every house belonging to the working population in the towns enumerated; but the Committee felt less confident in the completeness of the Manchester visitation than of the other districts. It may also be stated, that houses were reported as well furnished which contained a table and chairs, a clock, and chest of drawers, and a fair stock of necessary domestic utensils.

Table 2nd. Weekly rent of the Houses inhabited by Operatives.

Table 3rd. Number of Families, and of Persons resident in the Dwellings, examined.

Table 4th. Number of Grown-up Persons and Children, and Number of Children receiving Wages.

Table 5th. Occupations, but considered of suspicious accuracy.

Table 6th. Religion as professed by the Heads of Families and Lodgers in the Dwellings examined.

The number of those making no religious profession is great, but then some of these did not attend a place of worship, because they

had not proper clothes, others were included in the Table because they declined to say to what sect they belonged.

Table 7th. The Country of the Heads of the Families examined.

Table 8th. Comparison, in each Family, of the Number of Individuals, with the Number of Beds.

This Table has led to some extremely interesting disclosures and suggestions, although it is to be regretted that it did not engage the attention of the Committee until the Manchester inquiry was completed.

As to the whole of the Report, it is quite clear, although it cannot lead to any general conclusions until fortified and corrected by similar returns from other parts of the country, that it offers an admirable model, and is calculated to open the eyes of the community to many crying evils which may, to a considerable extent, be cured. One thing was forcibly and justly reiterated in the Section as drawn from the above Tables—that hardly can any measure lead more certainly to moral amelioration than to get the poor to improve their dwellings. But we must leave off, having, we trust, made it manifest that to the British Association science and civilization are already deeply indebted; nor is the hope visionary when we express our confidence that its future achievements will be such as must throw all its past triumphs in the shade.

ART. III.—*Voyages up the Mediterranean and in the Indian Seas; with Memoirs, compiled from the Logs and Letters of a Midshipman.* By JOHN A. HERAUD. London: James Fraser. 1837.

THE reader of this volume is informed that it has been “faithfully compiled from the Logs and Letters of the Midshipman whose Memoirs it professes to preserve. Mr. William Robinson was an enthusiast in his profession, and at an early age fell a martyr to his zeal. It is not too much to claim for him the character of being the ‘Kirke White’ of the Navy. His career, though brief, was honourable, and he yet lives, in the influence which his memory continues to exercise, over those who shared with him the adventures of a naval life. The present work was projected to perpetuate the benefit of his example; and the Editor has aimed at no meaner end than to make it, so far as he had ability, a Manual for the Conduct of a Sailor, who would rise in the noble profession of his choice.” Such is the appropriate and correct account which introduces these Memoirs; and while, as a literary production, it possesses much elegance, whether we consider the compiled matter or the framework in which it is set, entitling it to be classed along with some of the most esteemed of our minor biographical narratives, it exhibits more than the ordinary characteristics of an adventurous sailor’s

life, for the juvenile hero whose history it traces was endowed with superior natural parts which had been assiduously cultivated, and was fortunate in having accompanied Captain William Henry Smyth, on the occasion of that gentleman's survey of the Mediterranean shores, thereby obtaining access to scenes and personages which few of the profession enjoy. There is thus some interesting descriptions given independent of the attractions of the youth whose pen detailed them ; still the principal charm of the work arises from the ingenuous spirit of the writer, the ardour of his heart, and the vivid natural character of his sketches. A few extracts will show that the *Logs and Letters* of William Robinson ought to be heartily welcomed by every youth who makes choice of the Navy for a profession, and by every parent who would have a son follow an admirable model in that honourable department.

The subject of these Memoirs was the eldest son of William Robinson Esq., LL.D. of the Middle Temple, London, Barrister at Law, and was born in July, 1804. The legal profession had been selected for him by his father, but a delicate constitution and uncertain health led to another direction, the navy having all along been the object of the youth's fancy, although he had for a considerable time refrained from expressing his wish, lest he should cause uneasiness to his parents.

It is justly observed by the Editor, that although the life of a sailor be one of physical hardship and much privation, yet sometimes the feeblest constitutions are the most ardent in the performance of the duties of their perilous profession. It is well known that England's greatest naval hero was so weak, that his uncle, Captain Suckling, was unwilling that one so frail "should be sent to *rough it out* at sea." In William Robinson's case, though the flesh was weak, the spirit was strong ; earning in the name "Jack Robinson," with which his fellow mids dubbed him, a testimony of their hearty appreciation of his zeal and ability.

From the very first our Midshipman was pleased with his profession, and ready to picture favourably many things which disgust others. He, at the very outset, seemed to rejoice in the hope that was set before him, rather than to brood on the pain of being separated from his family. There was, however, in all Letters evidence of a fine healthy feeling towards his kindred and homely scenes. Here is a specimen in one of his earliest communications.

"This morning (August 9.) in beating through the Gut of Gibraltar, there were nearly a hundred porpoises about the bows of the ship ; and as I was bathing in a cove, there was a dolphin which the boatswain struck with a harpoon, but by mismanagement in hauling it on board, it disengaged itself, and escaped. My mother thought we should have nothing to eat but salt meat. I dare say you will be astonished when you hear, that during the time I have been on board, I have had nothing but goose,

chickens, and roasting pigs, each in its turn, for dinner, and hams and tongues for breakfast, with salt-fish, &c.—To tell the truth we rival the gun-room mess. The port wine we have is exceedingly good, allowing myself to be a judge. Captain Smyth has given orders to Mr. Elson, an officer who has sailed with him several years, to take me under his direction, and keep me employed in the drawing cabin every morning. I am now pretty well accustomed to the motion of the ship.

“The views in passing the Gut are very magnificent. We had a sight of Apeshill, the Barbary Mountains, and those of Spain. Nor is the Rock of Gibraltar less striking. At first sight, it has the appearance of a stupendous high rock stretching through the clouds, with the top peeping out above them; but, on coming along-side of it, it assumes quite a different appearance; it looks a barren place; but the fortifications and houses that are scattered about, together with the town, render it most interesting and formidable. I intend to go on shore if we stay here, and shall then be able to render you a better description. I shall embellish my log-book with a sketch of it, so that on my return you will be better able to imagine its singular appearance.”

The illustrations which enrich the volume are engraved from the young man's drawings, taken from a great number that embellish his log-book throughout. From what is here produced a very favourable opinion must be formed of his taste and talents in a delightful art which enhances the estimate of his promise. His simple portrait of himself is a striking index of genius, the expansive forehead and large organs of vision presenting remarkable tokens of intelligence and quickness.

It is pleasing to mark the liveliness and truthful manner with which our young voyager describes oriental scenes, even when first thrown amongst them and newly taken from home. He is speaking of Tripoli and its inhabitants in the extract which follows:

“‘When first you land,’ he observes, ‘you are surrounded by a multitude of black people, who *look more like ghosts* than human beings, their dress being a pair of loose trousers, with a blanket thrown over them, so as only to show their jet black faces; by their dress they really seem afraid of cold, although it is actually so very hot to Europeans. Their dress differs according to their rank; some have blankets thrown over their left shoulder, and brought down under the right arm, with a very loose pair of trousers, *big enough to hold a week's provision*; and others, who are of a higher class of inhabitants, have turbans, with a most elegant jacket, worked with gold lace, and yellow shoes or boots, just which suits the *fancy of these oddities*. The admiral of the Pasha's fleet came on board the other day, and breakfasted with the captain; his jacket, which was purple, was most superbly worked with gold, and is said to have cost a thousand dollars, which was presented to him by the Pasha; over the jacket he wore a black velvet cloak, almost as superbly worked as the jacket. He is a Scotchman, *turned Turk*! no doubt, for the handsome clothes he wears. All the men have immense beards and mustachios.’”

The present volume gives the precise dimensions of Pompey's
VOL. III (1837.) NO. III.

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Pillar, of which very discordant accounts exist. Captain Smyth wished to make some observations from its summit, and having by means of a Kite fixed lines in the manner of shrouds on it, to which oars and handspikes were rattled, he accomplished his purpose. The pillar when tried by a micrometric instrument was *ninety-nine feet, two and one fourth* of an inch, and when by line and rule, two inches and a half more. The capital, shaft, and pedestal, as has often been told, consist only of three pieces, the granite being of a beautiful red colour. But it is to some of our Midshipman's sketches of life and manners that we principally call attention. We take him up at Modern Carthage, and at a time when the boatswain and a watering party had gone on shore to fill casks with water.

"A party of twenty or thirty men belonging to the Bey of Carthage came down to the well, and wanted some water; the boatswain lent them our bucket to draw it, and after waiting some time he demanded it again, for the men to continue their duty. The Turks refused and made threats; and without any thing being said or done by our party, they immediately seized the boatswain by his neckerchief, and would have strangled him, had not two of our marines ran to his assistance. When he recovered (for he was nearly gone) he perceived the soldier, whom the consul had sent as a guide, in a worse condition than himself had been a minute before; four men were endeavouring to strangle him, by a mode which is customary in Barbary. One of them took off his turban and unfolded it, which then is about six feet long. They next twisted it round his neck, and two began to haul at each end; and but for the timely assistance of some of our tars, the poor fellow would have been a corpse in less than a minute. One or two of the men were used in a similar savage way, but saved by the activity of others of the party who were at another well, on hearing the cries and shouts of their comrades. By the exertion of much courage and address they all got safe on board, and on reporting this violence to the captain, he immediately sent the consul to demand satisfaction of the Bey, with orders, if it was not instantly given, to haul down the British flag of the Consulate, and embark with us. The leaders of the assault were soon traced out, and though they proved to be noblemen, they each received a reward of three hundred *bastina-does*, in presence of the Consul and the Bey. They were then thrown into a dungeon, with heavy irons on them, to await the further wishes of the captain."

An Englishman likes to hear how the commanders of "the wooden walls" can make themselves be heard. To Monastier, which is a thriving sea-port of Tunis, the following sketch belongs—

"This place has truly the appearance of Africa; olive and date trees grow down to the water's edge as thick as they possibly can, and consequently great quantities of oil are made and exported. The French have got hold of this trade. The captain went on shore to pay a visit to the sheikh, and took some of the officers with him; we were received very politely; he was sitting squat on a couch, and did not rise at our entering,

but bowed his head, and made a *salam*. He speaks Italian, which is the language spoken in most Turkish towns by the higher class of people. After sitting some time, coffee and lemonade were brought in. A curious ceremony was then performed. The sheikh had been honoured by the Bey with the burnoose, or vest of crimson cloth edged with gold lace, and ornamented with fringe and balls. This is esteemed a high honour; it was given to him because the Bey of Tunis was pleased with the manner he governed the district allotted to him. The cloak was paraded round the town, spread on a black man, one of the Pasha's guards, and attended by one hundred horse and two hundred foot soldiers. On entering the room in which we sat, the black made a low bow, solemnly kissed the robe, put it over the sheikh's shoulders, and then kissed his neck. The guards and other people were now allowed to kiss the front and back of his hand; some his elbows, and some his neck, according to their several ranks; while the captain and we congratulated him on his new dignity. By this time the room was crowded to excess, and I was glad to make my escape to the window, to see the soldiers exercise. They put their horses at full speed, let go the bridles, and took deliberate aim between the horse's ears; they then discharged their muskets as near the sheikh as possible, twirled them three or four times over their heads, tossed them underneath their arms, and suddenly brought their horses up, all standing. The foot soldiers were drawn up in rows, more like a multitude of beggars than troops; and had neither uniform, nor arms. The band consisted of two drums of clumsy workmanship, and seven or eight pipes, exactly like those with which the shepherds are generally represented in classic authors, and which make a droning noise like bag-pipes. This town is different from Tunis and Tripoli, in respect to its inhabitants; being all Turks or Moors, without the Frank intermixture usually met with."

Here is the account of a hall of justice and a trial at Susa. The case brought before the Sheikh was a dispute between four Arabs.

"A written paper was handed to him; he looked attentively at it for a few minutes, suddenly tore it in half, and threw it from him, when two of them ran and kissed his hand. This was because it was decided in their favour. One of the others began to grumble; the sheikh said something to him, but it would not quiet him: indeed he seemed determined to have something more, though he must have known well what it would be. The governor then made some sign, when two of the guards seized him, and proceeded to bastinado him; they placed him on the ground against a post, and got a piece of wood about three feet long, and eight inches thick, with a cord from end to end, through which his feet were put, then twisted until quite tight, each end supported by one man, to a sufficient height for the person to inflict the punishment, which is done with a piece of date stick, about a yard long, having a hole at one end. He received a dozen smart blows; during which he kept saying something in Arabic, signifying in English, *Alla is holy, Alla is just*. After this he kissed the sheikh's hand, and walked away, ejaculating praises of God's greatness."

The Sheikh who awarded this punishment so much to the satis-

faction of the bastinadoed Arab, was a young man of about twenty-one years of age, handsome, tall, and intelligent. On visiting the man of war to which Mr. Robinson belonged, the Sheikh was so astonished and delighted that he said, "he would like to leave the Captain governor of Susa, if he were allowed to sail away as *Rais* of such a ship."

In Sardinia, where Captain Smyth gave a farewell ball to the nobility, our Midshipman had the honour to dance with a Countess ; but so dirtily dressed and slovenly were these great ones of the earth, that some of them could not have been known from servants or shop-keepers, while others were so much too tawdry. His conclusion, after having visited the greater part of the principal cities on the coast of Italy, is that "there is no place like old England," a reflection in which most of his countrymen are inclined to join. The determination with which he adhered, however, to the profession of his early choice was constant. In one of his letters he says, "I am happy, and glory in being a sailor ; but must take the rough as I can, and so shall enjoy the smooth with more pleasure." His philosophy seems to have been shared by a fine spirited comrade of the name of Elliot, who in a race against some soldier-officers between Naples and Baia had his leg broken. This did not, however, deprive him of his vivacity, for he tossed up a dollar to decide to which of those two places he should be carried.

The firmness with which our young hero endeavoured to perform his duties and maintain discipline may be learned from the account we now quote. -

"Wednesday afternoon, Spithead—To morrow we think about starting again, and for the last time, I most sincerely hope, on another cruise ; as the ship's company are not in a state to be trusted in any way, and, if they knew we were to remain in commission six months longer, from what I overhear, we should not have a man belonging to her. It was but yesterday afternoon that I was on duty in the cutter, with six men. They all left me, and were in a most mutinous state. One pushed me back in the boat, and then ran away. I had no side-arms on at the time, or God knows what might have been the consequence. I went on board the flag ship, in a hired boat, and they made a signal for another mid from the Pandora, but did not allow me any other assistance, as I certainly might have expected ; but of course the commanding officer then on board ought to know better than I what is proper for these occasions. The boat, at length, arrived with an old passed midshipman, and, with our combined exertions, we succeeded in securing all but two, who were put in irons on board the flag ship. We then obtained some marines and caught the mutinous rascal that struck me. One more only remained, but, it being late, we went on board, having been ashore from one o'clock P.M. till ten at night. If I had not succeeded in securing them, I might have expected to be turned out of the service, or severely reprimanded. The other fellow was caught to day. I have made my report to the first

lieutenant but have yet to see the captain. I have since heard it was their intention to have deserted, but having a little money, they could not resist the temptation of rum, and therefore they loitered, which, in the common way of talking, saved my bacon. This is disgraceful to a king's ship; but I let you know of it, that if any thing happens you may see I have done my duty.

"In a subsequent letter, he writes,

"Perhaps you may be anxious to know how the business ended, that I wrote to you about in my last letter. Nothing was said to me concerning it; but the captain severely punished the offenders."

After having been absent four years, he returned to his parents for awhile, after which he was received by the Hon. Captain Rous, a friend of his former Captain, on board His Majesty's Ship "Rainbow," which sailed for the East Indies. He was now a stout, hearty, robust young man, of an open generous countenance, and according to his father's words, "He bore every way the appearance of a sailor who had done his duty." But his career which promised such brilliant things was cut short at Penang in August 1827, where he died of fever and dysentery, aged *twenty-two* years, where his messmates erected a monument to his memory—a strong and rare testimony of the estimation in which he was held.

We close our short review of these Memoirs with the concluding observations of the Editor, who has performed his task with a kindly feeling and in a becoming manner, such as, there can be no doubt, would have been displayed by the subject of the narrative had he been called on to execute a similar duty for one of a similar spirit.

"Of a noble and aspiring genius, of an open and generous disposition;—that his affectionate and kind heart should cause him to be beloved by his family, and respected by all the officers under whom he had served during a period of six years and upwards, is the natural result of the human charities; But his were higher claims to love and admiration; . . the good example that he had the merit of exhibiting, as a mirror to youth, was in defiance of a feeble constitution, in spite of which he voluntarily embraced an adventurous profession, and rose equal to all its demands upon personal exertion by the force of a rare spirit.

"It must be confessed as among the most inexplicable of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, that faculties so energetic should be permitted to improve themselves to a point of excellence, which should fit them for the successful exercise of the duties to which they were destined; and that then, in the hour of their maturity, they should be apparently extinguished, and precluded from exertion altogether: unless we are willing to believe that our present state of being is but a process of education for the soul, and that every mode in which her faculties can be engaged in this life, is but an introduction to employments more sublime in another, and on which it is a peculiar blessing to enter early. So thought the philosophical Heathen, who gave utterance to the fine sentiment, which has been thus expressed by a modern poet, 'Whom the gods love die young.'—So thought the Wise Hebrew when he penned

the beautiful reflections that ought to afford consolation to all parents for the early loss of promising children—"Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long time. Thus the righteous that is dead condemneth the ungodly that are living; and youth that is soon perfected, the many years and old age of the unrighteous."

ART. IV.—On the Diagnosis of Diseases of the Chest; based upon a Comparison of their Physical and General Signs. By W. W. GERHARD, M. D., Fellow of the Philadelphia College of Physicians; Member of the Société Médicale d'Observation, and of the Société Anatomique of Paris, &c. &c.

ALTHOUGH the advantages of auscultation are now so clearly established that few can be found hardy enough altogether to deny its utility, still there are undoubtedly many physicians who are very far from appreciating its vast importance. Nevertheless, without a resort to this mode of exploration, the practitioner will find it in most instances very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to determine either the nature or extent of any disease of the chest which he may be called upon to investigate, and consequently to adopt with promptness and confidence the course of treatment best adapted to its alleviation or cure. But the advantages of auscultation do not stop here—it has far higher claims upon our attention, since it has been principally through its means that many new and interesting facts have been added to our science, and also that the general history of pulmonary diseases has been brought to a degree of perfection so far beyond what had been previously attained.

That the discovery of auscultation has been of the greatest utility in advancing our knowledge of diseases of the chest, no one can doubt who will take the trouble to examine their history as at present established, and compare it with the accounts of the older writers. He will find that there is no disease in relation to which we have not now a much more accurate and full detail of the symptoms than formerly, and also a far more correct estimate of their value in diagnosis and prognosis, as well as of their relations to the pathological conditions of the different tissues and organs.

It has been not unfrequently asserted that those who practised auscultation were in the habit of depreciating the importance of the functional and general symptoms of diseases of the chest. Whatever foundation there may have been for this remark in individual instances, as a general rule it is undoubtedly incorrect. To be convinced of this, we need only to look into the works of the most experienced auscultators since the time of Laennec. Let any one

peruse the work of Louis on Phthisis, and he cannot fail to be struck with the unwearied attention which the author has given to the examination of the functional symptoms of the disease, and also with the great importance which he attaches to a proper consideration of them in the formation of an accurate diagnosis. It will be found that the condition of the digestive apparatus, of the nervous system, as well as of the muscular and cellular tissues, &c., has been investigated most minutely—that still greater attention has been paid to the examination of the character and seat of the pain, the kind of cough and nature of the expectoration, the alteration and loss of voice, the discharge of blood from the lungs, the modifications which pleuritic inflammation undergoes when occurring in a tuberculous subject, the connexion of pneumothorax with the same complaint, together with the dependence of chronic peritonitis upon the same general cause. These and a number of other circumstances attendant upon the disease, have been described with the greatest clearness and precision, and (which particularly concerns our present argument) most of them have been brought out in bold relief as diagnostic signs, and their importance as such established upon the firm basis of observation. The same general remarks will apply to the history of almost every other disease of the chest, as will appear by referring to the works of Andral, Bouillard, and others. In fact, were the practice of auscultation from this moment abandoned, medicine would still remain greatly the gainer by the discovery of this means of exploration, on account of the many new facts with which that science has directly or indirectly been enriched through its means.

But, whilst admiring the general beneficial influence which the discovery of auscultation has exerted upon the progress of medical science, we must not omit to impress upon the physician the importance of a practical acquaintance with it at the bedside of his patients. Indeed, no one can now be held excusable who omits to acquire this knowledge so far as circumstances will permit. As his acquaintance with the subject increases, he will find that diseases of the thoracic cavity present themselves to his mind under a new aspect—that many of the doubts and difficulties which he had formerly laboured under with regard to the diagnosis of these diseases will vanish—that he will be able in individual cases to follow the disease from stage to stage, and appreciate, with a certainty which he could not previously have thought possible, the various changes which the pulmonary tissue undergoes from day to day in its progress towards a favourable or unfavourable result.

The importance of diagnosis is generally very much undervalued, partly perhaps owing, so far as regards inflammatory diseases, to the attaching too exclusive an importance to the study of the nature, symptoms, and treatment of inflammation in general, without

sufficiently considering the important modifications which it undergoes in many respects, according as it is seated in one or other of the organs or tissues of which the body is composed. All the knowledge which we possess of the general doctrine of inflammation, and of the functions and properties of the different organs and tissues, would never enable us to determine, *à priori*, most if any of the modifications above alluded to; an acquaintance with which, in fact, can only be acquired by a patient and careful investigation of all the phenomena which accompany each separate lesion. In confirmation of the above remarks, let us look for a moment at a few of the prominent features of two of the most important acute inflammations occurring within the thoracic cavity, viz. pleurisy and pneumonia. The former, when attacking an adult not very far advanced in life, and who at the time of invasion is free from any chronic disease of the chest, is an affection of no very grave character, and which will almost necessarily terminate favourably, without the employment of any active treatment, by a simple attention to diet and regimen. To secure the most rapid and favourable termination possible, it is only necessary in addition to this to make use of moderate depletion, combined with the eternal application to the side affected of such substances as are calculated to favour the absorption of the liquid effused into the cavity of the pleura. Reasoning *à priori*, we should have come to an exactly opposite conclusion, and classed simple pleurisy among the most violent and fatal diseases, because the inflammation of serous membranes generally possesses this character. Pneumonia, on the contrary, is a disease of the most serious importance—is frequently characterised by the most violent symptoms, especially in its latter stages, when the cerebral functions are much impaired—and demands the most energetic treatment. Perhaps there is not in the whole catalogue of diseases to which we are liable, one in which it is so important to make use of large and frequently repeated bleedings, and that too in the very early stage of the complaint. Now, it is absolutely impossible in a considerable proportion of the cases of pneumonia, that the treatment so important to the welfare of the patient can be confidently pursued unless auscultation and percussion be employed as a means of diagnosis; for the inflammatory condition of the lungs constituting pneumonia is sometimes accompanied with such slight functional disturbance of those organs, that without the aid of the physical signs the practitioner would remain ignorant of the nature of the disease until revealed to him by a post-mortem examination. Many other cases also occur in which, without the same assistance, it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to arrive at a certain diagnosis during the early stage of the disorder, the moment of all others when it is of the greatest consequence to employ with promptness and energy the most active

remedial means. Moreover, the treatment generally requisite is one which would be entirely unjustifiable, were the inflammation confined to the pleuræ or the bronchial mucous membrane.

The object of Dr. Gerhard in the work, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, is to lay before the reader a concise view of the most prominent symptoms of each one of the numerous diseases of the chest—to give a more detailed account of their physical signs, and to indicate the several conditions of the thoracic viscera with which these are inseparably connected, thereby presenting the data by a careful comparison, between which the diagnosis is to be determined.

In the introductory chapter, which is devoted to a few remarks upon the relative importance of the physical and functional signs, the author makes the following observation:—"Diseases of the lungs may be recognised tolerably well by the rational signs alone; but it is as unwise in a physician to reject the aid of auscultation, as it would be in a surgeon to despise the use of the sound"—

We entirely assent to the truth of the above proposition in the greater portion of cases; but, at the same time, we believe that very few are able so to recognise them in most instances, unless they have acquired that precise knowledge of the rational signs which is only to be obtained by a careful study of these diseases with the aid of auscultation and percussion.

In the second chapter, we have a short account of the conformation of the chest, and of the mode in which ocular examination should be performed. The morbid changes which take place in the external conformation of the chest are very various, and frequently afford very important assistance in the diagnosis of its diseases, and for this end it is necessary that they should be examined with the most scrupulous accuracy. The author's account of this subject is chiefly derived from the instruction of Louis, and is particularly worthy of a careful perusal, as it notices several alterations of form, in general but little understood or appreciated.

The four following chapters contain a description of the sounds which auscultation and percussion will enable us to distinguish, and of the mode in which these operations can be best performed. As this description, except in one particular, does not essentially differ from that usually given, we shall dismiss its consideration with a few remarks upon the part alluded to.

It has been known for some time to several auscultators, that the respiratory murmur was, under ordinary circumstances, more harsh and blowing under the right clavicle than under the left. A knowledge of this difference is of great importance in the examination of an individual in whom the existence of tubercles at a very early stage is suspected, otherwise we might sometimes be led to suppose that there was a small deposit of these bodies at the summit of the right

lung, when in fact it was perfectly healthy. Of the causes of the difference alluded to, we think that the author has given a very satisfactory account. Starting from the well known anatomical fact, that the right bronchus is shorter, more horizontal, and of much larger diameter than the left, he has pointed out a circumstance familiar perhaps to few except professed anatomists, viz. that the bronchial tubes distributed to the right superior lobe are, even after they have penetrated some distance into its substance, of considerably greater diameter than the corresponding ones on the left side. This circumstance, taken in connexion with the fact that the former have a much more direct communication with the trachea, owing to the horizontal course of the right bronchus, is, he thinks, entirely sufficient to account for the difference of sound under the two clavicles. The explanation is novel and ingenious.

The history of the bronchial respiration is very clear and full. He has divided it into three kinds, viz. the rude, the bronchial, and the tubal. The rude respiration was first noticed by Louis, and differs from the true bronchial; the vesicular murmur being still present, though in a slight degree, in the former. This mode of respiration is particularly observable in the early stages of phthisis. The tubal respiration does not essentially differ from the bronchial, but is merely an exaggerated form of it, and we doubt the necessity of treating of it separately.

The remainder of the work is chiefly occupied with the consideration of the different diseases of the chest. In tracing the history of emphysema of the lungs, the author remarks that—

“The conformation of the chest is altered; the distension of the lung, which is increased by the efforts made by the patient in the act of respiration, gives rise to permanent enlargement of the thorax. The dilatation is of two kinds—one is the rounded form given to the thorax of emphysematous patients by the strong efforts of respiration. This general dilatation is not confined to a portion of the chest near the enlarged vesicles, and is, therefore, probably owing to the strong efforts of inspiration, and to the imperfect expiration characterising the disease.”

We very much doubt the truth of this opinion, because a general dilatation, strictly speaking, is very rare in this disease; and, in fact, in the immense majority of cases, the enlargement is confined to a portion of one side only. It is stated by Dr. Louis, that “of forty-five cases of emphysema in which he had studied the configuration of the chest with care, one only presented a general change of form; and that in all the others the dilatation of the thorax was partial, and was confined to one side of the chest, except in four cases.

As regards the situation of this dilatation, Dr. G. contents himself by stating that it is generally found over the anterior margin of the lung, on each side of the sternum. This is hardly sufficiently

precise, for, although its seat is not always the same, it commonly begins under one of the clavicles, and extends downward towards the mamelon, and is from three to six inches broad.

There is still another alteration of form, not spoken of by Dr. Gerhard, and which occurs above and behind the clavicles. It consists in the partial or entire obliteration of the supra-clavicular depression, in place of which there is sometimes an absolute prominence. This prominence is also commonly confined to one side of the chest, and is particularly important as a means of diagnosis, because it is found in almost every case of emphysema of the lungs, and is never an attendant upon any other disease, so that its existence alone is sometimes sufficient to determine the nature of the affection. Previous to the time of Laennec, emphysema of the lungs was hardly known; and even until very lately it received very little attention. It nevertheless possesses great interest and importance, not only on account of the many interesting facts which its history presents to our notice, but because it may be confounded with the early stage of phthisis by those who are not well acquainted with its symptoms; an error which it is of the utmost importance to avoid, as both the prognosis and treatment are very different in the two diseases. In many cases this disease develops itself in a *slight degree* during childhood, but, in its severe form, it is almost, if not entirely, confined to adults. This is perhaps all that Dr. G. means to say, when he states that it is "very rare in children," for with them it hardly ever shows itself in a form requiring the attention of a physician; nevertheless, it has been clearly proved, we think, by recent investigations, that in many instances, and particularly where an hereditary predisposition to the complaint exists, its first symptoms may be traced to very early life. Chronic bronchitis is almost always an attendant upon emphysema in some part of its course, but the latter is frequently developed before the former makes its appearance. Laennec was of opinion that the dilatation of the vesicles was in most cases produced mechanically, owing to the difficulty with which the air is expelled from the lungs in certain forms of bronchitis, but the frequent occurrence of this dilatation in persons who have not previously been affected with catarrh renders it probable that this opinion is far from correct.

When alluding to the diseases with which emphysema may be complicated, the author makes the following important observation:—

"Tuberculous consumption is not very often connected with this lesion; the two diseases seem, in some degree, to counteract each other, and patients afflicted with the one are rarely attacked by the other."

This is an exceedingly interesting fact, and one which, we think, has lately been clearly established.

The 9th chapter contains a full and clear description of the diagnostic characters of pneumonia, and also some interesting remarks

upon the varieties which it presents, according to the age of the patient, and especially upon that form which occurs in children under six years of age. This last is called lobular pneumonia, and, for its more complete elucidation, the profession is much indebted to the researches made by Dr. Gerhard during his residence at the *Hôpital des Enfants malades*, at Paris. We have next a short summary of the most prominent features of the disease. The following extract will sufficiently show its great importance, as well as the wide difference between it and ordinary pneumonia:

"The disease is almost always double, and begins at the lower lobes of both lungs, extending from them to the upper lobes, along the posterior margin of the thorax. It is rarely complicated with pleurisy. This variety almost always succeeds to chronic catarrhs, or other diseases, as the exanthemata, &c.; it, therefore, has not a definite duration. There is no expression of pain, no expectoration, and sometimes no cough; but the disease is in a great degree latent, and notwithstanding its extreme frequency, is often mistaken. There is not always a rhonchus, but where the disease succeeds to catarrh, a mucous or sub-crepitant râle is heard. Bronchial respiration is never so distinct in this disease as in idiopathic pneumonia, and scarcely ever becomes tubal; it is best heard at the root of the lungs, &c."

The pneumonia of aged people, like that of children, is very frequently latent, and is to be recognised principally by the physical signs.

In speaking of the physical signs of ordinary pneumonia, Dr. Gerhard has laid great stress upon the value of bronchial respiration, which is usually described as belonging exclusively to the second stage of the complaint. This is true only of the most perfectly formed and pure bronchial respiration; whereas, as Dr. G. observes, an imperfect bronchial or rude respiration is one of the first signs discoverable by auscultation, and is frequently developed before the crepitant rhoncus is observed.

These two sounds are found occurring together and in the same part of the lung in the first stage of pneumonia, as we have frequently had opportunities of observing, and under these circumstances the existence of the one serves to throw light upon the character of the other.

Phthisis is afterwards treated of. The alterations of structure which take place in the lungs of phthisical patients, are first described, and, afterwards, the physical signs connected with the several alterations spoken of.

Our author observes that "these (the physical signs) necessarily vary with the different stages of the disease."

"In the first stage, when there are but few scattered tubercles, it is impossible to ascertain their existence by physical examination. When the tubercles are more numerous and larger, and the disease is fully

formed, though it should not yet have passed into the second stage, the physical signs become evident."

There is a degree of obscurity in the remarks quoted, which might lead to the supposition that the physical signs were of little importance, except in cases where the disease was considerably advanced, and approaching its second stage. This idea is, we think, incorrect, and one which, most probably, the author did not intend to convey, for shortly afterwards he observes that "as they [tubercles] are both more numerous and are developed at an earlier stage at the top of the lungs, a small number will give rise to considerable local alteration of the respiration."

Hence, it would seem reasonable to conclude that the first stage of the disorder should in a majority of cases be marked by decided physical signs, and this, we believe, is in accordance with experience.

In speaking of the alterations of respiration in this stage, Dr. G. makes mention of only one, viz. the increase of the blowing sound; but this is by no means the only one which is observed, for the respiratory murmur is frequently diminished in intensity immediately under one or both clavicles, where there is also sometimes heard a confused sound, very different from that produced by the regular open expansion of a healthy lung. By a singular oversight, also, the obscurity of sound upon percussion, in the same part, has been left rather as matter of inference than directly expressed. Nevertheless, this slight obscurity on percussion is one of the most important signs at this period, especially when considered in connexion with the alterations of the respiration above alluded to.

The physical signs of the second and third stages are well described. The author next proceeds to consider the conformation of the chest—the character of the cough and expectoration, the general emaciation, &c.—so far as they are valuable as means of diagnosis. He lays much stress, and with justice, upon the occurrence of hæmoptysis, which has been incontestibly proved to be an almost certain sign of the existence of tubercles, except in cases where the spitting of blood follows upon injuries of the chest from external violence, or is connected with some derangement of the menstrual function.

Pulmonary consumption is generally accompanied in some part of its course by lesions of other organs, which give rise to their peculiar train of symptoms; and as some of these lesions are developed occasionally in the very early stage of the disorder, their occurrence in particular instances is sometimes of material assistance in forming our diagnosis. Their value, in this point of view, depends upon their necessary connexion with the existence of tubercles.

We shall merely allude to two or three by way of illustration. In adults, whenever tubercles are developed in any of the organs of the body, they exist at the same time in the lungs. The exceptions to

this law are exceedingly rare. Another is, "that chronic peritonitis, which does not follow the acute form, is always tuberculous," i. e. that chronic peritonitis, which has come on gradually, and has always from the commencement presented more or less of a chronic character, is necessarily dependent upon the formation of tubercular matter in the peritoneum or its immediate neighbourhood.

If we consider these two laws in connexion with one another, it will be evident that the occurrence of chronic peritonitis in the form which we have described, is a certain sign of tubercles in the lungs.

According to our author, the disease of children known under the name of meningitis, or meningo-cephalitis, is always connected with tubercular deposits in one or more of the organs of the body. This conclusion he arrived at during the course of a series of observations made at the Infant's Hospital in Paris.

In giving a summary account of the diagnosis of phthisis, Dr. G. has enumerated a variety of circumstances in which it differs from chronic catarrh, and immediately afterwards observes, that "when two or more of the general signs just mentioned are combined, they indicate the probable existence of phthisis, especially if they do not appear to be dependent upon other diseases."

We really are at a loss to understand the author's meaning in the above remark, for the general signs alluded to are mostly of a character calculated only to render more probable a diagnosis already partially formed upon other grounds; and so far from two of them combined "indicating the probable existence of phthisis," the simultaneous occurrence of the first seven would hardly do so unless accompanied by local symptoms indicating disease of the respiratory organs. We think that the author would have given a much more complete and clear view of the subject, if, besides pointing out the value of each of the signs and symptoms considered in an isolated manner, he had collected them into groups, and indicated the greater or less degree of probability, or the absolute certainty, which each of these several combinations afforded in the diagnosis of the disease.

It will be unnecessary to examine in detail the histories of the remaining diseases of the chest. Enough has been said to enable the reader fully to comprehend the object of the author, and to understand the mode in which the work has been executed.

ART. V.—*On the Geology and Mineralogy of Nova Scotia, with an Introduction to the study of those Sciences.* By ABRAHAM GIESNER, Esq., Surgeon. London: Snow. 1837.

EVERY accession to the number of facts to which scientific men may have recourse for the sake either of fortifying, correcting, or extending, prevailing theories, is to be hailed as a public benefit were the contribution merely considered in the light of encouraging pursuits that tend to elevate the intellect and afford the purest pleasures. But when it is borne in mind that to the discoveries of science the most useful arts in civilized life are indebted for their fruits and their triumphs, many pursuits which may appear to the ignorant and unreflecting as visionary and altogether unprofitable, frequently are, in reality, the most beneficial that can engage the human race. It is in this way that geologists and mineralogists have been amongst the greatest benefactors of mankind, the farmer and the miner being of the number that are most immediately benefited by them, and thence every member of the community. What, for example, would be the condition of the former, if no scientific researches had been pursued concerning the soil he cultivates? and if the precious metal, without which no plough could be effective, no spade enduring, were discoverable merely by chance? With regard to coal, also, which of all substances taken from the earth is the most useful, what would be the condition of society, if geologists had not arrived at such a knowledge of certain fixed laws by which they can tell where this precious mineral can never be discovered in any profitable quantity?

The author of the present volume, who appears to have resided in a professional capacity in Nova Scotia for years, must, according to the above observations, be regarded as a considerable encourager of science and the most useful arts, by the extension of geological and mineralogical knowledge which he has here laboured to accomplish; for, we believe, the province which is the subject of his work has never before been so minutely and accurately described in reference to the branches under consideration, while he also makes it perfectly evident that the parts described are amongst the richest in the known world, in as far as mineral substances, both for variety and abundance, are concerned. It certainly appears singular, from what we have read, that a province which contains coal, iron, copper, lead, and all those inferior minerals used in manufactories, should import her metals across the Atlantic. And yet such has been the case; not, however, to be continually so, if our author's views are to be adopted.

His intention has been, according to his own showing, not only to supply some of the testimony afforded among the Rocks of Nova

Scotia, which support the opinions, and correspond with the discoveries of distinguished naturalists in Europe, but more especially to arouse the attention of the inhabitants of the Province, to a due estimation of the advantages they possess, and the resources within their reach. He has therefore, while using such scientific terms and following such a systematic arrangement, as will render his facts plain and precise to those learned in the subjects discussed, written in a manner that will be easily understood by the general reader, to whom the work may be recommended as a good manual. He first gives a succinct Introduction to the study of Geology and Mineralogy. He next offers his "Remarks" regarding Nova Scotia, under these heads. He confesses, however, that the country presents many difficulties to the naturalist, partly because immense tracts of it cannot be traversed on account of its dense forests and inaccessible mountains. Neither have any excavations been made in the Province, except such as are confined to the raising of coal. Cultivation and improvements are yet in their infancy; and, indeed, the facilities for obtaining geological information are confined to the shore, and those places "where the removal of the earth for making roads, has uncovered the rocks which lie beneath."

But there are some advantages also offered to the inquirer in the same region, which are very clearly stated, and which, to such an enthusiast, as our author seems to be in the pursuits in question, in a great measure compensate the disadvantages above referred to.

"Almost surrounded by the sea, Nova Scotia does indeed upon her shores, not only offer the most majestic and beautiful scenery, but affords an opportunity to any enquirer to examine immense precipices and strata of rocks, from which some just inferences may be drawn, in regard to the internal formations of the country. But in general the shores only give a knowledge of the circumference, a short distance from which in some places, other kinds of rocks are deposited. And it should be considered, that every section of the country upon the border of the sea, is very superficial, extending only from the soil to the lowest level of the water. Much information may however be obtained by examining the banks of rivers, deep ravines, and the tops of the highest mountains; although such examinations are not always attended with safety, and are never made without great labour. From these circumstances, it will not be supposed, that a perfect geological description of the country can be given, until time and cultivation shall have removed the obstacles that now lie in the way.

"It should nevertheless be observed, that numerous as the difficulties in the prosecution of geological enquiries may appear in Nova Scotia, there are some circumstances connected with the rocks themselves, which are favourable to their examination, and of much importance in the discovery of useful quarries and mines. These favourable circumstances arise from the highly inclined, and in some situations the almost vertical position of the strata of different classes of rocks. For if the different layers of each

class of the secondary rocks had been horizontal, or remained in that position in which it is supposed they were originally deposited, it would have been impossible, without making deep excavations, to have arrived at any knowledge of the lower classes, now in many places so thrown out of their original level, by the elevation of immense ridges, that extensive ranges are exposed, and may be examined without the labour of removing even the earth from the surface. An instance of this kind is exhibited in the clay slate of the Horton Mountains. The slate is an older formation than the new Red Sandstone, that would have covered it had it not been turned up, so that the sandstone leans against its north side, in contact with its strata.

"Again, it should be observed, that in consequence of the rapid currents upon the coasts of this province, and the exposed situation of the country to the sea, added to the advantages gained by the great height the tide rises in the Bay of Fundy, an excellent opportunity is afforded the mineralogist, to obtain those interesting minerals with which the country abounds. The effects of a turbulent sea, frost, and the action of the atmosphere, produce such destructive results upon the solid materials, thrown up as barriers against the encroachments of the ocean, that every succeeding season opens a new field to those interested in the discovery and collection of minerals."

In pursuing his inquiries into the formations of Nova Scotia, the author divides the province into four distinct Geological Districts ; for, speaking generally, he says, that there are lines which separate each division with remarkable definiteness. He accordingly treats first of what he calls the Primary District, in which the Primary rocks are most abundant. The second is the Clay Slate District. The third the Red Sandstone District, including the Coal Fields. And lastly, the Trap District, the rocks of which rest upon the Red Sandstone. It is interesting to hear that these different formations of Nova Scotia correspond with those of the United States—extending in both countries from north-east to south-west—nearly parallel to the Atlantic coast, having the transition and secondary rocks placed to the northward and westward of the primary formations. But as such notices and particulars as these, and the general contents of the volume, cannot prove attractive to the majority of our readers, we shall content ourselves, after having thus pointed out its scope and subjects, with a few extracts, selecting some of those that are the most curious to the multitude. We first look into the Primary District.

"The rocks in the vicinity of the town of Halifax, and the surrounding country, are in general Primary. The granite generally appears on the summits of the hills, having the clay slate and quartz rock alternating in the valleys. The granite of the County of Halifax contains a smaller quantity of mica than is seen in that rock in other parts of the country. Its granular fragments are so intimately united, that they form hard and compact rock, which is seldom decomposed by the action of the weather, and therefore affords no fertility to the soil. Near the town there are two large

VOL. III. (1837). NO. III. B B

granitic boulders, so placed as to form rocking stones. They may be rolled from side to side on their bases by slight mechanical pressure, and form places of resort for the curious. One of these natural curiosities has been described by J. Leander Starr, Esq., who, with his usual neatness of style, says,—‘The rock stands upon a broad flat stone, the surface of which is quite level with the ground, and it is rocked to and fro by the aid of a short wooden lever. Any stick found lying near the spot is picked up for that purpose, and it may thus be set in active motion even by a child. Although very difficult to climb to its summit, I succeeded in doing so, and when my friend plied the lever I sensibly felt its rocking motion as I walked about upon its surface. I examined it very minutely, and discovered the vast body to move upon a pivot of twelve by six inches, situate about the centre, and a slight rest at the north end. The quality of the rock is granite, but apparently somewhat porous.’ This stone is twenty feet long, fourteen feet wide, and nine feet thick. It contains two thousand five hundred and twenty solid feet, and will weigh upwards of sixty tons.

“Pliny says, that ‘at Harpasa, a town of Asia, there was a rock of such a wonderful nature, that if touched with the finger it would shake, but could not be moved from its place by the whole force of the body.’ Several other rocks of this kind have been mentioned by the ancients. Some have supposed that rocking stones, or Logan stones, as they have been called, were monuments erected by the Druids, who pretended that they performed miracles by moving them by gentle means. It is not probable, however, that those singular rocks in Nova Scotia were thus placed to mislead the aborigines of the country, or to deceive the inhabitants of a more enlightened age. These blocks of granite in Nova Scotia were evidently detached and accidentally lodged in their present uneasy situations, by a volcanic eruption, or some violent force, which has acted upon all the rocks in their neighbourhood, and produced that disturbance now so manifest.”

Professor Buckland has noticed the irregular blocks of granite in Nova Scotia, in vindicating the doctrines of the flood, which, as in other parts of our globe, where similar phenomena are discovered, show that since they are now lodged upon the soil, they must have been transported from primary situations by some propelling force, unknown to us, such as an overwhelming deluge.

In the Clay Slate District, and near to Clements, we are told by the author, that there is an immense bed of iron ore at the surface of the earth, and situated in a part of the country which at present abounds in fuel. The thickness and quality of this bed, he says, would supply all the inhabitants of America for ages. What is very remarkable, imbedded in the ore and the slate with which it is in contact, the remains and impressions of marine animals are plentiful. In reference to this fact, the following observations are used :—

“To support the arguments in favour of the aqueous origin of the iron ore of the South Mountains, it will be immediately observed, that the marine fossil shells contained in it are almost sufficient to demonstrate the fact.

"From whence came these shells; and by what mighty convulsions and changes in this globe have their inmates been deprived of life, and incarcerated in hard, compact, and unyielding rocks? By what momentous and violent catastrophe have they been forced from the bottom of the ocean, (where they were evidently at some former period placed.) to the height of several hundred feet above the level of the present sea, and even to the tops of the highest mountains? It is not an uncommon circumstance in Nova Scotia to see the honest farmer ploughing up the ground once inhabited by myriads of living marine animals, although he may not consider that he is deriving his support from the wreck of a former world. But the laborious researches of the Geologist have explained the causes of these phenomena, which in this province are so abundantly presented to our notice.

"It is evident that the slate and ore containing the shells already mentioned, were once at the bottom of an ancient sea, occupied with numerous species of radiated, molluscous, and crustaceous animals, which then enjoyed a perfect animal existence upon a surface placed in a horizontal position. By some mighty revolution the ground occupied by them has been uplifted, and their native submarine possessions converted into slate, and even iron ore. It has been already observed, that the strata of slate are highly inclined, and in many situations almost vertical. Hence it is impossible that those animals could have been deposited one upon another, or thrown confusedly into an open and perpendicular chasm left void in the earth; this would have been contrary to known laws, and is immediately disproved by the facts observed. If it be true that the primary rocks have been thrown upwards by the expansive force of heat, (a fact which modern Geologists consider fully established,) it is not probable, that the bottom of the sea, with all its corals and shells, then resting upon the melted granite, was also thrown upwards, having its strata broken, distorted, and fixed edgewise, in the manner it is now found. We would not enter upon the arguments by which such opinions are established, they are however such as explain almost all the phenomena of the slate, and its fossil remains.

"But again it may be observed, that the iron ore of Clements is magnetic. It is difficult to suppose that the heat, which rendered the bed of iron ore capable of this singular influence, was derived from that attending the formation of the trap rocks of the North Mountains; an opinion which Messrs. Jackson and Alger consider 'undeniable.' Had it been received from that source, all the rocks between those mountains and the ore would have exhibited the marks of caloric. But such is certainly not the fact; and the trap rocks are placed in a situation indicating a date much later than even the new red sandstone upon which they rest. If it be true that the primary rocks have been formed and elevated by heat, there will be no difficulty in accounting for the magnetic properties of the ore, as that rock is not far distant from the metallic bed."

Every one of the Districts traced by the author seems not only to be extremely rich in respect of those mineral productions which are turned to practical and economical purposes, but of the most striking and interesting geological phenomena: in this latter view,

the Coal Formations appear to have afforded our author the highest treat.

As to the origin of coal, he holds its being chiefly vegetable to be put beyond all doubt by the appearances abundantly manifest in Nova Scotia, where whole trees frequently present themselves, partially converted into the bituminous compound, and still exhibiting the vegetable fibre. While admitting that the operations of causes now active on our globe may be sufficient to account for collections of lignite, which is so common to all countries, what more probable than that many and great changes, and perhaps from natural causes, may have occurred before the flood in lakes and estuaries which from time to time received layers of vegetable matter swept into them! Other materials most likely would mingle with the layers of woody matter, which might produce those alternations that yet remain. But whatever may have been the precise history of the matter, the author of the "Remarks" informs us, that perfectly independent coal fields, or distinct coal measures, exist in the province of which he writes to a great extent, offering a supply of incalculable value; while the vast variety and striking character of the organic remains contained in these fields, are worthy of the research of a Buckland or a Cuvier. He admits, at the same time, that but few of the coal fields in Nova Scotia have been scientifically explored. The result of his own investigations and labours he, however, publishes, which, limited as they must have been compared to the magnitude and importance of the subject, are yet highly deserving of the consideration both of the economist and the man of science. Here are some of the geological features of the district where the coal formation abounds, together with some symptoms of a naturalist's enthusiasm.

"With much labour has the Cobequid Chain of Mountains been traced from one side of the province to the other; and notwithstanding we might claim the original discovery of its continuation and boundaries, and were the first to mark its outline upon the map of the province, no other name than that applied already to one portion of its rugged hills has been bestowed; and until a more appropriate shall be given, we choose to preserve the ancient designation of the natives, and therefore have called it the Cobequid Chain. This chain of mountains seems to preserve an uniform width, which seldom exceeds ten miles. In some places even that distance would much more than reach from side to side of its base. Its course is nearly east and west, until it reaches Mount Thom, where the bifurcation may be observed.

"Eastward of the road between Truro and Tatmagouche, the mountains appear to consist chiefly of greywacke and greywacke slate, which are met by the coal measures of Pictou on one side, and those of Cumberland on the other. On the Cobequid Mountains, as they are called, granite, in limited masses, makes its appearance near Mr. Purdy's farm, and is seen at several places along the road. It also forms the top of the 'Sugar Loaf,'

in the neighbourhood of West Chester. Westward there are immense ridges of porphyry, of several different kinds, some of these are beautiful when cut and polished. Appearing only at the summits of the loftiest mountains, the granite is confined to narrow limits, and is insufficient to render improper the appellation of Primary District to the south side of the country.

“Northward of Economy and Parrsborough, the Cobequid Chain consists chiefly of greywacke, greywacke slate, and porphyry.

“Covered with a thick and pathless forest, the mountains defy the labours of the geologist, and the minerals they contain are so perfectly concealed beneath the rubbish on the surface, that many years will elapse before the progress of cultivation will admit of their discovery. Often has an attempt been made to examine the rocks at the sources of rivers flowing between the oval crests of the hills, and almost as often has disappointment followed from rafts of trees and windfalls, which have been plunged from the steep sides of the ravines into the narrow channels below. More than once has the cariboo been alarmed by our footsteps, and darted away with bounding speed. Not so the lazy and sulky bear—he has either stood his ground, or carelessly stalked among the underbrush upon the approach of a solitary visitor. Notwithstanding the difficulties attending geological pursuits in all new countries, the length of the winter season, and the violent freshets common in the spring and autumn, several interesting facts have been discovered in regard to the Cobequid Chain.”

But the fossils of Cumberland Coal Basin are particularly calculated to attract geologists and awaken their wonder. The following are some of the facts collected, as our author states, by himself, within the district in question.

“Often have we gazed in astonishment upon the precipices of the Joggins shore, and beheld the beach on which the broken trunks and limbs of ancient trees are scattered in great profusion—the place where the delicate herbage of a former world is now transmuted into stone.

“The Cumberland coal field may justly be called a vast fossil valley, where plants from the lowly iris, up to the majestic palm, have been buried by some great and sudden change on the surface of our planet. The area included within the limits of this singular event, is by no means narrow or confined to the petrification of a few lignites: it reaches at least fifteen miles along the shore, and more than twenty into the interior of the country. The banks of rivers and creeks, the sides of ravines and cliffs, have been examined, and the same fossils are every where exposed, over several miles on the surface: and even among the common rocks of the field, the remains and impressions of antediluvian plants are yearly overturned by the movements of the plough and hoe. These facts should be remembered, as they plainly show that no common causes could have produced effects so wide in their operations, and powerful in their results.

“Between the Bank Quarry and the coal veins, there are sections of two large fossil trees, standing perpendicular by the side of the cliff, and penetrating the strata in their way upward: but as the precipice is constantly yielding before the action of the elements, its strata have fallen, and in their descent carried downwards large portions of these trees,

which may now be seen among the numerous relics of the shore. The roots of the largest tree may be observed as they enter the rocks, and a sudden swell is spread out at the base, reminding the visitor of the cocoa-nut tree of the West Indies. Mr. Brewster, in the *Edinburgh Phil. Trans.* for 1821, has figured a stem with roots, found at Niteshill. Count Sternburg has also figured a magnificent specimen of this species of tree, which is called *Lepidodendron Acutatum*: neither of those specimens, however, equal these of the South Joggins in their size, for the tree to which we now refer, is upwards of three feet and a half in diameter; and although only about fifteen feet of its stem remains, it must have been more than a hundred feet high. Trunks and branches of other plants are abundant; their stems are frequently perpendicular in the rocks, except near the coal veins, where they lie parallel to the strata, a fact of considerable importance.

"A few miles southward of the 'King's Vein,' we discovered an immense fossil *Lepidodendron Acutatum*; the violence of the sea had removed the adjacent shale and sandstone, and the majestic plant remains erect by the side of a vertical cliff. This tree stands perpendicular, passing through and crossing the strata, according to the angle of their dip. Its roots are seen branching out, and penetrating the rock beneath. At the base it measures two feet eleven inches, and forty feet of its trunk were exposed at the time of our last visit to the spot. Sections of a still larger growth may be seen along this unfrequented shore, and pieces of smaller dimensions may be observed, from fifty to a hundred feet up the embankment.

"Frequently the bark of these trees is converted into coal, constituting the true lignite; in other instances the bark, with the tree itself, is changed into compact sandstone. Great care should be taken in removing pieces of the former, as sometimes a whole tree, having its cortical portion carbonized, will slip through the bark, and come headlong to the beach. In this way we were in danger of being killed from the unexpected launch of a huge fossil.

"Since a recent visit to the Joggins, our agent in fossil affairs, a sturdy miner, has informed us that a portion of the cliff has lately fallen, and exposed another tree of great size. But few days have elapsed since we found a gigantic plant imbedded in the sandstone at low water mark, opposite the Bank Quarry: it had been exposed by blasting the rock for grindstones, and the miners suffered some loss and disappointment, in consequence of its passage through a profitable layer of stone. At this place, a *cactus*, beautifully figured on the surface, and measuring fifteen feet in length, had been broken by the workmen, and rolled off the reef. Such are some of the ponderous fossils of this valley, to which months might be devoted in collecting and describing the remains of a former world, and where more fossils of large dimensions, more perfect in their preservation, and interesting in their postures, occur perhaps, than in any other part of the world, so far as they have been discovered."

The least scientific of our readers require not to be led to engaging trains of reflection and questions for study by such phenomena as have now been pointed out. We therefore proceed

to extract a notice or two connected with the Trap District, the last division under which our author has considered the geological characteristics of Nova Scotia. Here, we are told, some of the most rare and beautiful crystals are to be found. The amethyst found along the shore, is seldom surpassed in beauty. A crystal from Blomidon is said to be now in the crown of the King of the French. On the south side, for instance, of the largest of what are called the Two Islands, where the cliff reaches its greatest altitude, we are told a vein of beautiful jasper winds its way through the compact rock. A circumstance connected with the finding of this precious stone on the border of a lake fifteen miles distant from the Two Islands, where it was impossible that it could ever naturally occur, led to a discovery worth being quoted.

"Pursuing our inquiries still farther, we discovered that on the side of the lake the aborigines of the country had manufactured their 'arrow points,' and the fragments of jasper now found upon the spot had been brought from the Islands, and were the discarded splinters from the points of their weapons. We have now in our possession perfect spear-shaped arrow points, composed of jasper, identical with that in the vein near Swan Creek, and others which have been made of pieces of chalcedony from Blomidon. The Indians, in these instances, certainly selected the hardest of stones for cutting instruments; but by what means they could have broken them into such regular lances, it is not easy to determine. There are now before us several stone axes which, like the arrow heads, were used by the natives of Nova Scotia previous to the introduction of iron and steel by the Europeans. These relics illustrate the great advancement of useful knowledge, since their proprietors pursued the bounding moose over our mountains; and happy would it have been for our red brethren, if the necessary implements of husbandry and the chase had been put into their hands unaccompanied with habits and vices, which have so nearly annihilated their race."

At low water, we learn that a visitor may drive his gig to each of the Two Islands. The smaller one is by far the most remarkable, one of its features being a grotesque opening that runs through it a distance of thirty yards, and while under its archway minerals are abundant, some of them extremely rich; the passage would admit a coach and four. About six miles eastward, the Five Islands are stationed, three of them composed of trap. These may be visited at low water on horseback, but when the tide is at the highest the channel is boisterous and rough; it is then that the islands appear in all their curious and defined forms. Our author has some particulars to communicate respecting this group, which, though not directly bearing upon his particular researches, must be acceptable to every reader. We extract them, and then dismiss the volume, satisfied that it will be read extensively both within and beyond the colony described, by many attached to very different pursuits.

"The largest of the chain is called Moose Island, which probably supports an area of one hundred acres: it has recently received an inhabitant, a poor industrious fellow, who is quite safe from the attack of the midnight invader, but not so from the humid peltings of the south-east gale. A second island is inaccessible on all sides, and rises perpendicularly from the sea about two hundred feet. Two others are less elevated and of smaller dimensions. The most westerly island consists of several needle-shaped spires of greenstone, rising from fifty to a hundred feet. These are called the 'Pinnacles,' and greatly embellish the romantic scenery of this part of the coast. These islands contain but few minerals. Such as have been discovered are inferior in beauty to those belonging to other localities. Our last visit to the Pinnacles was in the season when the gulls are hatching their broods. The ferocity of the male birds was surprising. Darting with great rapidity at the unexpected intruder, and within a few inches of his head, their open beaks were brought together with a devouring snap, by no means pleasing to our auricular organs. Leaving the subjects of Geology and Mineralogy for a moment, the reader it is hoped will pardon a short account of a natural curiosity at this place, which is introduced from our manuscript pencilling upon the spot, and appeared in the *Novascotian* in 1834. There is at Five Islands, in the Township of Parrsborough, a pond between two islands, of considerable extent. Three of its sides are formed by a small *cul-de-sac*, penetrating the shore; the other sides have evidently been created by the violence of the sea, throwing up a barrier of sand in front, so that an hour before low tide a perfect basin filled with water, clear as crystal, remains.

"Great numbers of fish, of different kinds, have been incarcerated in this decoy. While they are in search of food, or depositing their ova, the tide leaves them enclosed in the pond, and in water about two feet deep. It is curious to observe the inhabitants repairing to the spot at low water, with pitchforks and other implements of husbandry; they make a deadly charge upon the bewildered prisoners, and a great many cod, halibut and pollock are caught without hook or bait. Seven hundred codfish were taken at one tide; at the same time a boy threw a barrel of herrings out of the pond with his hands. Although this kind of fishing might not afford much amusement for the scientific angler, nor furnish matter for a treatise on cod fishing, nevertheless the flakes of the inhabitants of the adjacent village declare that their amusement has not been unprofitable."

ART. VI.—*Edinburgh Portraits, being Original Engravings of about Four Hundred Various Personages.* By JOHN KAY, Caricaturist, Engraver, and Miniature Painter. With Biographical Sketches. Part I. Edinburgh: Hugh Paton.

FOR several centuries London has laboured under one disadvantage which cannot yet be charged against the capital of Scotland, although it is fast verging to a condition when the same fault may there be found; viz., an overgrown size, so that its countless multi-

tudes can have nothing like a familiar acquaintance with the faces of one another, much less with the characters and eccentricities of every one. At the period when John Kay, *caricaturist, engraver, and miniature painter*, flourished, (he was born in 1742,) Edinburgh offered subjects for his observation and the exercise of his humour, to which nothing is equal, even in that city of primitives, at the present day. In every village and town of the North at the period to which we refer, and in many of them down to a much later date, a certain number of originals, in the shape of human character, were to be seen or heard of constantly, which the caustic and strong-featured wit of the Scotch took continual delight in quoting and playing upon. But, we believe, nowhere was ever congregated or understood such a variety of these landmarks of society, and of the progress or state of civilization, as in *Auld Reekie*, and never did any community possess such a faithful and discriminating remembrancer or biographer as John Kay.

In the course of our sojournings in Edinburgh, it has often struck us that Caledonia had reason to be proud of her metropolis, on account of its containing, in one quarter or another, genuine representatives of the Scottish nation, whatever quarter of the land might be mentioned—whether the heaths and the mountains which the kilted sons of freedom trod were understood, or the valleys and the undulating territories where the blue-bonnets studied and exercised the habits of industry and civilization. Whether dialect, garb, prejudices, or personalities were regarded, this observation held true.

We are reminded by a contemporary journal, besides, that the age and community which Kay has illustrated with remarkable truth and force—a force kindred to the strong-featured period he had to deal with—stood in the gap where transition could be much more definitely and strikingly detected than at any other which precise knowledge can now refer to. It was not only an age of transition where “refinement was struggling to gain the ascendancy in a society hitherto compounded of feudal barbarism and rude slovenliness,” but when, happily for Scotland and for mankind, some of the most illustrious personages flourished in the North to which the finger of history can point. The author of *Waverley* has, in several of his works, done justice to fragments and sections of the age we allude to; but even he has not brought out more happily the expression and intellectuality of the time than our limner has done, and of which the specimens before us form a most amusing and instructive proof.

Besides the idiots and the wildly eccentric that may be met with in every town, which is not too large for the mind to converse with, Edinburgh had at the period which John Kay pitched upon, an aristocracy unaffected by those conventional manners of fashion, which, at later times, have rounded and polished every one into a

regular shape so as to prevent the discovery, to the general on-looker, of innate peculiarities or cherished fancies. The supreme judges of Scotland had amongst them, for example, previous to the last generation, men not only of superior mental powers and acquirements, but the bar held out a scope for the indulgence of singularities which no other profession furnished; and it was copiously used. Even at this day it is impossible to be for any considerable time in Edinburgh society without finding the dialogue enriched and set off by some anecdote or saying of judicial origin. We, ourselves, are old enough to have encountered more than one of the worthies referred to, and have found advantage in being able to interlard a speech or a piece of writing with some of their coinings. How much more numerous and richly must such a genius as that possessed by John Kay have enjoyed similar opportunities, may be understood even by entire strangers to Scotland, from what we are now to say and copy. Nor would it be just to neglect testifying that the "Biographical Sketches" and anecdotes here published, form a suitable accompaniment to the "Portraits;" for they contain a great extent and variety of local and provincial information as well as much that is curious and antiquarian, the whole conveyed in a manner that evinces no small share of acuteness and literary skill. Altogether, the records presented in these Portraits and Sketches are the most desirable and entertaining that we have ever known to be produced in connection with any one community in ancient or modern times. Edinburgh, during the latter half of the last century, will, so long as the publication before us exists, obtain a superior niche in the estimation of the civilized and contemplative world.

Kay's Portrait, drawn and engraved by himself in 1786, is the first which appears in this earliest Part. It is accompanied by a sketch of his life, written by himself, which, it is supposed, was intended by him to be prefixed to a collection of his works. He is represented in a sitting thoughtful posture, "in an antiquated chair (whereby he means to represent his love of antiquities),"—as his autobiography states—"with his favourite cat (the largest it is believed in Scotland) sitting upon the back of it; several pictures hanging behind; a bust of Homer, with his painting utensils on the table before him, a scroll of paper in his hand, and a volume of his works upon his knee." He was born a few miles distant from Edinburgh, gave early proofs of a genius for drawing, "by sketching men, horses, cattle, houses, &c., with chalk, charcoal, or pieces of burnt wood, for want of pencils and crayons." Was bound apprentice to a barber, and after being a journeyman for several years, began business for himself, which he carried on with great success, "being employed by a number of the principal nobility and gentry in and about Edinburgh," one of whom, Nisbet of Dirleton, took an especial favour for him, having him almost constantly as a com-

panion for several years, "by night and by day." He was twice married, and died in 1826, his second wife surviving him nine years. "Towards the close of the last century and the beginning of the present," says a notice of the present work, "there was a small print shop to be seen in the Parliament House Square (the building of which it formed a part was destroyed by the great fire in 1824,) usually surrounded by a crowd of gaping idlers. A slender straight old man of middle size, dressed in garb of antique cut, of quiet, unassuming manners, presided in the interior. The attractions which drew together the loiterers on the outside were a number of small prints, representing the public characters and oddities of the day. This was the shop of John Kay, the caricaturist."

Often have we ourselves been of the number of these entertained gapers, sometimes at the very moment having an opportunity to compare the portraits with the living originals. Kay was, we believe, a self-taught artist, improving himself in drawing during the leisure times in the course of his regular profession, which he at length dropped on finding an unexpected success attend his etchings in aquafortis, a branch which he came to practise. In this way he formed a collection altogether unique; for few persons of any notoriety figured in the Scottish capital, for a period of nearly half a century previous to 1817, escaped his powerfully expressed notice, and occasionally he indulged himself in caricaturing such local incidents as might amuse the public.

None but those of course who have the good fortune to behold his portraits, can possibly have an idea of their peculiar style and individuality. None but those who have seen the living originals can feel how perfectly the humble artist has caught all that was characteristic about the persons represented. We shall however, by copiously extracting from the biographical sketches that accompany the engravings, prove to our readers that even although nothing else was to be found in the publication, it contains a rich fund of local and traditionary information, transmitting more accurately the complexion of the age to which the work belongs, than any other sort of history can do; so that when completed (the work is to extend to two volumes quarto), it will be a chronicle of extraordinary value.

The plate which immediately follows that of Kay contains the portraits of the Daft (crazy) Highland Laird, John Dhu or Dow, alias Macdonald, and Jamie Duff, an idiot. The Daft Laird was a gentleman by birth, his proper name and title being James Robertson, of Kincairgie, in Perthshire.

"He was a determined Jacobite, and had been engaged in the Rebellion of 1745, for which he was confined in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh.

"It was during this incarceration that the Laird exhibited those symptoms of derangement which subsequently caused him to obtain the sobri-

quet of the 'Daft Highland Laird.' His lunacy was first indicated by a series of splendid entertainments to all those who chose to come, no matter who they were.

"His insanity and harmlessness having become known to the authorities, they discharged him from the jail, from which, however, he was no sooner ejected than he was pounced upon by his friends, who having cognosed him in the usual manner, his younger brother was, it is understood, appointed his curator or guardian. By this prudent measure his property was preserved against any attempts which might be made by designing persons, and an adequate yearly allowance was provided for his support. A moderate income having in this way been secured to the Laird, he was enabled to maintain the character of a deranged gentleman with some degree of respectability, and he enjoyed, from this time forward, a total immunity from all the cares of life. When we say, however, that the Laird was freed from all care and anxiety, we hazarded something more than the facts warrant. There was one darling wish of his heart that clung to him for many a day, which certainly was not very easy to gratify. This was his extreme anxiety to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, as a rebel partisan of the house of Stuart, and a sworn and deadly foe to the reigning dynasty. He was sadly annoyed that nobody would put him in jail as a traitor, or attempt to bring him to trial. It would have been a partial alleviation of his grief, if he could have got any benevolent person to have accused him of treason. It was in vain that he drank healths to the Pretender—in vain that he bawled treason in the streets; there was not one who would lend a helping-hand to procure him the enjoyment of its pains and penalties.

"The Laird, although he uniformly insisted on being a martyr to the cause of the Chevalier, seemed to feel that there was something wanted to complete his pretensions to that character—that it was hardly compatible with the unrestrained liberty he enjoyed, the ease and comfort in which he lived, and the total immunity from any kind of suffering which was permitted him; and hence his anxiety to bring down upon himself the vengeance of the law.

"Failing, however, in every attempt to provoke the hostility of Government, and thinking, in his despair of success, that if he could once again get within the walls of a jail, it would be at any rate something gained; and that his incarceration might lead to the result he was so desirous of obtaining, he fell on the ingenious expedient of running in debt to his landlady, whom, by a threat of non-payment, he induced to incarcerate him. This delightful consummation accordingly took place, and the Laird was made happy by having so far got, as he imagined, on the road to martyrdom.

"It was a very easy matter to get the Laird into jail, but it was by no means so easy a one to get him out again. Indeed, it was found next to impossible. No entreaties would prevail upon him to quit it, even after the debt for which he was imprisoned was paid. There he insisted on remaining until he should be regularly brought to trial for high treason. At last a stratagem was resorted to, to induce him to remove. One morning two soldiers of the Town-Guard appeared in his apartment in the prison, and informed him that they had come to escort him to the Justiciary

Court, where the Judges were assembled, and waiting for his presence, that they might proceed with his trial for high treason.

"Overjoyed with the delightful intelligence, the Laird instantly accompanied the soldiers down stairs, when the latter having got him fairly outside of the jail, locked the door to prevent his re-entering, and deliberately walked off, leaving the amazed and disappointed candidate for a halter, to reflect on the slippery trick that had just been played him."

The Laird's portrait is remarkably expressive of inoffensiveness and good nature, which was really his character. A strong evidence of these qualities was his extreme fondness for children. He also felt keenly when treated with becoming respect by older persons. It may hence be presumed that when not duly honoured he understood the slight also. Accordingly from this and other causes he entertained dislikes, but his method of exhibiting such feelings was harmless though witty. Having abandoned all hope of being hanged, he betook himself to the carving in wood, for which he had a talent, the heads of the persons who happened to have excited his displeasure or satire, and on other occasions the images of those for whom he entertained directly opposite feelings; "thus, amongst his collection, were those of the Pretender, and several of his most noted adherents." In the case of the persons whom he chose to ridicule, these little figures were done "in a style of the most ludicrous caricature." His productions he mounted on the end of a staff, which, as he walked along, he held up to view, having a new one every day, so that it was a usual thing to ask him, "Wha hae ye up the day, laird?" He was a great artist in tops, teatootums, and such-like goods, which he carried about and distributed liberally, as well as a patron of tobacco and snuff, which he was equally lavish of. No wonder then that he was a general favourite of young and old, or that he attracted the pencil of John Kay.

John Dhu was one of the Town-Guard, or armed police, of whom Walter Scott makes some mention in one of his novels. Though a fierce-looking man, and a terror to those who were un-rough, he is said to have been really affectionate and obliging.

All that we have ever seen or read of Edinburgh goes to prove that, as regards idiots, (and what town is there that cannot point out some such spectacle?) nowhere else have there ever been more picturesque and eccentric specimens; although it is well remarked in the *Scottish Monthly Magazine's* notice of the present publication, the beggars and idiots of the days when Kay flourished had an "originality of character and an independence of demeanour, which has vanished beneath the influence of mendicacy societies." One of the originals referred to was Jamie Duff.

"He was the child of a poor widow who dwelt in the Cowgate, and was chiefly indebted for subsistence to the charity of those who were amused by his odd but harmless manners. This poor creature had a passion for

attending funerals, and no solemnity of that kind could take place in the city without being graced by his presence. He usually took his place in front of the *saulies* or ushers, or, if they were wanting, at the head of the ordinary company; thus forming a kind of practical burlesque upon the whole ceremony, the toleration of which it is now difficult to account for. To Jamie himself, it must be allowed, it was as serious a matter as to any of the parties more immediately concerned. He was most scrupulous both as to costume and countenance, never appearing without crape, cravat, and weepers, and a look of downcast woe in the highest degree edifying. It is true the weepers were but of paper, and the cravat, as well as the general attire, in no very fair condition. He had all the merit, nevertheless, of good intention, which he displayed more particularly on the occurrence of funerals of unusual dignity, by going previously to a most respectable hatter, and getting his hat newly tintured with the dye of sorrow, and the crape arranged so as to hang a little lower down his back.

"By keeping a sharp look-out after prospective funerals, Jamie succeeded in securing nearly all the enjoyment which the mortality of the city was capable of affording. It nevertheless chanced that one of some consequence escaped his vigilance. He was standing at the well drawing water, when, lo! a funeral procession, and a very stately one, appeared. What was to be done? He was wholly unprepared: he had neither crape nor weepers, and there was now no time to assume them; and moreover, worse than all this, he was encumbered with a pair of '*stoups*!' It was a trying case; but Jamie's enthusiasm in the good cause overcome all difficulties. He stepped out, took his usual place in advance of the company, stoups and all, and, with one of these graceful appendages in each hand, moved on as chief usher of the procession. The funeral party did not proceed in the direction of any of the usual places of interment. It took quite a contrary direction. It left the town: this was odd! It held on its way: odder still! Mile after mile passed away, and still there was no appearance of a consummation. On and on the procession went, but Jamie, however surprised he might be at the unusual circumstance, manfully kept his post, and with indefatigable perseverance continued to lead on. In short, the procession never halted till it reached the sea-side at Queensferry, a distance of about nine miles, where the party composing it embarked, coffin and all, leaving the poor fool on the shore, gazing after them with a most ludicrous stare of disappointment and amazement. Such a thing had never occurred to him before in the whole course of his experience.

"Jamie's attendance at funerals, however, though unquestionably proceeding from a pure and disinterested passion for such ceremonies, was also a source of considerable emolument to him, as his spontaneous services were as regularly paid for as those of the hired officials; a *douceur* of a shilling, or half-a-crown being generally given on such occasions."

Jamie was not only a general appendage at funerals, but he assumed a civic dignity, adorning himself with a brass medal and chain, in imitation of the gold insignia worn by the city magistrates, and hence obtained the title of Bailie, which was cheerfully ac-

corded to him by his contemporaries. To his honour it ought also to be stated, that he manifested much filial affection, making it a rule to consume nothing in the shape of food which he collected, till he had carried it home, and this he put into his pocket whether it was in the shape of solids or fluids. At one time, however, he is said to have conceived an aversion to silver money, and therefore his parent employed a boy, who was his nephew "to accompany him in the character of a receiver-general and purse-bearer."

There is not an authority belonging to the close of the eighteenth century, who, to this day, is more generally quoted than Francis M'Nab, Esq., of M'Nab. He has been made to father a greater number of curious sayings and doings than any eccentric Scotchman, we presume, that can be named. "As the Laird of M'Nab said" or "did," is the introduction to innumerable pieces of wit or drollery. He was a confirmed bachelor, but still the parent of a numerous progeny of sons and daughters. It is reported, that when in the course of one of the numerous litigations which troubled him on account of his irregularities, the opposite counsel observed that it was currently believed that the Laird had no less than twenty-seven natural children in the quarter where he lived, the accused being in court rose up and said, "it is a pig lee, my lord, I have only four-and-twenty." Kay has represented him in the act of reeling along, a little declined from the perpendicular, a condition that was not, we believe, extraordinary in his history.

Andrew Bell, an engraver and a very odd-looking gentleman, figures in a plate with several other remarkable personages, one of them being Charles Byrne, the Irish giant, who is said to have measured eight feet two inches in height, and to have been proportionally thick. Mr. Bell, with regard to person, rejoiced in an enormously large nose; and while his knees smote one other, his feet were at great variance and wide asunder—thus his nether branches formed an angle which was far from being a very acute one. His example in several respects was worthy of extensive imitation.

"Mr. Bell began his professional career in the humble employment of engraving letters, names, and crests on gentlemen's plate, dog's collars, and so forth, but subsequently rose to be the first in his line in Edinburgh. His success, however, can scarcely be attributed to any excellence he ever attained as an engraver, but rather to the result of a fortunate professional speculation in which he engaged. This was the publication of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which he was proprietor to the amount of a half; and to which he furnished the plates. By one edition of this work he is said to have realized twenty thousand pounds.

"Mr. Bell did not possess the advantage of a liberal education, but this deficiency he in some measure compensated in after life by extensive reading, and by keeping the society of men of letters, of which aids to intellectual improvement he made so good a use that he became remarkable for the extent of his information, and so agreeable a companion that his company was in great request.

"Mr. Bell was a true philosopher: so far from being ashamed of the unnecessary liberality of nature in the article of nose, he was in the habit of making it the groundwork of an amusing practical joke.

"He carried about with him a still larger artificial nose, which, when any merry party he happened to be with had got in their cups, he used to slip on, unseen, above his own immense proboscis, to the inexpressible horror and amazement of those who were not aware of the trick. They had observed of course, at the first, that Mr. Bell's nose was rather a striking feature of his face, but they could not conceive how it had so suddenly acquired the utterly hideous magnitude which it latterly presented to them.

"Mr. Bell was also remarkable for the deformity of his legs, upon which, however, he was the first person to jest. Once in a large company, when some jokes had passed on the subject, he said, pushing out one of them, that he would wager there was in the room a leg still more crooked. The company denied his assertion and accepted the challenge, whereupon he very coolly thrust out his other leg, which was still worse than its neighbour, and thus gained his bet.

"Mr. Bell acknowledged he was but a very indifferent engraver himself, yet he reared some first-rate artists in that profession. He died much regretted, at his own house in Laurieston Lane, at the advanced age of eighty-three, on the 10th of May 1809.

The only other biographies that we shall at present quote from belong to a plate which contains the figures of three men. The literary works of two of them are known throughout Europe, while those of the other are deservedly esteemed, and will continue to be so, in his native country; we refer to Lord Kames and Lord Monboddo, and to Hugo Arnot, the author of an excellent "*History of Edinburgh*," besides other books. These were some of the stars which shone most brightly at a time when the capital of Scotland contained a galaxy of mental and literary light, and was earning for itself a reputation throughout the learned world. The lives of such persons as Kames and Monboddo are too well known to require any new sketch of them in so far as their public acts and their writings are concerned. But the author of the present biographies has been at pains to collect many curious notices and anecdotes which, even more perfectly than public deeds can do, illustrate the habits and peculiar modes of thinking of these and other eminent individuals.

Lord Kames was a man possessed of a great flow of spirits and extremely active. He was also sufficiently eccentric to obtain the study and delineation of our artist. The following are some of the particulars set before us in a sketch of him.

"Amongst his lordship's singularities, which were not a few, was an unaccountable predilection for a certain word, more remarkable for its vigour than its elegance, which he used freely even on the bench, where it certainly must have sounded very oddly. This peculiarity is pointed out in the amusing poem, entitled the '*Court of Session Garland*,' by James Boswell—

"Aleemoor the judgment as illegal blames—

"'Tis equity, you b—h," replies my Lord Kames."

"About a week before his death, which was the result of extreme old age, feeling his end approaching, he went to the Court of Session, addressed all the judges separately, told them he was speedily to depart, and bade them a solemn and affectionate farewell. On reaching the door, however, he turned round, and, bestowing a last look on his sorrowing brethren, made his exit, exclaiming, 'Fare ye a' weel, ye b—ches!'

"Not more than four days before his demise, a friend called on his lordship, and found him, although in a state of great languor and debility, dictating to an amanuensis. He expressed his surprise at seeing him so actively employed. 'Ye b—h,' replied Kames, 'would you have me stay with my tongue in my mouth till death comes to fetch me?' A day or two after this, he told the celebrated Dr. Cullen that he earnestly wished to be away, because he was exceedingly curious to learn the nature and manners of another world. He added—'Doctor, as I never could be idle in this world, I shall willingly perform any task that may be imposed on me in the next.'

"During the latter part of his life, he entertained a dread that he would outlive his faculties, and was well pleased to find, from the rapid decay of his body, that he would escape this calamity by a speedy dissolution. He died, after a short illness, on the 27th of December, 1782, in the 87th year of his age."

Of Lord Monboddo, the judicial title of James Burnett, an amiable man and able lawyer, every one has heard; his opinion recorded in his celebrated work on the "*Origin and Progress of Language*," that the "human race were originally gifted with tails!" being the most usual circumstance by which he is brought to mind. He at an early age distinguished himself by his proficiency in ancient literature, the study of which, in after life, was his ruling passion, to the exclusion of the productions of modern talent. We also learn in the pages before us what were some of his peculiarities in ordinary life.

"Amongst these was his never sitting on the bench with his brethren but underneath with the clerks, a proceeding which is said to have been owing to the circumstance of their lordships having on one occasion decreed against him in a case when he was pursuer for the value of a horse, and in which he pleaded his own cause at the bar. Generally speaking, he was not inclined to assent to the decisions of his colleagues. On the contrary, he was often in the minority, and not unfrequently stood alone. He was nevertheless an eminent lawyer, and a most upright judge, and had more than once the gratification of having his decision confirmed in the House of Peers, when it was directly opposed to the unanimous opinion of his brethren.

"It has been already mentioned that an exclusive admiration of classic literature, which extended to every thing connected with it, formed a prominent feature in his lordship's character. This admiration he carried so far as to get up suppers in imitation of the ancients. These he called

his *learned* suppers. He gave them once a week, and his guests generally were Drs. Black, Hutton, and Hope, and Mr. William Smellie, printer, including occasionally the son of the gentleman last mentioned, the present Mr. Alexander Smellie.

"His lordship was in the habit for many years, during the vacations, of making a journey to London, where he enjoyed the society of some of the most eminent men of the period, then residing there, and frequently had the honour of personal interviews with the King, who took much pleasure in conversing with him.

"These journeys his lordship always performed on horseback, as he would on no account even enter a carriage, against the use of which he had two objections: First, that it was degrading to the dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tails of horses, instead of being mounted on their backs; and second, that such effeminate conveyances were not in common use amongst the ancients.

"He continued these annual equestrian journeys to London till he was upwards of eighty years of age. On his last visit, which he made on purpose to take leave of all his friends in the metropolis, he was seized with a severe illness on the road, and would probably have perished on the way-side, had he not been overtaken accidentally by his friend Sir John Pringle, who prevailed upon him to travel the remainder of the stage in one of these vehicles for which he entertained so profound a contempt. Next day, however, he again mounted his horse, and finally arrived in safety and in good spirits at Edinburgh.

"His lordship was very partial to a boiled egg, and often used to say, 'Show me any of your French cooks who can make a dish like this.'"

He seems to have been one of those whom Kay had a pleasure in delineating, for he appears in the character of Contemplation in a distinct plate, such as may be supposed to have been the attitude and appearance when he was employed in the composition of his great work. He sits at a table, upon which is seen the apparatus necessary to an author. In a corner of the apartment hangs a picture, in which his notion about tails is illustrated by a group of little fellows adorned with these appendages.

The portraits of the two judges, of whom we have been hearing, contrast strongly with that of Hugo Arnot, whose fellow, in point of exterior, probably does not exist. He was of great height, but nervous disease and other ailments reduced him almost to a shadow, so that he was the subject of many jests and witticisms. As his present biographer says, although Hugo was "the reverse of Falstaff in figure, he resembled that creature of imagination in being not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others." He was bred to the bar, where he would have risen to eminence had not a severe asthma unfitted him for public speaking and otherwise wasted him. One or two other circumstances concerning him will occupy all the remaining space which we can allot to the present article; but enough has been said and cited to show what is the character of the work—a work which, there can be no doubt, will obtain a large share of popularity.

"In his professional capacity he was guided by a sense of honour, and of moral obligation, to which he never scrupled to sacrifice his interests. He would take in hand no one cause, of the justice and legality of which he was not perfectly satisfied. On one occasion, a case being submitted to his consideration, which seemed to him to possess neither of these qualifications—"Pray," said he, with a grave countenance to the intending litigant, "what do you suppose me to be?"—"Why," answered the latter, "I understand you to be a lawyer."—"I thought, Sir," said Arnot, sternly, "you took me for a scoundrel!" The man withdrew, not a little abashed at this plump insinuation of the dishonesty of his intentions.

"On another occasion, he was waited upon by a lady not remarkable either for youth, beauty, or good temper, for advice as to her best method of getting rid of the importunities of a rejected admirer, when, after telling her story, the following colloquy took place:—

"*"Ye maun ken, Sir," said the lady, "that I am a namesake o' your ain. I am the chief o' the Arnotts."*

"*"Are you by Jing?" replied Mr. Arnot.*

"*"Yes, Sir, I am; and ye maun just advise me what I ought to do with this impertinent fellow?"*

"*"Oh, marry him by all means! It's the only way to get quit of his importunities."*

"*"I would see him hanged first!" replied the lady, with emphatic indignation.*

"*"Nay, Madam," rejoined Mr. Arnot; "marry him directly, as I said before, and, by the lord Harry, he'll soon hang himself."*

"The severe asthmatic complaint with which he was afflicted, subjected him latterly to much bodily suffering. When in great pain one day from difficulty of breathing, he was annoyed by the bawling of a man selling sand in the streets.

"*"The rascal!" exclaimed the tortured invalid, at once irritated by the voice, and envious of the power of lungs which occasioned it, "he spends as much breath in a minute as would serve me for a month."*

"Mr. Arnot had a habit of ringing his bell with great violence—a habit which much annoyed an old maiden-lady who resided in the floor above him. The lady complained of this annoyance frequently, and implored Mr. Arnot to sound his bell with a more delicate touch: but to no purpose. At length, annoyed in turn by her importunities, which he believed to proceed from mere querulousness, he gave her to understand, in reply to her last message, that he would drop the bell altogether. This he accordingly did; but in its place substituted a pistol, which he fired off whenever he desired the attendance of his servant, to the great alarm of the invalid, who now as earnestly besought the restitution of the bell, as she had requested its discontinuance.

"Mr. Arnot died on the 20th November 1786, in the 37th year of his age, exhibiting, in the closing scene of his life, a remarkable instance of the peculiarity of his character, and, it may be added, of his fortitude. For several weeks previous to his death, he regularly visited his appointed burial-place in South Leith Churchyard, to observe the progress of some masons whom he had employed to wall it in, and frequently expressed a fear that his death would take place before they should have completed the work."

ART. VII.—*Stories of Spanish Life. From the German of Huber.*

Edited by LIEUT. COL. CRAWFURD. 2 Vols. London: Colburn. 1837.

COLONEL CRAWFURD, it would appear, has twice visited Spain, and finding that Huber's sketches of life and scenery in that country not only accorded with his own experience and observation, and were besides, as every reader of the original or the translation will find, extremely vivid and truth-looking, he was induced to undertake the work which is now before us. The volumes, in fact, contain one of the best pictures of one of the most interesting kingdoms in the world that we have ever beheld. It is as spirited and stirring as any romance can be, and as attractive as imagination can figure. But the author not only is lively and sketchy, but his philosophy is remarkable for the consistency of its keeping, its depth, and excusiveness. To be sure his subjects are not so numerous or varied as some travellers have introduced; but in every thing which he has written, a distinct insight is gained into some portion of Spanish character and manners; all which possesses the excellence of being exactly according to the observation and judgment of the author, without exhibiting any symptoms of a striving after exaggerated effect, whether good or ill has to be brought out.

It is true, the date at which Huber traversed Spain is by-gone, for it was between the year 1820, in which Riego proclaimed the Constitution of 1812, and the occupation of the country by the Duke d'Angoulême and his army in 1823. In no part of Europe, however, has there been less change of character and circumstances than in Spain during the period in question, and that which has since elapsed. The nation was at that time divided as it is now. There were timid Moderates or unstable Liberals then as at present, as well as brave and adventurous Exaltados. Between the inhabitants of the towns and the peasantry a marked difference has all along existed; and the priests then as now were intriguing and influential—active in counsel and in the field in support of Absolutism. There was no doubt a want of organisation among the Exaltados, and of a definite purpose, which now under Carlos is easily perceived and understood; but in a desultory warfare, energy, enthusiasm, and courage, made up in a great measure for unity of plan and movements, and seemed fully equal to a Government in which treachery, incapacity, or tardy diplomacy too frequently was exhibited. If in Spain the position and principles of political parties have pretty nearly continued the same, we may be certain that in so far as the private manners of the people at large are concerned, there is a still more remarkable similarity; their prejudices, their superstitions, their animosities, and their strongly marked virtues are little or none at all changed.

It is declared that the work before us contains realities, of which the author was either an eye-witness, or that the circumstances were related to him by those who had a hand in them—the only liberty taken being to transpose, arrange, and connect the individual traits and isolated pictures, so that they form a loosely connected whole. The story and fortunes of a family, belonging to what would in England be said to be respectable among the Yeomen, form the ground-work of the book, and with the several members of that family all the adventures and incidents are connected more or less. Something after the manner of a novel, the conclusion keeps time with the tragic issue both of a public and domestic drama; this form throughout having been adopted on account of the impossibility of inserting in a strict narrative all those single traits and pictures which presented themselves in endless succession to the traveller. Digressions become in such a work natural and pleasant enough, though the thread by which they are tied to the primary story be but slender; thus, whether it be antiquities or present occurrences—manners or scenery, in city or in country, all may be brought in without violence or offence. Such is the plan of the performance.

Then as to the ground-work story—one of the sons, Antonio, has been educated for the church, but its enormous abuses having disgusted him, he travelled and became more enlightened. He returns about the time that proclamation of the Constitution took place, as already referred to. He has a cousin, Christoval, who is betrothed to Dolores, (Antonio's sister). This young man has been a contrabandist and ruined by the laws as enforced by the Liberals. He therefore buckles on the belt and takes to the mountains, like another Rob Roy, but far more Spanish in every way. A number of other characters, besides the rest of the family chiefly concerned, appear on the stage, the entire work including great diversity of impressive scenes and incidents, so perfectly characteristic of Spain, that there is no mistaking them even by the reader least versant in Spanish history.

The work is divided into three parts—the first consisting of an historical introduction by Col. Crawford, which, to those who have paid little attention to the affairs of Spain, will be useful, although to better informed persons it must be superfluous. Then comes an Essay on the Social life of the Spaniards by Huber, which displays no small share of analytical discrimination, as well as picturesque drawing, evidently, however, from the life. Sometimes the love of subtlety and a tendency to adhere to German metaphysics are too apparent, as the heavier portions of the performance will correctly point out to those who have no taste for vain philosophy. The third part consists of the Story to which reference has been made; from both parts we proceed to copy some passages, chiefly from the last.

The absence of constraint which is witnessed in Spanish society is vividly described by Huber. In speaking of their *Tertullas*, which answer in a general way to the conversaciones of the Italians, he says, that "whoever is introduced into a house is seldom or ever (*never*?) again formally invited; leave only is given him by the general impression, 'this house is yours,' to come again as often as he likes, but with the understanding that neither he nor its inhabitants are to impose the slightest restraint upon each other." In general, it would appear, that the fundamental principle of this social species of intercourse is, that the ordinary household affairs are not to be in any way disturbed by it. There is not even any expenses connected with it, since usually nothing is presented to the guest beyond a glass of water or a cup of chocolate. There is no formality of dress required, nor a necessity of changing that which has been worn all day during usual occupations. In short, the character of social life in Spain is said to be best described by an expression which cannot be literally translated, "because the thing itself is not known in other countries, '*Aquí hay franqueza.*'"

As to the question which may be asked—what pleasure or profit can arise from such assemblies in a country where so little knowledge exists, and where the intellectual condition of the people is so limited, as more enlightened nations are inclined to think Spaniards to be, Huber gives an answer, which, with its preface, we quote.

"My intention is here to try the weak sides of that which we praise in other countries, as education, and to examine to what degree this education, this repletion of impressions and images, which flow almost entirely from books, and seldom from the external life to the internal, enriches and strengthens the mind, or blunts and enervates it, and how far social life, to keep to that point, gains or loses by it.

"I wish only to explain the grounds of the reproach which people apply to the Spaniards. I lay it down as a thing proved by experience, that a foreigner who brings with him a healthy, open mind—as it were an undepraved intellectual stomach—will in a very short time take a permanent liking to the social life and conversation of the Spaniards; in a word to the *tertulla*.

"The causes which produce this pleasure are easy to discover. The Spaniards, however confined the circle of their ideas and knowledge may be, bring to any conversation on the subjects which lie within this circle a certain earnestness and well-intentioned zeal, which is necessarily the soul of conversation. They bring, on the other hand, a hearty, open feeling for a jest; a free understanding of the maxims, 'give and take;' and, generally, a natural wit and a lusty humour, which over-refinement excludes. The Spanish language itself is the only one, except the English, which contains humour in copious streams. Moreover, the Spaniard generally brings to social intercourse a capacity for all that is beautiful and noble, a very just if not a very supple understanding, a lively imagination, and efficient practical sense in his circle of wants and wishes; frequently an ardent desire of knowledge, which, however, only yields to

conviction, and which prefers the living word to the letter; lastly, and what is most to be remarked, a natural address and a dignity of behaviour, which excludes vulgarity, and great facility of expression in a language whose force and richness he alone can rightly estimate who has heard it in the country itself. The thing might perhaps be said in two words—the Spaniards are less *blasés* than we civilized and more highly-educated people; and they are less ‘sophisticate,’ as Shakspeare somewhere says.”

It may hence be learned that the author’s estimate of the Spanish people is far more favourable than that which is entertained by many who have not enjoyed the same opportunities for forming a discriminating judgment. Let it also be borne in mind that Huber carried to Spain a mind highly trained for such investigations as he there pursued, not forgetting, however, the tinge of German idealism which he could not be expected to leave entirely behind. At the same time it must be said, that when he comes to delineate individual characters, or to represent scenes actually witnessed, the vices and crimes of the people and the degraded condition of the country, in consequence of its protracted turbulence, are not glossed over or spared, while the chivalrous virtues and the beauty of peaceful domestic life are not exaggerated. But the result of the whole, is to induce palliation even for the atrocities which disfigure and disgrace the nation, inasmuch as the actors in the horrible transactions alluded to, seem to be what circumstances could hardly fail to make them.

Having seen part of what Huber says of social life in Spain, and how he contrasts its people and those of more favoured lands, let us observe what he has to say of the bearing of an Englishman as witnessed towards an educated Spaniard.

“Antonio found also another companion, whose broken French and still more broken Castilian, but above all, his whole appearance and manner, declared him to be an Englishman. This person was dressed with the greatest elegance, in wide plaited pantaloons and coat of the newest London fashion, a high stiff neckcloth, and a small hat with the narrowest possible brim.

“He seemed at first disposed to treat his clerical travelling companion with all the arrogance of English enlightenment; but when Antonio kindly offered his services, on seeing his fruitless endeavours to make himself understood by the Corsario, it turned out that Antonio was one of the so-called enlightened liberal clergy, and that he spoke French, and even some English, the Englishman fell immediately into the other extreme, overwhelmed him with questions, with philosophical and economical treatises upon Spain, and how every thing there ought to be differently arranged. All this, uttered about a country which the speaker had entered for the first time three days before, and in the language of which he could scarcely speak three words correctly, so thoroughly satiated, and even disgusted Antonio with his own favourite subject, that, without remarking it himself, he gradually became a zealous defender of that which his companion and himself frequently were pleased to call Spanish barbarism.

"At the same time, with all this, it annoyed him not a little that the Englishman always observed him with a kind of condescending curiosity. An enlightened and well-informed Catholic priest was a kind of *lusus naturæ* in his eyes, and the heat alone prevented his immediately laying hold of his journal and noting down his observations. All the facts which Antonio opposed to his English and Protestant prejudices about Spain, could not shake him one moment in his conclusions, and in the triumphant wisdom of his civilization; and it was only the increasing heat of the day which procured any repose for his harassed antagonist."

Of the graphic manner in which Huber sketches cities, private scenes, and social life as beheld in Spain, we shall present some specimens, without confining ourselves to their regular sequence in the course of these "Stories." Of the land approach to Cadiz there occurs a spirited descriptive picture. According to Huber the subject which this city offers to the eye of the painter is so impressive as to be ineffaceable on the imagination, at the same time it has a very peculiar character, inasmuch as it is completely wanting in shade, and mild tones, till from the abundance of light the whole becomes painful to the eye—"the azure blue sky—the dark blue sea, reflecting the beams of the sun with thousand-fold brilliancy." He also says that—

"The snow-white dazzling walls, and flat roofs of Cadiz, which emerges like a gem from the blue flood; the bald and mostly white downs round the bay; the white buildings of Puerto de Santa Maria, Puerto Real, La Carraca, San Fernando, and other places, scattered along the shore like glittering vases;—the white sails of the innumerable vessels of every form and size, which cut the blue mirror in all directions; and this almost without a tree, except some palms scattered along the coast, with a foreground of the gigantic aloe and the cactus;—all this without any other colour or shade of colour; yet brilliant blue and dazzling white make an almost stupefying impression; and, whoever has once stood on this spot would never forget it, even if it had not been the place where Riego began his career, which he was at last to end, like that of the noble Padilla before him, upon the scaffold,"

"There is, perhaps, no town, which has such a continual holiday appearance as Cadiz. This arises partly, from the circumstance of the streets cutting each other at right angles; from the height of the houses, being in proportions the most agreeable to the breadth of the street, and their structure and size being almost uniform throughout; from the streets being carefully paved; and also from quite a Dutch degree of cleanliness prevailing both inside and outside the houses, which, however, is more the climate and situation than of any particular care.

"But this holiday impression which Cadiz produces, arises still more from the incredible fulness of light, which the imagination cannot reconcile with the usual every-day life, especially of a commercial town. It appears to a stranger, especially to the northern one, as if he were living in one of the palaces of sapphires and brilliants, such as are described to us in eastern fairy tales. Wherever the eye turns, it meets with nothing but the beaming blue sky, the blue sea, or dazzling white walls. So that

it becomes, as it were, intoxicated with excess of light. Life also, in Cadiz, has a permanent appearance of festivity, and one often asks oneself where the trade and traffic are really carried on; for wherever one looks, it appears as if people were only enjoying here what they had acquired in other places. In Cadiz, all the spirit of the life of an Andalusian seems to be united as in a focus. The impression of the whole is at first stupefying, then painful—the eye pines for green—the body for shade—the mind for rest; and Cadiz soon appears like an enchanted vessel in the middle of the sea, from which one is heartily glad to set foot on the broad green land again.”

Of a less dazzling and quieter scene we must introduce a picture. It is of a way-side inn, *La Venta de Cardenas*, which stands at the entrance of the well-known pass through which the high road leads from Castile to Andalusia. Before the Venta the naked reddish plain of La Mancha extends, and “on the side of the house is a thicket of almond trees and roses; and a small garden run to waste, containing some vegetables, cucumbers, and melons, which, with their luxuriant tendrils and leaves, almost conceal the nearest trees, and bend towards the earth with the weight of their fruits.” Some other general particulars are mentioned to fill up the outline of the Venta, both exteriorly and interiorly; and the arrival to the place in May 1822, of a train of heavily laden mules with their drivers and other travellers. We quote what follows connected with the scene and the date.

“A more detailed description of the inside of the Venta de Cardenas may give the reader a picture of the best class of Spanish Ventas, which sometimes are built at considerable expense, and belong to a munificent foundation, or to some grand señor, whose coat of arms is generally displayed over the door. The resemblance of such Ventas to the Caravanserais of the East is striking. The whole forms only one room, a spacious hall, the ceiling of which is formed by the roof of the house itself, with its rafters supported by three rows of strong square stone pillars. Even by day, this extensive space only receives, through a few small apertures in the side walls, and through the windows in the roof, a scanty light, to which the eye must first accustom itself before it can recognise objects and comprehend them. In this hall there is room for men, cattle, and cargoes; and it may, on many occasions, have given shelter to full a hundred men, and two or three hundred mules, without their incommoding or disturbing each other. Immediately round the gate stood several loaded carriers’ carts and four-wheeled waggons, called ‘galeras.’ The mules were tied up along the wall on either side, and were only perceived by their stamping and snorting. Around some of the pillars were heaped up the chests, sacks, and bales of different caravans, which had taken up their night’s quarters in the Venta, while opposite to the gate, at the farther end of the hall, blazed a cheering fire. The smoke found its way partly through the windows in the roof, and partly rose up like a light cloud under the rafters. The only separate space was a partition on the side of the fire-place, destined for the Ventero and his family, and for keeping the necessary kitchen

utensils, forming as it were a small house within the house. Against one wall of this partition were ranged full a dozen vessels of red clay, of the height of a man, and proportionate breadth, which contained the necessary water for the cattle, while a great number of smaller vessels of a neat form stood upon a plank, within reach of the travellers, whenever they desired to drink. Between the rafters of the roof were some garrets, which seemed to cling there like swallows' nests.

"Round about the fire, and in its vicinity, a great number of men had collected together in separate groups: some occupied with preparing their night's quarters, or their food, while others sat on little stools round small low tables, (reminding one of Eastern customs,) and consumed their frugal supper.

"At the fire was the Patrona, an elderly but hale woman, busy with some maids, in getting ready all sorts of food, which stood around or hung over the fire in several dishes and pots—and the guests carefully made room for the sharp and zealous mistress of the house. A priest, in the dress of the order of Dominicans, seated in a wooden arm-chair, had taken possession of the best place by the fire. He was a corpulent personage, with fiery eyes, a cunning look, a high forehead, and a mouth which expressed severity and imperiousness. Near him sat the Ventero, not seeming to trouble himself about any of his other guests. He was a character such as Cervantes alone can paint, and which is perhaps only to be met with in Spain.

"The travellers last arrived also went up to the fire, and greeted the company with an 'Ave Maria Purisima!—good evening, Caballeros, may your supper do you good.' This greeting was returned by the muleteers, carriers, and peasants, with that grave politeness which distinguishes, and so greatly facilitates the intercourse, of all classes in Spain.

"Those sitting nearest invited the new comers to partake of their supper, with the words, 'Do you please to sup with us, gentlemen?' for in Spain the Arab custom still prevails, that no one eats or drinks without having first invited his neighbours, and even passers-by to partake of the meal."

A sketch of Antonio's paternal house, and his reception after his return from travel, would be still more striking; but it is too long for our insertion. One paragraph, however, will afford some evidence of the value of the whole.

"Antonio hastened to meet his mother, who recognised him immediately, and fell speechless and sobbing upon his neck. She only relaxed her embrace in order to consider him with the careful look of motherly love, and again to press him in her arms, till Dolores, who had greeted her father with a timid kiss of the hand, at last claimed her share also of motherly affection, and Antonio could turn to his father, who shook him cordially by the hand without any particular emotion, but with a hearty 'Welcome, Antonio, welcome home.' After the first storm of joy and emotion of questioning and answering was past, the father reminded them that it was time for the evening meal. A plank was now laid upon two low blocks, which formed together a long low table in the middle of the court, and this was covered with a coarse but clean cloth. A few common earthenware dishes full of gazpacho were then brought, and all the inhabitants of

the house seated themselves on low stools round the table, the servants and the maid at the lower end, at the upper end Father Hilario, who was always a welcome guest, next to him old Lara and his wife, and beside the latter Antonio, to whom Dolores had been obliged to yield her place. The wooden spoons which drew from all sides upon the dishes soon emptied them, and olives, together with snow-white bread, concluded the frugal repast. Some glass jugs of wine, however, were not wanting, from which the men poured the wine down their throats, holding them with a skilful hand high above their heads."

We now quote part of some of the scenes closely connected with the destinies of Antonio's family. The first is an account of a terrific combat, in which Christoval, Antonio's cousin, enacts a principal part. He is in all its prominent parts an admirable representative of the Spanish character; for though he can do a deed such as is now to be detailed, he is pious, in the Spanish sense of the word, faithful, and affectionate; capable indeed of cherishing the most romantic feelings. Then mark the confiding, simple, even childish love of Dolores. The tragedy occurs at a booth in a fair, where there has just been a difference between two parties.

"Suddenly, a deep voice from the crowd which surrounded him cried, 'Down with the Constitution! to the seventh hell with Riego!' And, at the same time, a man stepped forward, wrapped up in his mantle, and his large hat pulled deep over his face. The officer, uncertain what he was to think of this unexpected opponent, cried, 'Who are you? What do you want? In the name of the King and Constitution deliver yourself prisoner.'

"At the first word of the disguised man Dolores was on the point of springing to him, with the words, 'Jesus Maria! it is Christoval!' But her brother, and the young gipsy girl, who had joined her in the meantime, held her back. Christoval himself, throwing hastily his hat on the ground, and swinging back his cloak, which he at the same time twisted round his arm, stood in a moment with a drawn knife in his hand ready for the conflict. Remarking the movement of Dolores, he called to her, 'For the love of God, girl, keep back! Esteban, hold her back!' Then looking round, 'And you, Caballeros, keep quiet! I have an account to settle with the young gentleman there. You do not know me, sir, you say,' he continued, as he turned towards the officer, 'but I know you—you are one who has ruined me. Recollect the Venta de Gualdiaro. You are the murderer of the brave Pedro Gomez. His blood still sticks to your sabre, and blood will have blood!'

"With these words Christoval pressed in upon his adversary. The latter could not conceal from himself the danger of his situation. All round him he saw, by the uncertain light of torches, either curious or indifferent countenances, whilst single Embozados darted gloomy and unfriendly glances at him. He knew very well that he was hated by the lower classes of the people in the neighbourhood, and by the Serviles, on account of the zeal with which he had distinguished himself in the pursuit

of robbers, contrabandists, and people of that description. He hesitated, then, a short time, whether he should engage in a duel with such an enemy, or should call in the arm of the law to his assistance; but the desire of adventure, natural to so young a man, rose within him, and he was ashamed, when opposed only to a single adversary, to have the appearance of calling for help. * * *

"The extraordinary combat had, in the meantime, begun. Not unacquainted with the fearful weapon of his antagonist, and with the only means of escaping it, the officer stood in a calm attitude on his ground, with his right arm drawn back, ready either to cut or thrust. He knew he was lost, without hope of escape, if he did not lay his antagonist low at the first stroke, and he followed his movements with eyes and body in high-wrought attention. Christoval, in the meantime, bent forward, in an almost cowering position, behind his cloak, which was stretched out far before him on his left arm, while in his right hand he held his long knife, the blade of which, of two fingers' breadth, diminished gradually to a fine point, and was hollowed out below for the convenience of thrusting. In this attitude he slid round his adversary, in circles gradually smaller, watching, with glowing eyes, his every motion. It was evident that the latter was gradually losing his patience, while his fiery courage excited him to make a speedy end of the affair.

"'He is lost!' quietly remarked an old bull-fighter who stood amongst the crowd, and observed the fight with the eye of a connoisseur.

"The cloak now seemed to slip from Christoval's left arm, and whilst he endeavoured to gather it up again, he exposed himself, in some degree, to his adversary, who, thinking the right moment had arrived, rushed forward, and aimed a powerful blow at his adversary's head, but sank at the same moment to the ground, with a faint cry. The apparent slipping off of the cloak was only a feint of Christoval's, by which he might mislead his adversary into some imprudent movement. Receiving the blow on his cloak, he sprang forward at the same moment, with the quickness of lightning, on his adversary, like the tiger on his prey, and thrust the knife from below, under the ribs, into his left side; and such was the force of the blow, together with that of the spring, that he tore the unhappy man's body open, completely across, so that the trunk only hung to the under body by the bones of the spine, while the numerous layers of his thick woollen cloak had defended Christoval from every injury.

"'God be merciful to his poor soul!' said he, with an agitation which he with difficulty suppressed, while the persons around, keeping silence for a moment, gazed on the terrific wound.

"'Well struck, Christoval!' cried Esteban at last, giving his hand to his cousin; 'but now away, I hear the Round. My horse is standing yonder: give Dolores a kiss, and away!'"

There can be no doubt, that even the tender Dolores would have willingly kissed the murderer, while his blade was reeking with new shed blood. It is even stated by the author, that the "gay proceedings on the place were only interrupted for a short time by this event, and the night was enlivened by sounds of music and the dance till the break of morning."

At the risk of considerably exceeding our limits, we shall extract a dialogue between Dolores and a sort of wild gipsy girl, which takes place at the Alhambra a considerable time after the combat above detailed. The said girl was present during its occurrence, and encouraged poor Dolores while it lasted. Esteban is one of the brothers of Dolores. The dialogue now to be quoted, we believe, is as true to Spanish life and feeling as any thing in Huber's work.

"Dolores thought she knew the voice that sang this wild strain, and soon she beheld her friend Paquita, who now, as formerly at the fair of Mairena, made it her especial business to plague her numerous admirers. Dolores nodded, and waved to her with her fan as she passed; and scarcely had Paquita caught sight of her when she sprung up, and, breaking the circle of her adorers, with the quickness of lightning she was at Dolores' side, overwhelming her with kisses and caresses.

" 'Saint John bless your eyes, my life! I am mad with joy at seeing you at last again, my pink! Where have you been so long then?'

"Dolores answered her questions in a few words; and Paquita continued without listening much to what she said—

" 'Well, are you also going to bathe in the Genil this blessed night of St. John, to become as white as the snow of the Sierra Nevada, my queen? Do not do it,' she added, in a lower voice, to Dolores; 'it is not at all necessary for you, Morenita. Just as you are you please me best, and somebody else too;—you need not blush, my treasure,—Christoval is the bravest youth in Andalusia, and the handsomest,—after Esteban, of course. But, seriously,' continued the chatterer, growing all at once very grave, 'have you anything to send to Christoval, Senitora? I go away to-morrow to the mountains.'

" 'You, Paquita, into the mountains? what can make you think of such a thing?' cried Dolores, surprised.

" 'Yes, yes,' answered the gipsy, looking round anxiously; 'but speak low—Esteban has given me permission. At first he would not hear of it. He swore, and scolded, and implored, God knows what about. I would have thrown myself into the water if he had not allowed it. He loves me a little, it is true; but he said I should be in his way, and not be able to bear the life in the mountains, for it is rather sharp work there at present. But he does not know Paquita.'

" 'But, in God's name, what will you do in the mountains, girl?' cried Dolores again.

" 'Softly, softly,' continued Paquita again; 'if my father finds it out I am lost. He has promised me to the matador Romero, as his wife, and has cursed me if ever I seek to see Esteban again; and he has sworn to stab Esteban wherever he may find him. Ah, Dios! Senitora, I have been very unhappy about it—but now all is well again—for I shall see my Esteban to-morrow, and remain with him. Christoval is also with him, and greets you—ah! he is indeed in love with you, my rose.'

" 'Could not I go with you?' interrupted Dolores, timidly.

" 'God forbid! it would not do for *you*, Senitora,' continued Paquita. 'No, no, you are too delicate for that. But only be quiet, child; every-

thing will yet be right, and, before half a year is over, Christoval will be your husband, and will laugh at the Milicianos. I dare not tell you all I know. Tell me what I shall say to him from you—but, quick !

“ ‘ Tell him—tell him—’ stammered Dolores, embarrassed.

“ ‘ I know already, child, and will execute all. I’ll tell him you do not care for any of the fine young gentlemen. Is it not true, Dolores ? Now, farewell, angel. ’ ”

Can our readers longer hesitate as to the fidelity and force with which Huber has drawn his pictures ? But two passages more will enhance the favourable opinion that must have already been formed of the work, and convince every one who is in any measure acquainted with Spanish story, that these volumes have not been equalled by any that have lately been published for the purpose of illustrating the land and people in question, whether in country or town—in peace, or amid civil broils and political warfare.

Here is a part of a scene that leads to a closing catastrophe.

“ The entrance-wicket of the great gate, which the porter had opened to Dolores as an acquaintance of the house, was again closed, and Antonio found himself with his sister in the dark ante-court, or *zaguán* of the convent, which only received light through a small strongly-barred window, looking upon the street. The space was filled with people ; but it was only after the eye had gradually accustomed itself to the scanty light, that it could distinguish objects.

“ A party of soldiers, whose whole appearance, their sunburnt countenances perspiring with the heat, their blood-shot eyes, and torn uniforms covered with dust, indicated a long and difficult march, stood leaning on their arms, which seemed scarcely to sustain them. Their gloomy looks and angry mien, and the muttered curses with which they sometimes struck the butts of their firelocks clattering against the pavement, expressed the impatience with which they waited to be relieved after their troublesome duty. Behind them, along the wall, the prisoners, who were about twelve in number, had lain themselves down, enjoying the rest of which their guards were still deprived. Some very young men, as if completely exhausted, lay stretched out upon the pavement ; others cowered against the wall, half concealed in torn cloaks or woollen blankets. Their eyes glowed wildly from the dim obscurity, and their features expressed obstinate defiance. Without uttering a complaint or deigning a movement, they seemed ready to pierce their guards and vanquishers with their glances alone.

“ The aspect of some women who had followed these unhappy men was heart-rending. Two of them had pressed themselves against the narrow grated window, and begged the assembled crowd, by all the saints, to give them food and drink ; whilst some compassionate people without endeavoured in vain to thrust something to them through the closely-barred aperture. On a stone post against the wall, sat a young woman with torn and bloody feet ; and the child in her arms sought in vain its accustomed nourishment at her feverish breast, whilst the mother watched its movements in mute affliction.

“ Amongst the prisoners, who for the most part wore the dress of the

poorer country-people of the mountains, were two who were distinguished by the remains of richer clothing. One of them lay with his hands bound along the wall against which he endeavoured to hide his face. The other sat upon a great stone which lay there, and seemed to keep himself upright with difficulty. His eyes were closed, and a bloody cloth was bound round his head, which was thrown back, and reclined against the wall. A young woman kneeled before him, and hid her countenance in her lap, while she grasped one of his hands with hers."

It would be as unjust to the reader as to the author to disclose the turns in the family story which constitute the framework and the pegs for the entire structure of the work ; but every one must desire to have a last though abrupt glimpse of the unhappy Dolores and her lover. We premise that she has been severely wounded, and has had her shoulder shattered when endeavouring to save him.

" At this moment the wounded girl came to herself. She opened her large eyes, and gazed around with a painful smile. ' Christoval ' she said, at length, with a faint voice; and Christoval knelt at her feet, clasping her knees with his arms, while his head rested against the stone bench on which she lay. He spoke not a word, and seemed motionless ; but how deeply he felt, was shown by the trembling of his whole frame. Dolores laid her hand upon his head ; and then recognising the ecclesiastic, she said ' Praised be the virgin of many sorrows, Father Hilario, for having conducted you here. Now I shall die willingly. Pray with me, father, and give me absolution.' Then turning to her brother, she continued with a still fainter voice, ' Farewell, Antonio. I will pray for you. Console our father and mother.' Perceiving Rojas, she bowed kindly to him, and then again looked at the ecclesiastic, as if beseeching something of him. The old man understood her wish, and making an effort to master his sorrow, in order to perform the duties of his holy office, he knelt beside the dying girl, and began, with a loud voice, to recite the usual prayers.

" Dolores endeavoured to clasp her hands in prayer, but her shattered left arm refused her this service, and she dropt it with a cry of pain. Christoval made a convulsive movement, as if he were going to spring up, but Dolores retaining him in his place, closed her eyes and was seen to move her lips in prayer, though not a sound was audible. Most of the bystanders knelt with uncovered heads in mute devotion, while the soldiers, leaning on their arms, looked on with grave, yet not unmoved countenances. The priest had finished his prayer, and held the crucifix out to the dying girl, who pressed it with vehemence against her lips. He then proceeded to give her absolution, but his voice failed him, and he turned away and sobbed aloud. Dolores once more opened her eyes, and murmured softly, ' Christoval '—a slight quivering announced that her sufferings were over—a smile of pain rested on her mouth, and her cheeks, just before covered with the paleness of death, shone again in rosy brilliancy.

" Deep silence reigned for a moment amongst the assembled crowd of people, interrupted only by the sobs of the women. All the violent and jarring passions which had been excited a few moments before, had yielded to the softer emotions of pity and devotion.

"All at once, warlike music resounded from afar. It was the well-known hymn of Riego. Then came the close and quick step of regular troops, and immediately after a strong column of infantry marched across the market-place with the cry, 'Long live the Constitution! Long live Riego!'

"The commander, surrounded by several officers, rode directly towards the extraordinary group which we have described, and when he saw the bloody victim lying before him, he remained contemplating her for a moment, with mute emotion and admiration. It was Riego himself. Antonio, who at an earlier period had known him and most of his companions, could not help, in spite of his grief, remarking the change which had taken place in him. Riego had grown, in appearance, several years older within the last six months. His hair had become grey, and the air of mildness and noble enthusiasm which formerly embellished his well-defined features had given away to a strongly-marked expression of grief and distrust. Wasting care and restless activity had deeply furrowed his forehead; and even the enthusiasm which still glowed in the deep-set eyes, had something gloomy in it:—it was the enthusiasm of despair. His companions appeared to share the feelings of their beloved chief, only that, in most of them, the wilder passions of revenge and deep wrath evidently prevailed."

Many of the scenes throughout the work are worked up, but by natural touches, till the effect is deep and awakening. Towards the close of all, however, this proof of the author's powers is particularly manifest; and, indeed, it is at this part of the production that the greatest multitude of affecting events occur. As some proof of this, we have only to say, in conclusion, that hardly has Dolores breathed her last, when Christoval is shot; nor does much time escape before a cart appears, well guarded, in which one is seated with his hands bound behind him. He smiles, however, but it is a "smile of grief." It is Riego, who has been betrayed. The executioner soon afterwards sheds his blood.

ART. VIII.—*Goëthe's Correspondence with a Child.* 2 vols. London: Longman. 1837.

THIS is such an extraordinary sort of work that we are really at a loss how to begin to speak of it. The principal writer in it is called a child, but think of a child discoursing in the following manner, upon metaphysics:—"Talent strikes conviction, but genius does not convince; to whom it is imparted, it gives forbodings of the immeasurable and infinite; while talent sets certain limits, and so, because it is understood, is also maintained. The infinite in the finite; genius in every art is music. In itself it is the soul, when it touches tenderly; but when it masters this affection, then it is spirit which warms, bears, and reproduces the own soul—and, therefore, we perceive music; otherwise the sensual ear would not hear it, but only the spiritual; and, thus, every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art. And so is music, too, the soul of

love, which also answers not for its working; for it is the contact of divine with human, and, once for all, the divine is the passion which consumes the human. Love expresses nothing through itself but that it is sunk in harmony."

As a specimen of the young creature's style of description, we add,—“I write to you in crystal midnight; black basaltic country dipped in moonlight! The town forms a complete cat's back, with its ducking-houses, and is quite furred with bristling points of rock and mountain ruins; and there, opposite, it shines and flickers in the shade, as when one rubs the cat's back."

Now, stretching the construction of the word *Child*, and even granting to her twelve or fourteen years, is it not extraordinary to find such a one inditing letters that are full of such original and ideal reasoning, and such a command of similitudes as the two quoted passages exhibit? It is perfectly certain that in England no such phenomenon could ever take place, nor, indeed, in any other country but Germany.

The child's name is Bettine, who, we believe, is the daughter of a General Brentano, between whose family and that of Goethe there existed a close intimacy. Bettine may be presumed to be now a wife; for she subscribes herself, in a dedication to Prince Puckler, which is dated August, 1834, Bettine Arnim. There is an introductory correspondence, which was carried on between Bettine and Frau Rath, as Goethe's mother was called in Germany, when the former must have been very young, but in which her vivacity and precocity fully appear. At this time Goethe was a grey-haired man, and Bettine's adoration of him—for her love and admiration, though simple, innocent, and unaffected, is nothing less—has been created and fed by the representations of Frau Rath, who was also one of his idolaters.

In this introductory correspondence, Bettine's vivacity took the shape of shrewdness, frowardness, and rompishness, by turns. But her imagination seems to have surpassed all her other peculiarities. Old Frau Rath says on one occasion, “Thou takest fancies, and hast a constitution like iron, and an imagination like a sky-rocket, that touched by a spark goes off.” By-and-by Bettine writes to Goethe and receives letters from him in return, and these fill the bulk of the work. It is said to have commanded a large sale in Germany, where it has also been translated into English by Bettine herself, it is reported; the proceeds of the whole being intended to furnish the means for erecting a monument to Goethe.

The correspondence between Bettine and Goethe is really a curiosity, and furnishes a valuable subject for the study of human nature in some of its strangest unfoldings. There is little in it but sentiment—themselves, too, being the chief objects described or contemplated. Sometimes there are bits of reasoning which are full

of German refinement and idealism. But even though the talk be almost exclusively personal, and becomes at times tiresome to a third party ; and though the whole must thus necessarily be egotistic, self-complacent, and fulsomely flattering, it is yet so original, so undesigned, so characteristic, and often so eloquent, that even the cold English reader will be captivated, and, instead of ridicule, upon the verge of which he will frequently find himself, his predominating feelings will be those of admiration and affection.

It sounds odd in our ears, when Bettine, dissatisfied with Goethe's letters, chides him or complains to him as if he were her twin-brother. Thus she tells him, "friendly as thou art, thou art also cold." Again, "you are a cruel man." It appears that he sometimes answered her letters through his secretary ; for, of this sort of second-hand return, she more than once loudly complains. She not only says to him, "you are a coquetish, elegant writer," but speaking of his indifference, she declares that it is such as "destroys the volatile salt of the mind, and makes love shy."

Goethe took all this in good part ; and in his replies shows that he loved the girl with a parental fondness, and estimated her letters very highly. To be sure he says to her at one time, "it is still a question, dearest Bettine, whether one can with better reason call you odd or wonderful ; one considers at last only how to insure himself against the rapid flood of thy thoughts." But his final and prevailing estimate was greatly to her praise and honour ; for when describing the powers of her pen, he says that "you let a complete picture-book of splendid and lovely scenes run, as it were, through your fingers." He also invited her to write to him all that occupied her mind, adding, "it will at all times be heartily received : your open-hearted chat is a genuine entertainment to me, and your confiding acquiescence outweighs all." He even told her in reference to her letters, "I read every day in them ;" and what is still more probative of his affection and his sense of the value of her performances, it is declared that "they are almost all corrected by his hand : much is underlined with red ink, much with pencil : here parentheses, there erasures."

In selecting extracts, we shall look for some of those which not only display Bettine's genius, but which contain such notices and anecdotes, that here and there occur, respecting celebrated characters, as must be acceptable to every reader on account of their novelty or curiosity. Some of these notices regard Goethe himself, which his mother, of course, was well enabled to communicate. We are told, for example, that when a child he did not like playing with little children, unless they were very pretty. "Once he began suddenly to cry and shriek, 'the black child shall get out !' I can't bear it ; neither did he cease crying till he got home, when his mother asked him how he could be so naughty ; he could not con-

sole himself for the child's ugliness." When very young, it is said, that "his anger then knew no bounds; and, indeed, he was much easier brought to anger than to tears."

When a youth, he is said to have been in the matter of dress "most terribly particular." At Offenbach there was an inn, called the Rose, the daughter of the landlord being called "the pretty Grizzel; he liked her much; she was the first that I know with whom he was in love"

Goethe might well have been not only a spoilt child, but he run the risk of being made a laughing-stock to his companions during his youth, had there been nothing to prevent it but his mother's indulgence and immoderate observance of his ways. One bright winter's day, when she took a drive with some company along the Maine, she put on her scarlet fur-cloak, "to which was a long train, and down the front fastened with gold clasps, and so we drove on. My son was shooting like an arrow between the other skaters, the air had made his cheeks red and the powder had flown out of his brown hair: as soon as he saw the scarlet cloak, he came to the coach and smiled quite kindly at me. 'Now, what do you want?' said I. 'Come, mother, you are not cold in the carriage, give me your velvet cloak.' 'Why, you won't put it on?' 'But I will though.' I pulled off my beautiful warm cloak, he put it on, swung the train over his arm, and away he sailed like the son of a divinity along the ice; had you but seen him, Bettine! Anything so beautiful is not to be seen again: I clapped my hands with joy! I always have him before my eyes, how he glided out of one arch and under the other, and how the wind upheld the long train behind him."

Our remaining extracts will refer to some illustrious individuals; but after our preliminary observations there is little that need be said farther in the way of precise or explanatory criticism. The first extract contains Bettine's account of the reception of Madame de Staël by Frau Rath.

"At last the long-expected one came through a suite of lighted apartments, accompanied by Benjamin Constant. She was dressed as Corinne, —a turban of aurora and orange-coloured silk, a dress of the same, with an orange tunic, girded so high as to leave little room for her heart; her black brows and lashes glittered, as also her lips, with mysterious red; her long gloves were drawn down, covering only her hand, in which she held the well-known laurel-sprig. As the apartment where she was expected lies much lower, she was obliged to descend four steps. Unfortunately she held up her dress before instead of behind: this gave her reception a terrible blow; it looked very odd, as, clad in complete Oriental style, she marched down towards the stiff dames of the virtue-enrolled Frankfort society. Your mother darted a few daring glances at me, whilst they were presented to each other. I had stationed myself apart to observe the whole scene. I perceived Madame de Staël's astonish-

ment at the remarkable decorations and dress of your mother; who displayed an immense pride. She spread out her robe with her left hand; with her right she saluted, playing with her fan, and bowing her head several times with great condescension; and said with an elevated voice, '*Je suis la mère de Goethe.*' '*Ah, je suis charmée,*' answered the authoress; and then followed a solemn stillness."

Of Winter, the composer, and some of his habits, we are informed that

"Every morning I pay my old Winter a visit. In fine weather he breakfasts in the garden-arbour with his wife; then I must always settle the dispute between them about the cream upon the milk. Then he ascends his dovecot, big as he is: he must stoop to the ground; a hundred pigeons flutter about him, alight upon his head, breast, body, and legs; tenderly he squints at them; and for very friendliness he cannot whistle, so he begs me. 'Oh pray whistle!' then hundreds more come tumbling in from without, with whistling wings, cooing and fluttering about him. Then he is happy, and would like to compose music which should sound exactly so. As Winter is a real Colossus, he forms a tolerable picture of the Nile, round which a little race crawls, and I cowering near him like the Sphinx, a great basket full of vetches and peas upon my head. Then Marcello's psalms are sung."

The following sketch is given of Jacobi:—

"Jacobi is tender as a Psyche waked too early; touching! were it possible, one might learn something of him, but impossibility is a peculiar demon, which cunningly knows now to baffle all to which one feels oneself entitled; thus I always think when I see Jacobi surrounded by *litterati* and philosophers, it would be better for him to be alone with me. I am satisfied my unaffected questions, in order to learn of him, would cause more life-warmth within him than all those who conceive it necessary to be something in his presence. Communication is his highest enjoyment: he appeals in all to his spring time; each full-blown rose reminds him forcibly of those which once bloomed for his enjoyment: as he softly wanders through the groves, he relates how once friends twined their arms in his, amid delightful converse, which lasted till late in the warm summer night. And he still remembers something of each tree of Pempelfoot; of the arbour by the water, upon which the swans circled; on which side the moon broke through upon the neat flints; where the wagtails strutted; all this comes forth from him, like the tone of a solitary flute; it shows that the spirit still abides there, but in its peaceful melodies the yearning after the infinite is expressed. His remarkable noble figure is fragile; it is as if the case could easily be destroyed to set the spirit at liberty."

The account of Beethoven and his music, though even as curtailed by us, is too long for our limits; but yet it will be welcomed by all.

"To you I may confess, that I believe in a divine magic, which is the element of mental nature. This magic does Beethoven exercise in his art; all relating to it, which he can teach you, is pure magic; each combination is the organisation of a higher existence, and thus, too, does Beethoven feel himself to be the founder of a new sensual basis in

spiritual life. You will understand what I mean to say by this, and what is true. Who could replace this spirit? From whom could we expect an equivalent? The whole business of mankind passes to and fro before him like clock-work. He alone produces freely from out himself the unforeseen, the uncreated. What is intercourse with the world to him, who, ere the sun rise, is already at his sacred work; and who, after sunset, scarcely looks around him; who forgets to nourish his body, and is borne in his flight on the stream of inspiration, far beyond the shores of flat, every day life? He says himself, 'when I open my eyes, I cannot but sigh, for what I see is against my religion, and I am compelled to despise the world, which has no presentiment that music is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy: music is the wine, which inspires new creations, and I am the Bacchus, who presses out this noble wine for mankind, and makes them spirit-drunk; and, then, when they are sober again,—what have they not fished up to bring with them to dry land? I have no friend: I must live with myself alone; but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others; I commune with Him without dread; I have ever acknowledged and understood Him. Neither have I any fear for my music; it can meet no evil fate: he to whom it makes itself intelligible, must become freed from all the wretchedness which others drag about with them.' * * *

"I found him upon the third floor; unannounced, I entered. He was seated at the piano. I mentioned my name; he was very friendly, and asked if I would hear a song that he had just composed? Then he sung, shrill and piercing, so that the plaintiveness reacted upon the hearer, 'Know'st thou the Land.' 'It's beautiful, is it not,' said he, inspired, 'most beautiful! I will sing it again.' He was delighted at my cheerful praise. 'Most men,' said he, 'are touched by something good, but they are no *artist-natures*: artists are ardent, they do not weep.' Then he sung another of your songs, to which he had, a few days ago, composed music, 'Dry not the tears of eternal love.' He accompanied me home, and it was upon the way that he said so many beautiful things upon art. Withal, he spoke so loud, stood still so often upon the street, that some courage was necessary to listen: he spoke passionately, and much too startling, for me not also to forget that we were in the street. They were much surprised to see me enter with him in a large company assembled to dine with us. After dinner, he placed himself, unasked, at the instrument, and played long and wonderfully: his pride and genius were both in ferment. Under such excitement his spirit creates the inconceivable, and his fingers perform the impossible. * * *

"Yesterday, I walked with him in a splendid garden, in full blossom, all the hot-houses open: the scent was overpowering. Beethoven stood still in the burning sun, and said, 'Goethe's poems maintain a powerful sway over me, not only by their matter, but also their rhythm; I am disposed and excited to compose by this language, which ever forms itself, as through spirits to more exalted order, already carrying within itself the mystery of harmonies. Then, from the focus of inspiration, I feel myself compelled to let the melody stream forth on all sides—I follow it—passionately overtake it again—I see it escape me—vanish amidst the crowd of varied excitements—soon I seize upon it again with renewed

passion; I cannot part from it,—with quick rapture I multiply it in every form of modulation, and, at the last moment, I triumph over the first musical thought,—see now—that's a symphony;—yes, music is indeed the mediator between the spiritual and sensual life. I should like to speak with Goethe upon this, if he would understand me. Melody is the sensual life of poetry. Do not the spiritual contents of a poem become sensual feeling through melody? do we not, in Mignon's song, perceive its entire sensual frame of mind through melody? and does not this perception excite again to new productions?—There, the spirit extends itself to unbounded universality, where all in all forms itself into a bed for the stream of feelings, which take their rise in the simple musical thought, and which else would die unperceived away: *this* is harmony—this is expressed in my symphonies; the blending of various forms rolls on, as in a bed, to its goal. Then one feels that an eternal, an infinite, never quite to be embraced, lies in all that is spiritual; and although, in my works, I have always a feeling of success, yet I have an eternal hunger,—that what seemed exhausted with the last stroke of the drum, with which I drive my enjoyment, my musical convictions into the hearers,—to begin again like a child. * * * *

“We do not know what grants us knowledge; the firmly enclosed seed needs the moist, warm, electric soil to grow, think, express itself. Music is the electric soil in which the spirit lives, thinks, invents. Philosophy is the precipitation of its electric spirit, and its necessity, which will ground every thing upon a first principle, is supplied by music; and, although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet is it blessed in this creation: in this manner, too, is every creation of art, independent, mightier than the artist himself, and returns, by its appearance, back to the divine, and is only connected with men in so much as it bears witness to the divine mediation in him. Music gives to the spirit relation to harmony. A thought abstracted has still the feeling of communion, of affinity in the spirit: thus each thought in music is in the most intimate, inseparable affinity with the communion of harmony, which is unity.”

Such are sufficient specimens of the Child's letters, which, however lively and wonderful, are far better suited to a German than an English mind. Indeed, we have no idea that the work will ever become popular in this country.

ART. IX.—*The Life of Sir Edward Coke, with Memoirs of his Contemporaries.* By CUTHBERT WILLIAM JOHNSON, Esq., of Gray's-Inn, Barrister at Law. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1837.

THERE are few men whose lives are so deserving of being written as that of the great lawyer whose name stands at the head of this article, not merely on account of the personal claims which its subject possesses to be commemorated in a distinct and prominent manner by the historian, but on account of the link which Sir Edward Coke forms in relation to some of the greatest characters

and events which distinguish the records of Great Britain. The subject, however, is one that, by the very fact of its greatness and importance, as well as of its being long neglected, excepting in those imperfect biographies which find their way into Encyclopædias and the like, requires a mind deeply versed in the archives of England, and so devoted to historical researches as to reach an enthusiastic antiquarianism. It ought also to possess something like a kindred range of power and of taste to the mind of him who is to be delineated, one branch or particular of these powers necessarily being that self-confidence and absence of timidity or doubt that will allow and cherish a bold, decisive, and discriminating manner of dissection in relation to motives, action, and character. For, it is quite clear, that when the hero of a biographical history possessed in himself and exhibited the elements which constitute an individuality of feature, and stands as a prominent landmark in the annals of a nation, the skill and decision that would preserve him as such, and that ought also to clear away from the pedestal of the hero's monument everything that mars its rightful prominence and effect, must be of no mean order.

Of the requisites alluded to, we must say that Mr. Johnson is not so fully or clearly possessed, as to entitle his work to the honour of taking a high station in our biographical literature. He has evidently exerted great diligence, and has been most anxious to perform his task well and impartially. But his defects are palpable, as may be detected in the fact, that on closing the work and reflecting on any one passage of history or trait of character that has been attempted to be strongly *brought out*, the feebleness and incertitude of the light that has been scattered, and the unsteadiness of the pictured objects' attitude are such, as to forbid anything like a bold and characteristic idea to be communicated to the observer. This failure is partly owing to the inherent qualities of the author's mind, who, like all well-meaning persons of mediocre powers, is, while anxious to do what is right and just, afraid to be decided or to take original views, lest he should go wrong; and who in reality cannot in himself come to a definite conclusion. Besides this radical species of defect, Mr. Johnson's language has often the appearance of hesitation, that throws a most ludicrous effect on passages where it is manifest that he has entertained no doubt. Thus, in reference to Cromwell, it is said, "As to Cromwell's military taste, he *certainly* was forty-three years of age before he wore the military coat; and it is *probable* that when he drilled his own troop of horse, he at the same time taught himself the duties of a soldier." Again, "It is *probable* that the early speakers of the House of Commons were stout, strong-voiced members, who were *sometimes* civilians, at other periods soldiers." This is a discovery of great value doubtless; at any rate it is put forward,

though with such an affectation of caution as to induce the reader to think that the writer is wonderfully candid, in a spirit of certainty that it was idle to study or show. Even the coarseness, the malignity, and brutality of Coke's language is put as a probability, when abundant proofs exist of its character. Thus, "He was, *probably*, generally correct in his law; not very eloquent; and, occasionally, too little refined in his expressions." Many more instances of our author's *probabilities* and conjectures might be pointed out; they occur in almost every page. Here is a very bold instance—"Of this Parliament, Serjeant Richardson was chosen Speaker." "Sir Edward Coke was *certainly* a member of it." The thing never was doubted. Another sage guess is thus ventured, "It is *probable*" (speaking of James and Charles) "that they were equally insincere in their professions, and far too readily departed from their engagements; for both betrayed their friends in the hour of their peril."

Besides this wholesale dealing in probabilities, Mr. Johnson falls into several important mistakes as to points of fact. Some of these consist of gratuitous imaginings concerning several of the great actors in the political drama of the era. Thus we are told, "As a member of the House of Commons, Hampden *generally* acted with the *moderate* reformers of the day; a party of patriots whose influence was necessarily great, since they held in their hands the weight which balanced the powers of the royalists and the ultra-parliamentarians." We never before heard that Hampden could endure anything like half-measures, or that he was other than the staunchest of the reformers. Again, it is stated by Mr. Johnson, that "Pym was, in good truth, an experienced hand at impeachment. He led on that of Archbishop Land and others; and even had the folly to do the same in the case of the high-minded Queen. It need excite little surprise, therefore, that he was an especial object of the hatred of the court; that Charles impeached him at the bar of the House of Lords, and even personally came to the House of Commons to seize him." Now the truth is, that the Queen was not impeached for two years after Pym had himself been impeached, so that it can hardly be supposed that the consequences were as stated by our author.

Having made these general remarks, we shall now proceed to call the reader's attention to some of those passages in the life of Coke, and to some of those sketches of character which Mr. Johnson has with praiseworthy industry collected. It will be observed from these, however, that his tendency is to overrate the merits, and to underrate the errors of his hero. The very caution suggested to the reader in these words—"While reviewing at this distant period of human cultivation the life of this, in many respects, truly great man, let us not withhold from our estimate that liberal

interpretation of his failings, the absence of which, in *his* estimate of others, was Coke's chief error"—exhibits a leaning which the facts of the case do not warrant, for instead of *failings* and *errors* some gross and forbidding acts stain the character of Coke. On the other hand, some splendid points were displayed by him which entitle him to a niche among the "worthies" of England; for we are not unwilling to concede that his virtues outweigh his offences as a public man. Still the mixture of the good and the bad in him offer a curious and instructive example. That besides his profound knowledge as a lawyer, and his rigid enforcement of justice as a judge, his life was clouded by a brutality of conduct, in other instances, not only towards illustrious individuals when it served his personal purposes thus to demean himself, but to members of his own family, is as notorious as his manly and stern resistance of royal encroachment at one time is to be balanced by his base servility at another.

Coke was well advanced in life before he came prominently before the public. It was in his forty-second year that he first had a seat in parliament, and he was more than fifty before he attained the dignity of Attorney-General. The first half of his long life must therefore have been devoted to the laborious pursuits of the lawyer. It was not until the death of his first wife that he seems to have attracted the notice of the court; and almost contemporary with this event, his domestic and public troubles probably commenced. Ambition, it appears, directed his thoughts to a daughter of the Earl of Exeter, who was the eldest son of Burghley, for a second partner, who was young, beautiful, and proud. A more unsuitable match, in respect of years and habits, could hardly have been made. This same Lady Hatton had been sought by Bacon, and there is reason to believe that rivalry both in the matter of courtship and of law produced that bitter enmity which so long existed between these two illustrious men. It will refresh the memories of several of our readers, relative to the character of Bacon as well as Coke, to quote the former's account of the "squabble" between them in the Court of Exchequer.

"A true remembrance of the abuse I received of Mr. Attorney General, publicly in the Exchequer, the first day of term, for the truth whereof I refer myself to all that were present.

"I moved to have a re-seizure of the lands of George More, a relapsed recusant, a fugitive and a practising traitor, and showed better matter for the Queen against the discharge by plea, which is ever with a *salvo jure*. And this I did in as gentle and reasonable terms as might be.

"Mr. Attorney kindled and said: 'Mr. Bacon, if you have any tooth against me pluck it out; for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.' I answered coldly, and in these words: 'Mr. Attorney, I respect you; I fear you not; and the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it.'

"He replied; 'I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness towards you who are less than little, less than the least;' and other strange light terms he gave me, with that insulting which cannot be expressed.

"Herewith stirred, yet I said no more than this: 'Mr. Attorney, do not depress me so far, for I have been your better, and may be again when it pleases the Queen.'

"With this he spake, neither I nor himself could tell what, as if he had been born Attorney-General; and, in the end, bade me not meddle with the Queen's business, but with my own, and that I was unsworn, &c. I told him, sworn or unsworn, was all one to an honest man; and that I ever set my service first and myself second, and wished to God he would do the like.

"Then he said it were good to clap a *capias ut legatum* upon my back; to which I only said he could not, and that he was at a fault, for he hunted upon an old scent.

"He gave me a number of disgraceful words besides, which I answered with silence, and showing that I was not moved with them."

Coke appeared in 1605 against the Gunpowder-plot conspirators, and made, according to our author's estimate, a very able speech. Most probably this served to advance him in the favour of James; at any rate, in the following year he was raised to be Chief-justice in the Court of Common Pleas, in which office he performed his duties with an undaunted independence, even in opposition to the views of the crown; one of his noble resistances being to the power of the king to issue proclamations which should have the same force of law as an act of parliament. One of Coke's objections to this stretch of power amounted to this—that there was no law or authority existing to countenance it. The Lord Chancellor, however, said, "that every precedent must have first a commencement, and that he would advise the judges to maintain the power and prerogative of the king, and in cases in which there is no authority and precedent, to leave it to the king to order it according to his wisdom, and the good of his subjects, for otherwise the king would be no more than the Duke of Venice." To this Coke made answer, "that true it is that every precedent hath a commencement, but where authority and precedent are wanting, there is need of great consideration before anything of novelty is established, and to provide that this be not against the law of the land; for, I said, the king cannot change any part of the common law, nor create any offence by his proclamation, which was not an offence before, without Parliament."

Coke also stood up against the crown by refusing to become a member of the High Court of Commission. Even after this, however, he was elevated to the Chief-justiceship of England, in which situation he more than once acted in a manner that was distasteful to James. His disgrace at length followed; for though to avert such a calamity he began to stoop, and by sundry acts to manifest

a base servility, he was suspended from his high office, on the alleged account of "uncomely and undutiful carriage in the presence of his Majesty," a precious foretaste of the tyranny of the Stuarts.

Coke was now sixty-six years of age, but the darkest portion of his history, it is grievous to contemplate, here opens. Having felt very sensibly his removal from office, and the having been dismissed undeservedly being insufficient to suggest adequate consolation to his mind, he fell into a snare, and became unscrupulous as to the expedients to be employed to regain the smiles of the court. Nothing less than the sacrifice of a daughter was the method adopted to advance his interests, and for which it is in vain to offer an apology or a palliation.

"Marriages have, in all ages, been employed to strengthen political interests; and in Coke's days the marriage of a child or ward was regarded as a regular territorial perquisite, to which every lord of a manor was clearly entitled, even upon the marriage of his tenant's orphan children. That Coke viewed these marriages as mere matters of bargain, is shown by the way in which he now proposed the espousal of his youngest daughter by the lady Hatton, Frances Coke, to Sir John Villiers. This event arose in 1617, the year after his disgrace, since which he had been living in retirement, at his seat at Stoke in Buckinghamshire.

"Coke gladly proposed, through Winwood, this marriage to the favourite Buckingham; for Sir John Villiers was Buckingham's eldest brother. An account of this proposal being written to Buckingham, then on a progress with the King in Scotland, the offer was very readily accepted. The lady Frances Coke was only about fourteen years of age; and her inclination in this affair was never thought of, nor was even her mother consulted in the match. Coke considered only one darling object—how to recover his interest at court; and for this he was evidently willing to make any sacrifice.

"Lady Hatton, indignant at this unfeeling conduct, carried off the Lady Frances, and secreted her first at Sir Edmund Withipole's house, near Oatlands, and then at a house of Lord Argyle's near Hampton Court. Coke, who was violently enraged at this spirited resolution, immediately desired Buckingham to procure a warrant from the Privy Council, for the restoration of his daughter. But before this could be procured, having discovered the place of her retreat, he proceeded with his sons to Oatlands, and carried her away by force; breaking through several doors, before he could obtain her.

"Upon this, Lady Hatton, following her husband's foolish example, indignantly complained of the outrage to the Privy Council;—thus making public a family feud, which highly amused the lovers of scandal, and long occupied their attention. Bacon, too, strenuously opposed the proposed union; for he saw the important object which Coke had in view, and the advantages which his great rival would probably derive from its accomplishment."

Coke's daughter was, at the time of her marriage, only fourteen years of age, and the match being contrary to her own choice, nothing but misery could be expected to result from it, especially

as the husband was the profligate brother of the profligate favourite of the king. He was, however, created Viscount Purbeck, after which he separated from his wife. It was hardly to be wondered at that she should depart from the paths of virtue, when exposed to the prevalent temptations of the age; and the truth is, that, "deserted by her husband, disowned by the Villiers' family, and a disgrace to her own, she had been a wife five years, and had become an outcast from her country, before she was twenty years of age." In short she had become the mistress of Sir Robert Howard.

While she was the victim of a father's tyranny and ambition, one cannot regret that the sacrifice failed to purchase the object he had at heart; for he was never restored to his former situation. He, however, obtained a seat in the Lower House, where he, from time to time, exerted himself manfully in defence of certain great political principles. It would appear that he was a bold speaker, for even Bacon, in a letter to Buckingham, wished for "some round *caveat* to be given him from the king," to check the freedom of his speech.

The death of this illustrious lawyer was probably hastened by an accident which befel him, and which is thus noticed by him in the last entry made in his memorandum book, written, says Mr. Johnson, "with the same firmness of hand" which distinguished his penmanship through life. The accident is thus described by him—

"The third of May, 1632, riding in the morning in Stoke, between eight and nine o'clock, to take the ayre, my horse under me had a strange stumble backwards, and fell upon me (being above eighty years old) where my head lighted to near sharp stubbles, and the heavy horse upon me. And yet, by the providence of Almighty God, though I was in the greatest danger, yet I had not the least hurt—nay, no hurt at all. For Almighty God saith by his prophet David, "the angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them," et nomen Domini benedictum, for it was his work."

"He had, about a year previous to this accident, been reconciled to his daughter, Lady Purbeck, and taken her to live with him at Stoke, and she continued to live with him until his death. He probably saw the error he had committed in uniting her to Lord Purbeck, was sorry for his folly, and had compassion on a daughter he had unintentionally assisted to render miserable.

"His characteristic love of order, equity, and religion, attended him to the last; and in this frame of mind, on the 3rd of September, 1633, in his eighty-third year, died the great Coke, the glory of the English common law, whose name will probably be held in reverence as long as courts of justice exist, or lawyers have any regard to precedents."

The sketches of Coke's contemporaries which our author has collected and introduced are numerous, many of them being curious and important. One or two of these we shall copy, after having introduced two letters written by parties that have already been mentioned in our preceding extracts. The first of these is from Lady Hatton (for Coke's second wife refused to be called by his

name), which evinces a lofty spirit. It is to Buckingham, who had required of her to contribute largely to the marriage settlement of her daughter; it significantly reminds the favourite of certain inequalities in point of family rank.

“August, 1617.

“My Lord,—Notwithstanding my late respectful proceedings in this cause of your brother's, in which I come as near your design as in honour and conscience I could, I am threatened with much hard dealing, and no consideration to redeem me hence, unless I will quit my estates.

“I will not repeat my grievances past and present, and thence ground my just answer to this hard additional demand; yet give me leave to tell you, that with noble houses the alliance is as much sought as portion, and that which is merely by me; and by me your brother is let into no mean family, which though for the present he less needed, hereafter may be to him the chief advantage of his match.

“This then, thus endeavoured and so much differing from the honour this connexion would bring with it, I have no cause to think your Lordship, being so noble, would favour, much less set this course.

“And therefore I deal freely with you, that to this altar I will never sacrifice my estate, nor thereby unwind myself from any entanglement, wherein I may be supposed.

“Neither for want of patience to endure the worst, speak I this language following,—that I shall be glad of your Lordship's favour, and that your brother for my daughter's sake may deserve my love, which will rather be increased towards him, for the good return I shall receive from you.

“Thus have I expressed myself, which if not accepted shall not be denied, but that in respect I have showed you, by what way I may be had, and so I rest, &c.”

A letter from the daughter to the mother, who lived in the strictest separation from Sir Edward Coke, evinces sufficiently that the young lady's heart had never been in the unfortunate match which was forced upon her. No date is attached to it, but Mr. Johnson supposes that it must have been written when she was separated from her mother, and under the control of her father, after having been seized by him during the early stages of the marriage treaty. It is a document that redounds greatly to the honour of the writer, especially when it is remembered that it may have been written when she was not more than fourteen years of age.

“Madam,

“I must now humbly desire your patience, in giving me leave to declare myself to you, which is, that without your allowance and liking, all the world shall never make me entangle or tie myself; but now by my father's especial commandment, I obey him, in presenting to you my humble duty in a tedious letter, which is to know your ladyship's pleasure, not as a thing I desire, but I resolve to be wholly ruled by my father and yourself, knowing your judgments to be such that I may well rely upon, and hoping that conscience, and the natural affection parents bear to children, will let you do nothing but for my good, and that you may receive comfort, I being a

mere child, and not understanding the world nor what is good for myself, but wholly resolved to be disposed by you both and my uncle, and aunt Burley, who as a second father, I have ever been bound to, for their love and care of me; but that which makes me a little give way to it is, that I hope it will be a means to procure a reconciliation between my father and your ladyship, which, I protest, I would rather prejudice myself, than, if it were in my power, not to accomplish it; for what a discomfort it is to you both, what a dishonour, nay, what an ill example to your children, what occasion of talk to the world, who, without occasion, is apt to speak so much of the best: also, as I think, it will be a means of the King's favour to my father, and with all them that have opposit against it, which, as they make me believe, he is much offended with them, which we have no reason the more to mislike; for himself, your ladyship is not to be misliked; his fortune is very good, a gentleman well born; for honour, it is not likely, seeing it is in his brother's power, and he doing it for others, but he will do something for his brother, whom they say he loves so well. So I humbly take my leave, praying that all things may be to every one contentment, your ladyship's most obedient and humble daughter, for ever,

"FRANCES COKE."

"Dear mother, believe there has no violent means been used to me, by words or deeds."

We next quote a speech that Queen Bess uttered from her chair of state to the Commons, the opening part of which, says Mr. Johnson, "would sound harsh to the refined ears of modern Statesmen." This effusion followed close after her Lord Keeper had told them that "you have spent more time than was needful," and that "the Queen perceives that some men do it more for their satisfaction than the necessity of the thing deserved." She also declares that "she mislikes that such irreverence is shown towards Privy Councillors, who are not to be accounted as common knights and burgesses of the House, that are councillors only during the Parliament." The speech referred to runs in these words—

"'This kingdom,' said this Amazonian Queen, 'hath had many wise noble, and victorious Princes. I will not compare with any of them in wisdom, fortitude, and other virtues; but, saving the duty of a child, that is not to compare with his father, in love, care, sincerity, and justice, I will compare with any Prince that ever you had, or shall have. It may be thought simplicity in me, that all the time of my reign I have not sought to advance my territories and enlarge my dominions; for opportunity hath served to do it. I acknowledge my womanhood and weakness in that respect. But it hath not been the hardness to obtain, or how to keep the things so obtained, that only hath withheld me from these attempts. My mind was never to invade my neighbours, or to usurp over any. I am contented to reign over my own, and to rule as a just Prince. Yet the King of Spain doth challenge me to be the quarreller and the beginner of these wars. He doth me the greatest wrong, for my conscience, doth not accuse my thoughts wherein I have done him the least injury, so that I am persuaded in my conscience, if he knew what I knew, he would be sorry himself for the wrong he hath done me. I

fear not all his threatenings. His great preparations and mighty forces do not stir me, for though he came against me with a greater power than ever was his invincible navy, I doubt not but (God assisting me, upon whom I always trust,) I shall be able to defeat him, and overthrow him; for my cause is just. I heard say, that when he first attempted his last invasion, some upon the sea coast forsook their towns and fled into the country, and left all naked and exposed to his entrance; but I swear to you my God, that if I knew those persons or may know of any that shall do so hereafter, I will make them know and feel what it is to be so fearful in so urgent a cause. The subsidy you give me, I accept thankfully, if you give me your good will with it; but if the necessity of the time, and your preservation did not require it, I would refuse it."

Here is an account of J. Harrington's canvass in the year 1640, as found in a private manuscript. This gentleman belonged to Somersetshire.

"*A Note of my Bathe Business, about the Parliament.*

"Saturday, December 26. Went to Bathe and dined with the maior and citizens; conferred about my election to serve in parliament, as my father was helpless, and ill able to go any more. Went to the George Inn at night; met the bailiffs, and desired to be dismissed from serving; drank strong beer and metheglin (mead); expended about three shillings; went home late; but could not get excused, as they entertained a good opinion of my father.—Monday, December 28. Went to Bathe; met Sir John Horner; we were chosen by the citizens to serve for the city; the maior and citizens conferred about parliamentary business. The maior promised Sir John Horner and myself a horse a piece, when we went to London to the parliament, which we accepted off; and we talked about the synod and ecclesiastical dismissions. I am to go again on Thursday and meet the citizens about all such matters, and take advice thereon.—Thursday, 31. Went to Bathe; Mr. Ashe preached; dined at the George Inn with the maior and four citizens: spent at dinner six shillings in wine. Laid out in victuals, at the George Inn, xis. 4d.; laid out in drinking, viis.; laid out in tobacco and drinking vessels, iiis. 4d.—January 1. My father gave me 4l. to bear my expenses to Bathe. Mr. Chapman, the maior, came to Kelston, and returned thanks for my being chosen to serve in parliament, to my father, in the name of all the citizens. My father gave me good advice touching my speaking in parliament as the city should direct. Came home late at night from Bathe: much troubled heretofore concerning my proceeding, truly for men's good report and mine own safety.—Note. I gave the city messenger iis. for bearing the maior's note to me: laid out in all viis. for victuals, drink, and horsehire, together with divers gifts."

Mr. Johnson's comparison between Coke and Bacon is too long for our insertion. He leans in favour of his hero, whose feelings show to advantage in the last passage we quote, viz. one that was written when he was eighty, and which forms the conclusion of his Fourth Institute.

"Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes,

we often having occasion to go into the city; and from thence into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman, and other mechanics; for one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon him to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers, both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness whilst he is at his work."

"And you, honourable and reverend judges and justices, that do or shall sit in the high tribunals or seats of justice, fear not to do right to all, and to deliver your opinions justly according to the laws; for fear is nothing but a betraying of the succours which reason should afford; and if you shall sincerely execute justice, be assured of three things: first, though some will malign you, yet God will give you his blessing; secondly, that though thereby you may offend great men and favourites, yet you shall have the favourable kindness of the Almighty, and be his favourite; and lastly, that in so doing, against all scandalous complaints and pragmatic devices against you, God will defend you as with a shield; for thou, Lord, will give a blessing unto the righteous, and with thy favourable kindness wilt thou defend him as with a shield."

ART. X.—*Cinco Propositiones sobre los grandes males que causa la Ley de Aranceles a la Nacion en general, a la Cataluna en particular, y a las mismas Fabricas Catalunas.* PAR DON PABLO DE PEBRER.

DON PABLO DE PEBRER is the author of a History of the Finances, Economic System, Power, and Resources of the whole British Empire,—a work that has obtained particular notice on the part of the commercial world. The Five Propositions before us are the *eighth financial exposition* presented by him to the Cortes and to her Majesty the Queen,—these propositions being, as the title of the present paper has announced, "upon the great evils caused by the Law of Tariffs to the nation at large, to Catalonia in particular, and even to the Catalonian manufactures;" or, in other words, the Five Propositions concern England as well as Spain, and lay down what their author maintains and shows to be the principles which should regulate a commercial treaty between the two countries.

England has good reason to be circumspect in the matter of tariffs, those of Russia and Germany having already taught her some bitter lessons. A new Spanish tariff, therefore, must be looked forward to with no inconsiderable degree of solicitude by the merchants and economists of Great Britain; and especially must this anxiety have increased, since a minister of the crown announced in the House of Commons, at no distant date, "that he hoped a satisfactory treaty would shortly be concluded," referring to our commercial relations with Spain. Entertaining the sanguine hope that Senor de Pebrer has anticipated what are to be the prominent and fundamental prin-

ciples of that treaty—a hope which is strengthened by the report that Mr. Villiers, the British Minister at the court of Madrid, has, in fact, negotiated such a tariff, we shall proceed to lay before our readers some portions of these Propositions, in order that their value may be indicated and appreciated.

One thing is very clear;—that if mutual benefits can be created and consolidated between Great Britain and Spain, the results will be no less flattering to the pride and hopes of either nation than to their profit. On the ground of political sympathy and of chivalric enterprise, there exists at this moment a strong and engaging union between the two nations. But this sort of fervour and unanimity (we speak chiefly of the urban population of Spain) has a firmer hold than that which arises out of the generousities of human nature—viz., that which is propagated and sustained by the mutual pecuniary or patrimonial interests of both.

It appears to us that of all the nations in Europe, or perhaps in the world, Spain is that one which can reciprocate with us the most precious advantages. Whether her position in the universal scale, or her natural riches, be considered, what other territory can yield so conveniently so much that is naturally and necessarily calculated to become the source and material of traffic between us? It may be safely asserted, that while the natural productions of Spain are essential in England, or preferable, our superiority as regards artificial industry may no less become necessary to our Peninsular neighbour. But, hitherto, these mutual advantages have been overlooked and despised, or selfish particular interests have inflicted upon both people a general and extensive curse. Let us follow our author in some portions of his exposition on this vital subject.

He declares that the law of Aranceles is ruinous and destructive of the agricultural and mining interests of Spain, those essential sources of wealth and power to the country; because it imposes an oppressive annual tax of nineteen millions of dollars upon the nation for the sake of benefiting a small fraction of the whole;—that the prohibitive doctrine originates the infraction of the laws, inasmuch as it openly encourages smuggling, and thereby strikes at the vitals of commerce, which is the foundation of a mercantile marine;—that it diminishes the taxable sources of the revenue, depriving it of eight millions of dollars;—that, in short, by prohibiting iron in bars, or manufactured, especially cotton goods, for the purpose of encouraging the manufacturers of Catalonia, an absurd attempt is made to bolster an interest that is, after all, fanciful, and not to be attained.

Our author declares that the old and new Aranceles are the real causes of the declension and degraded condition in which Spain now finds herself; for to these her contracted trade, her ignorant treatment of the soil, the poverty of the treasury, and her creditors as

well as her want of credit, together with all the other evils in her present exigencies, are to be attributed.

To the entire circle of mercantile interests of this country, and to the majority of those in Spain, the statement now made, as gathered from our author, will receive a prompt and unhesitating acquiescence. Well then, do not its very terms suggest certain fundamental and leading principles, in reference to any new and amended law of traffic that may be contemplated? This law, as is clearly and ably pointed out by our author, ought to comprehend a treaty which, while it admitted the productions of England at a moderate duty into Spain, would thus authorise and enable this country to guarantee a loan; for the dividends might conveniently and certainly be paid out of the duties laid upon those English goods that Spain admitted before they even left our shores. The consumption of our iron, cotton, &c., might in this way become enormous, inasmuch as, while Russia and Germany, together with Portugal, by her new tariff, exclude our manufactures, and we have to contend with the vanity of France, Spain, starting like an immense market, would reciprocate with us unlimited transactions of a commercial character, being a natural and most ready outlet for absorbing our artificial productions.

But if the benefit resulting from a treaty such as we have referred to, was of signal importance to England, what would it be to Spain, distracted by civil broils as she is, her treasury exhausted, the nation drowned in debt, and her commercial houses unable to obtain credit upon equal terms with the responsible world? Why, it is not too much to predict that she would speedily recover her proper position among European nations, for her government would obtain the command of the sinews of war, so as to put an end to civil discord; the hundreds of thousands whose natural duty it is to cultivate the soil, and become productive, instead of burdonaome, subjects, would give a perfectly new aspect to the face of the country, and infuse into her entire constitution that volume of life-blood that would necessarily not only throughout all her departments create activity and wealth, but that would shed blessings around her upon neighbouring nations.

The natural resources of Spain are inexhaustible, while her position among the territories of Europe is wonderfully favourable for traffic, especially it may be said with England. Her surface, whether consisting of valleys and plains, or mountain chains, whether traversed by stately rivers or indented by bays and arms of the sea, offers every variety in respect of climate and produce which the northern and the southern parts of the globe contain and nourish. There is at the present time a prodigious extent of national property that would find its way to new and profitable cultivation, and the machinery of England would convert the raw-

imported Spanish materials, whether derived from the surface of the soil or of its marvellously rich mines, into new shapes, when not only the produce of the one country, but the mechanic and artificer of the other, would be greatly enriched. Were a liberal and soundly-framed commercial treaty existing between England and Spain, the suppression of smuggling in the latter country would alone introduce into it incalculable benefits. It is well known that the bulk of the British goods deposited at Gibraltar and Portugal, as well as at several parts of Italy, finds its way to Spain chiefly through the hands of smugglers. Now, it is quite clear that if a lawful trade existed the consumption would be greatly increased, the bands of illicit traffickers in Spain would be driven to honest and virtuous callings, and the treasury would obtain the supplies which a well-regulated trade would create and constantly feed. To return to our English interests, what would be the consequences to us if a debt of 35,000,000*l.* owing this country was extinguished? Capital would obtain profitable spheres and channels, and many thousands of our fellow subjects would be relieved from the heavy pressure which such a debt has produced.

The ruinous consequences of the present condition of our commercial relations with Spain, to the people of that country is very forcibly illustrated by our author, in reference to two articles of essential importance to every civilized community, we mean cotton and iron; for these staple commodities of Britain are subject to such restrictions and burdens ere they can be lawfully received in Spain as amount to complete prohibitions.

Don Pablo, after stating that the fertility of Spain is such as not only is capable of insuring her own prosperity, but promoting that of her neighbours and other parts of the globe less favoured by Providence, and that she would exchange, if allowed, her raw material for the produce of foreign industry, asks if the Aranceles laws are in accordance with these undoubted and necessary truths? Or are they not rather framed in such a manner as to look as if they had been expressly devised for the obstruction of anything like a natural and profitable object? Without troubling himself with all the prohibitions and shackles which indirectly burden the agriculture of Spain, and which, he says, occur at every step to impede the circulation of her fruits, their internal sale, as well as their exportation, he begins with iron, a metal which he justly declares is more valuable than gold itself, because more useful, and entitling the first discoverer of it to be denominated the father of agriculture, of the arts, and of plenty. He proceeds,

“ The abundance and cheapness, or the scarcity and costliness of this article, directly influence the price of agricultural produce, advance or retard agriculture, promote or destroy it. These being positive, palpable, and incontrovertible truths, how should a country essentially agri-

cultural exist, if its prohibitive tariff exclude ploughshares, hoes, ploughs, spades, pickaxes, sickles, harrows, and the like; while it admits free of duty relics, bodies of saints, rosaries, crucifixes, and medals? Does it not seem as if these legislators on political economy wished to insult the Spanish people, turning conjointly into ridicule political economy, and the human family?

"But this is not all; for while affecting to foster agriculture—while with criminal hypocrisy, ever invoking the word protection, all manufactured iron is prohibited, every sort of implement being precisely specified."

This is a plain and fearless method of speaking, which, we believe, is somewhat rare in Spain, at least when put forward in such a public manner; but it is not more undisguised than correct. The truth is, that the duty upon imported iron is in Spain equal to a positive prohibition. It would appear that the impost amounts to 200 per cent. upon the price of bar iron in England, and 300 per cent. upon that of cast iron; and when it is stated that iron pots and similar utensils are among the number of implements scrupulously specified that are prohibited as being manufactured iron, some idea may be formed of the inconvenience and burdens to which the Spanish people are subjected, especially the agriculturists and those immediately dependant on this class.

But it may be said that Spain abounds in iron mines and possesses iron works. This is true, but even upon the native manufactures there has been imposed ten per cent. of duty, a most unreasonable and unwise burden, especially when it is remembered that for want of machinery, and of coal in the same spot where the iron ore exists, it is impossible to compete with the English market. The result is, that the native manufactured iron implements are excessively dear, the agriculturist being obliged to pay about triple the sum for indispensable articles that under a rational system would be required, so that inferior utensils or a paucity of them is proved by the very sight of the fields which the stranger beholds in the course of his travels in Spain.

If we turn our attention as guided by Don Pablo to cotton goods, and reflect that the Spanish nation by habit, the result of obvious scope and capabilities, is essentially agricultural, the consumption of such goods must chiefly and indeed with a fractional exception fall upon the cultivators of the soil, or those classes dependent upon the farmer. In fact the price paid for whatever portion of dress consists of cotton, an article much sought after in a climate where warmth so much prevails as it does in Spain, is exceedingly greater, whether it be home or foreign manufacture, than ought under enlightened principles of legislation to exist. It is said that not less than 300,000*l.* annually is thus imposed upon the Spanish people.

The extent of smuggling and the temptations to it in consequence of the Spanish existing laws, are distinctly set forth by our author, and shown to be ruinous to the treasury, to native industry, and even to be the hot-bed of civil broils. In short the numbers induced to follow such illicit practices may be said to render intestine war a natural production of the soil.

Don Pablo asserts that daily experience and manifold facts prove the impossibility of preventing the introduction of foreign merchandise and manufactures into Spain. He continues—

“Notwithstanding all this, our infatuated protectors of Catalonian manufactures, our financiers and directors of custom-houses, persist in guarding no less than 710 leagues of Spanish coast and frontiers, and upon endeavouring to prevent the introduction of prohibited wares by increasing the number of officers. The attempt by such means as these to check or alarm the Spaniard, whose adventurous, sober, and independent temperament capacitates him beyond the subject of any other government in the world for the daring and fatiguing life of the contrabandist, is in reality to entice him to proceed.”

Don Pablo then examines into the condition and distribution of the different parties engaged in smuggling, presenting to the reader a minute and curious picture of national character and life. He says—

“Numerous parties of Andalusian and Castilian contrabandists, as well as those from Estramadura, mounted on the finest horses and completely armed, fearlessly encamp with great parade and insolence upon the extended borders of Portugal, a frontier of not less than 190 leagues. There they are continually traversing, visiting every *dépôt* for English manufactures established in that kingdom and at Gibraltar; in every direction and at every place threading the principal provinces of the south, and supplying them, little or no obstacle interfering with all those prohibited articles which the inhabitants require or desire, or which is likely to yield a considerable profit.

“Unfortunately for the country, the Spanish *douanes* are situated along the Ebro, while the Basque provinces and Navarre being hemmed in by two rows of custom-houses, their population is dense, and thereby is under the influence of temptations to carry on a traffic that is lucrative; but which, partaking of the character of robbery, places the people in direct and open hostility to the laws, not only of one nation, but of two. It hence requires most extraordinary exertions to deceive and escape the servants of government. But these are counted as nothing to their dauntless and adventurous mountaineers, who climb the Pyrenees and laugh at the French officers as freely as they cross the Ebro and ridicule the Spanish guards.

“These circumstances ought to suggest some most important lessons, for they furnish a key to one of the chief causes that has not only originated the civil war that now distracts and desolates Spain, but that continues to nourish it. Need the reader be told how slight is the distinction between the contrabandist and the Guerilla? With whom, if not with those

accustomed to the career of a contrabandist, did the war which oppresses us commence? Who are its supporters but Guerillas? Are not the ranks of the enemy filled by those brave and daring smugglers who infested the two frontiers, laughing to scorn the two lines of custom-houses? Who but the contrabandists supply the rebel army with provisions, ammunition, accoutrements, horses, and artillery? If the destructive, the fatal prohibitive system of France and Spain, so hostile to the true interests, both political and financial, of both nations, by their hateful and absurd laws, had not bred and maintained a contrabandist population; and if the same systems did not sustain a traffic, which is first suggested by the temptations of self-interest, and then termed infamous, it is probable that the Spanish blood which now is disastrously shed, might not have been spilt.

"But if the government of France, in pursuance of calculations which are not more base than they are inhuman, chooses to fan the flame of civil war in Spain, instead of promoting her own great commercial interests; if she prefers encouraging this barbarous and fratricidal war at a sacrifice of twenty or thirty millions a year, or say 120,000,000 francs in the time it has already lasted, which sacrifice is made by the southern departments of France in consequence of this war, as the learned author of *La Union Mercantil del Mediodia* has fully shown; in short, if France delights in the annihilation of the sources of a great nation's wealth, which ought, under a rational system of political economy, to increase French capital,¹ to reward French industry with usury, to extend its operations, and nurture the marine and commerce of France, it becomes the obvious duty of the representatives of the Spanish and of the English people to cut off at one blow the source of all the evils enumerated, for upon them is this immense responsibility now thrown. Let them remove the restrictions, let them wipe away or modify the existing duties, and with them will the profits and individual temptations of contrabandism disappear at once. If the French government, obstructing the interests of its own subjects, is too short-sighted to understand that, in political economy, 'it is impossible to inflict an injury upon others without the evil recoiling in part upon our ourselves', let the representatives of the Spanish and the English people adopt a more enlarged view of the subject; let them put into practice the admirable maxim, that 'the interests of all nations are reciprocal; that our own prosperity is shared by our neighbours, not only without a decrease, but with a decided augmentation of our own advantages.'"

Our author next addresses himself to the contraband trade of Catalonia, which is carried on both by land and sea, and which, in fact, is the principal and most artfully conducted branch of it that oppresses Spain. He says that the Catalans possess a vast number of small vessels, which are constantly visiting the shores of the Mediterranean, and principally the free ports of Genoa, Leghorn, &c. These ships are owned in shares, in which not only the crews are interested, but all the commercial agents residing in the Ports visited. He declares that it is not easy to conceive the activity, rapidity, or multiplicity of the operations under this well-organized system, and exclaims, "What a pity it is that a fair and lawful

trade is not the object of such a splendid combination!" The hardihood and daring of the mariners in this illicit traffic is described as being unsurpassed; and, indeed, the more tempestuous the weather, and dangerous the landing, the better for their purposes. Little less intrepid are the parties on land, selling and carrying about their contraband goods almost under the very nose of the Catalan manufacturers of the like. Nor are instances wanting of some of these manufacturers, finding it impossible to compete with the smuggled articles, lending the stamp of their own productions, after which the smugglers have greater facilities to circulate their wares.

Don Pablo says, that the number of persons and families interested in and dependent upon smuggling in Spain—a foe to commerce that cannot be equalled by any other evil—has been estimated at a hundred thousand. He is persuaded, that the *minimum* calculation cannot make the number less than seventy-five thousand families, or three hundred and twenty-five thousand individuals! Then what must be the amount of those armies of agents and other persons employed by government to suppress such an evil and such a multitude, and who consequently are not only unproductive, but destructive of peace? Such a state of things may truly be said to render war indigenous in Spain, while it must annihilate wealth and domestic prosperity.

The main objection to the views advocated by our author amounts to this, that the cotton manufactures of Catalonia require to be protected, and therefore the exclusion of foreign cotton goods is enforced. We have seen how vain it is to afford this protection in the manner that has hitherto been adopted; but Don Pablo goes farther, and clearly shows that the existing laws are contrary not only to the sound principles of political economy, but to the general interest of the Spanish nation, to the provincial interest of Catalonia, and to the individual interest of the manufacturers themselves.

"It is a fact," he declares, "that the manufacturers of Catalonia add to their exceedingly reduced number the fatal misfortune of being destitute of those two most essential elements, mineral coal and machinery. These they receive from England, the very country whose capacity they must emulate in order to compete with her. They are also deficient in the raw material to be manufactured, cotton; which, from the very limited trade carried on with the United States, or other causes, they cannot obtain except at a vastly larger price than it costs the English; nay, in point of fact they get their cotton from Liverpool and other British Ports." Even after this the raw material is burdened with a heavy duty before it can be imported legally.

The Catalonian capital engaged in her cotton manufactures and the number of looms employed are really insignificant, and when compared with those of England sink into absolute nothingness.

"But," says our author, "a question deserving of particular notice arises, if these English manufactures be daily advancing, even above their present condition of perfection, how can the Catalonian manufactures ever expect to rival them? Reason, facts, and the experience afforded by the daily consumption of these *nominally* excluded goods prove the object of the existing laws to be unattainable; they prove it to be an absolutely chimerical design so to prop the manufactures of Catalonia, by means of prohibitions as to secure their advance upon those of England, for the purpose of supplying the national consumption; for in plain truth, many ages must elapse before such an advance can be rationally expected. But during the interval that must precede this happy era, can it be for the general interest of the nation to bear an annual charge of 19,336,000 dollars, which the second proposition has shown now to be borne? Can it be for the interest of the administration, or the benefit of the treasury, in meeting inevitable and necessary expenses, to lose the 8,400,000 dollars that would be received if the foreign goods now consumed without paying any duty were admitted on paying a moderate duty?" Then as to Catalonia in particular, "Why should a million and a half of Catalans pay their proportion of this enormous taxation for the benefit of a handful of native manufacturers? Why should the bulk of the Catalans pay fifty per cent. more for their clothing than, but for this most unjust partiality, they would need to disburse?" Such a state of things as our author has described cannot even offer enviable temptations to the manufacturers of Catalonia themselves.

The truth is, that the present most absurd condition of the Spanish tariffs, while professedly continued for the sake of supporting Catalonia, and preventing that province from endeavouring to become an independent State, so depresses the whole nation, engenders so many contentions, and fosters so many outlaws, as to serve the purposes of intrigue and the protraction of civil war, which evils, not only by some foreign powers, but by certain traitorous parties belonging to the Spanish soil, are much desired.

We sincerely hope, however, that the period is close at hand when England will no longer allow such an important portion of Europe as Spain to sink any deeper under her self-inflicted burdens, but will by a double-edged measure invigorate herself, and adopt the surest as well as most peaceful means to banish discord from a kingdom where so much English blood has been spilt to little purpose, and to infuse health and prosperity. We can hardly suppose that the convincing, enlightened, and not unfrequently eloquent pages before us, will fail in the work of persuading the governments both of Spain and of this country to follow some such course as is here indicated, even although no such scheme has been previously contemplated.

ART. XI.—*The Love-Chase. A Comedy, in Five Acts.* By JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. Author of "Virginius," &c. &c. London: Moxon. 1837.

A COMEDY by the first English dramatic writer of the age, especially a comedy in five acts, by one who has hitherto been almost exclusively admired as a writer of tragedy, might well engage the solicitude and curiosity of the literary public. To be sure, the author of "*The Love-Chase*" has in several of his former productions presented comic scenes and characters; but it was not unusual to hear those who pretend to be judges of such works, boldly aver that the author could not write comedy at all. Those who with better discrimination demurred to this sweeping conclusion, and were jealous of the honour of the British drama, might well tremble for the fame of Knowles when he ventured upon a five act play, that thus professed to sustain all the high attributes of a legitimate comedy. But if the effort was a bold one requiring extraordinary talents and genius, the warmest of the author's friends could not have wished for a more felicitous and flattering production; a production which both in the theatre and the closet has, so far as we have heard, commanded universal admiration and delight, without material drawback, either as respects the structure of the plot, or the conception and development of the characters. At the same time that this is the undoubted judgment passed upon the piece, it is to be observed, that it is essentially an original work, formed upon the peculiar and unborrowed genius of its author's mind; a mind the healthfulness of which is everywhere manifest and reviving.

Sheridan Knowles has, in the play before us, more perhaps than in any of his former productions, shown us that his resources are unlimited, and that his fancy and invention, whether serious or humorous, whether probing and delineating the deep-seated affections of human nature, or playing with its frivolities and eccentricities, are inexhaustible. Here we have a regular comedy from beginning to end, overflowing with thought and beautiful images, and exhibited in a great variety of characters and positions. The pulse of Shakspearian life, the action of true English spirits never stagnate in it. We have not found a mawkish or artificial sentiment in the whole, though a great number of characters have to be upheld, each one of them having a distinct nature to exhibit and a defined part to perform. Many are the bursts of noble feelings, exquisitely clothed, which the *dramatis personæ* utter, and which wonderfully enrich some of the happiest dialogues that can any where be referred to. But all general eulogy becomes vapid and unintelligible unless supported by some examples, which we can be at no loss to adduce.

"The Love-Chase" is a title that is aptly chosen for this comedy, and which its plot excellently elucidates. No less than three marriages result between the parties who start in the drama. The first pair, viz., *Constance* and *Wildrake* have been companions since childhood. There is a secret affection mutually in operation between them, but which is apt to show itself in little quarrels, that are not, however, of very long standing though frequent occurrence. Indeed the regard felt by each is not perceived by them, until each finds that the other is about to be lost through marriage. In as far as this couple are concerned the play is faultless. We perceive that some of our contemporaries think they have discovered certain family resemblances to *Beatrice* and *Benedick*. To our apprehension, the likeness is not closer than the progeny of original minds may be without any servile imitation, or even any suspicion of an agreement on the part of the writers.

The second couple—*Lydia* and *Waller*, present a young girl in a humbler sphere of life, who is beset by a libertine, whom, however, she wins back to virtue. Some minor criticisms might be applied to this pair, at least, when put alongside of the preceding, and tried by the high standard that is thus at hand. At the same time, *Lydia* is beautifully true to nature, and exhibits a fine mixture of passion and tenderness, as when she says,

"To show you, Sir,
The heart you make so light of—*You are beloved!*
But she that tells you so, tells you beside
She ne'er beholds you more!"

A weak-minded, conceited old baronet and a gay widow make the third couple. Their names are *Sir William Fondlove* and *Widow Green*. He flatters himself that he still looks young, and that he is as agile as ever he had been; but while he is in chase of the *Widow*, her look out is for a younger *beau*, though at last she is very glad to accept of the amorous old coxcomb to escape the ridicule of the world.

We have already alluded to the faultless manner in which *Constance* and *Wildrake* are delineated. The blending of reckless innocence and volatile fancies with an unsophisticated and generous womanhood, which characterises the former, renders her extremely lovely and winning. Who does not admire her, were it but for the following proof of a guileless and wilful nature?

"Why would he fall in love, and spoil it all!
I feel as I could cry! He has no right
To marry any one! What wants he with
A wife? *Has he not plague enough in me?*
Would he be plagued with any body else?
Ever since I have liv'd in town I have felt
The want of neighbour *Wildrake!* *Not a soul!*

*Besides I care to quarrel with, and now
He goes and gives himself to another!*"

Well might her father, *Trueworth*, say in reference to her,

"Unlike to other common flowers,
The flower of love shows various in the bud,
'Twill look a thistle and will blow a rose."

A speech by the same virtuous character, when endeavouring to dissuade the libertine from a base design, breathes sentiments as lofty as the language is poetical.

"Impossible! Most possible of things—
If thou'rt in love! Where merit lies itself,
What matters it to want the name, which, weighed,
Is not the worth of so much breath as it takes
To utter it! If, but from Nature's hand,
She is all you could expect of gentle blood,
Face, form, mien, speech; with these, what to belong
To lady more behoves—thoughts delicate,
Affections generous, and modesty—
Perfectionating, brightening crown of all!
If she hath these—true titles to thy heart—
What doth she lack that's title to thy hand?
The name of lady, which is none of these,
But may belong without? Thou might'st do worse
Than marry her! Thou would'st, undoing her!
Yea, by my mother's name, a shameful act
Most shamefully performed!"

It may in truth be said that Mr. Knowles is possessed of such a luxuriance of rich thoughts and beautiful language whenever he discourses of the tender passion, that one can hardly fancy otherwise than that he must have been a great martyr to its tyranny. As, for example—

"I cannot think love thrives by artifice,
Or can disguise its mood, and show its face.
I would not hide one portion of my heart
Where I did give it and did feel 'twas right,
Nor feign a wish, to mask a wish that was,
Howe'er to keep it. For no cause except
Myself would I be lov'd. What were't to me,
My lover valued me the more, the more
He saw me comely in another's eyes,
When his alone the vision I would show,
Becoming too? I have sought the reason oft
They paint Love as a child, and still have thought
It was because true love, like infancy,
Frank, trusting, unobservant of its mood,
Doth show its wish at once, and means no more!"

Again—

" Love that is love, bestoweth all it can !
It is protection, if 'tis anything,
 Which nothing in its object leaves exposed
 Its care can shelter."

And again—

" Love should seek its match ; and that is, love
 Or nothing ! Station—fortune—find their match
 In things resembling them. They are not love !
 Comes love (that subtle essence, without which
 Life were but leaden dullness !—weariness !
A plodding trudge on a heavy road !)
 Comes it of tittle deeds which fools may boast ?
 Or coffers vilest hands may hold the keys of ?
 Or that ethereal lamp that lights the eyes
 To shed their sparkling lustre o'er the face,
 Gives to the velvet skin its blushing glow,
 And burns as bright beneath the peasant's roof
 As roof of palaced prince ?"

Lydia's lover thus describeth her—

" No mood but doth become her—yea adorn her.
 She turns unsightly anger into beauty !
Sour scorn grows sweetness, touching her sweet lips,
And indignation, lighting on her brow,
Transforms to brightness, as the cloud to gold
That overhangs the sun !"

Wonderfully delicate and attractive are the lines which dwell upon her hand, a subject that most minute painters would either render disagreeable or unintelligible.

" And here's a hand !—A fairy palm—
 Fingers that taper to the pinky tips,
 With nails of rose, like shells of such a hue,
 Berimm'd with pearl, you pick upon the shore."

The only objection that we would offer to the phraseology which comes readiest to Sheridan Knowles, or is affected by him, relates to that quaintness and inversion which frequently put one in mind of the old dramatists, and is certainly not essential to the utterance of any sentiment or the grace of speech required in elegant comedy. But while the soul that pervades and animates every scene and character is so unaffected, natural, and fresh, and since the action throughout is so healthy and brave, as to remind us of those life-communicating creations of our elder dramatists, it is of comparatively little consequence what the vehicle be, whether according to most modern fashion, or that which has acquired the mellow flavour of a bye-gone age.

We conclude our notice of the play by inserting the longest extract from it that is to enter into our pages. It contains a spirited and highly-descriptive account of the chase by Constance, who

has adopted the riding habit with the view of falling in with what she deems to be *Wildrake's* ruling taste in the way of pastime. On the other hand he has laid aside the style of garb suited to rural life and sport, with the hope of pleasing her in the costume of the modish flatterers of the town.

" *Constance.*

Worthy sir,

Souls attract souls, when they're of kindred vein.
The life that you love, I love. Well I know
'Mongst those who breast the feats of the bold chase,
You stand without a peer; and for myself
I dare avow 'mong such, none follows them
With heartier glee than I do.

Wildrake. Churl were he

That would gainsay you, madam!

Const. (courtesying) What delight
To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!—
Whose soul, in his task, turns labour into sport!—
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath!—He makes me reel!
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstasy of motion!

Wild. You are used,

I see, to the chase.

Const. I am, Sir. Then the leap,
To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it! Then your time
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him rein,
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes,
Light as a bird on wing.

Wild. 'Twere a bold leap,

I see, that turn'd you, madam.

Const. (courtesying) Sir, you're good!
And then the hounds, sir! Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-trained pack.
The training's everything! Keen on the scent!
At fault none losing heart!—but all at work!
None leaving his task to another!—answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
How close they keep together!—what a pack!
Nor turn nor ditch nor stream divides them—as
They moved with one intelligence, act, will!
And then the concert they keep up!—enough
To make one tenant of the merry wood,
To list to their jocund music!

Wild. You describe
 The huntsman's pastime to the life !
Const. I love it !
 To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
 A laughing holiday !—Not a hill-top
 But's then alive !—Footmen with horsemen vie,
 All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
 Of vigour, health, and joy ! Cheer awakes cheer,
 While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
 Keeps up the hearty din ! Each face is then
 Its neighbour's glass—where gladness sees itself
 And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad !
 Breaks into tenfold mirth !—laughs like a child !
 Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free !
 Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich !
 Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
 That life was life before !"

ART. XII.—*The Alcestis of Euripides, with Notes, &c.* Edited by the Rev.
 J. R. MAJOR, Head-Master of King's College. London: A. J. Valpy.
 1837.

It may be true that the present age has but few scholars like the Scaligers, Casaubons, and Bentleys of days departed ; but such mighty names are not of frequent occurrence in the literary history of any age. And yet the Hermanns, Boeckhs, Thirrsches, to say nothing of living scholars in England, will stand a fair comparison, in point of wide and deep learning, with the most celebrated names in the annals of scholarship, while in elegance of taste and the arts of composition, their superiority is immense and unquestionable.

But as a good education now means a great deal more than a knowledge of Greek and Latin, classical learning is not held in such exclusive estimation as it has been in times gone by. Hence some people are naturally led to think that the study of ancient letters is fast losing the public regard. This study has gone through a change, it is true, but a change leading to a broad cultivation of the understanding, and furnishing the means of a just, as well as liberal, estimate of the value of the classics. The endless field of modern literature is opened to the student of polite letters ; and he is taught that taste and genius were not the exclusive possession of the Greeks and Romans. He is allowed to form his judgment by comparing the master-pieces of antiquity with the kindred works which have upon them the freshness and glow of modern thought. Thus he may set Homer by the side of Dante, Tasso, Milton, or the Book of Heroes, and the mental exercise involved in doing so is not only delightful by itself, but the comparison will throw a new light on the

wonderful genius of the old bard of Greece. *Æschylus* and *Shakespeare* may be read together; and the lover of English poetry will be at least entertained by the beautiful analogies, both in thought and expression, between the two greatest masters of tragic passion. *Sophocles* and *Euripides* may be finely illustrated by a parallel course from the dramatic poems of *Alfieri*, *Schiller*, and *Goëthe*, as well as by the curious contrast of the miscalled classical drama of France. The express imitations of the classics by the poets of modern Europe, also afford the tasteful reader an agreeable subject of comparison. *Milton's Sampson Agonistes* has the daring sublimity of the *Prometheus Bound*. *Goëthe's Iphigenie auf Tauris* has the tenderness of *Euripides*, with the exquisite finish and just sense of harmonious proportion which belong to *Sophocles*. The *Agamemnon*, *Antigone*, *Orestes* and *Alcestis* of *Alfieri* bring upon the scene the chief personages of the Attic drama, invested anew with dramatic life. This illustrious poet is not perhaps the best example of the modern classic style. The heroes of his poems breathe a fury too much like the violence of his own headstrong passions, for the sustained dignity and sculpture-like simplicity of Attic tragedy. *Orestes*, in particular, is always in a storm, and *will* exclaim, over and over again, "Oh, rabbia," in the very teeth of the usurper, when the fulfilment of his revenge, his own life and the life of his friend, are suspended on the issue. *Ægisthus* is a modern villain, though some of his speeches show a spirit of classical propriety worthy the best days of Athens. His soliloquy on approaching the palace of *Agamemnon* is full of terrific sublimity. These and other dramas of *Alfieri*, on Greek subjects, afford an interesting and instructive commentary, both by their beauties and faults, upon the theatrical literature of Athens. In this way it is easy enough to show that a wide study of modern literature, which the opinions of the age favour daily more and more, will strengthen rather than weaken a discriminating love of the ancient classics. It will sharpen the judgment, and refine the taste; for both judgment and taste are more the result of many comparisons and of gradual approximation, than is apt to be supposed. The kind of taste for ancient literature thus acquired, a love of antique poetry for poetry's sake, is doubtless more common now, than it has ever been before.

Written as these poems were, to undergo the searching criticism of the most fastidious people, on whose severe judgment the poet's triumph or defeat was depending, they were wrought up with consummate art, out of the materials furnished by the most copious and flexible of languages. Besides this, an intense feeling of nationality was to be conciliated. The history of renowned ancestors, the exploits of heroes and demigods, were to be chanted in choral songs, intermingled with moral and religious reflections, naturally suggested by the downfall of mighty families, and the awful

retributions of fate, which were the groundwork of most of them. The difficulty of understanding them is still farther heightened by the obscure allusions to remote historical events amidst the highest strains of lyrical poetry, uttered in the forms of the venerable Doric. The Attic drama is moreover idiomatic to the last degree. Expressions growing out of the manifold relations of cultivated life, mingled with forms of speech naturally springing to the lips of a people who were lovers of war and rulers of the sea, make it necessary to build up anew in our imaginations the structure of Athenian Society, if we would enter fully into the spirit of the raciest portion of their literature. A commentator, therefore, on the Attic tragedy ought to be at home in the whole circle of Greek history and fable, beside having a taste trained to feel the delicate blending of shades of meaning, in the finely-linked constructions of poetry.

It cannot have failed to strike the tasteful reader that many learned commentators on the classics have been wanting in some of the qualities most necessary to a philosophical criticism. Spending their lives in the study of grammatical niceties, poring fourteen hours a day over manuscript readings, and conjectural emendations, and choral metres and allegorical interpretations, the fountains of sympathy with human feeling have been dried up in their bosoms, the majestic forms of nature have become lifeless to their eyes, and the myriad voices, uttered from every part of God's world, have grown unmeaning to their souls. The friendly collision of mind with mind in the common intercourse of life, the genial glow of thought in conversation, the softening, refining, animating influence of cultivated society, touch no responsive chord in their hardened natures. For they,

" Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear,
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman."

They think every hour given to the calls of friendship, or the amenities of life, lost to the world because it is lost to their barren studies. They are stiff, dry, formal, pedantic; and they write over their study doors such sage apophthegms as "*Temporis furis amici.*" How can such people feel the spirit of tragedy, or understand the inspiration of the lyric muse? There have been some learned commentators to whom these remarks will not apply. Mitscherlich's notes on Horace are touched with the delicate taste of his author. Heyne's commentary on Homer shows a fine appreciation of antique poetry, in the midst of an amazing mass of scholastic erudition. Bloomfield's *Æschylus* has some specimens of eloquent criticism and beautiful illustration. Arnold's *Thucydides* exhibits no small amount of minute learning, with a skilful application of all the resources of modern geography and topography to the clearing up of obscure passages in the difficult text of the historian.

The tragedy of *Alcestis* has been considered the most remarkable of all the plays of Euripides for tenderness. The conception of the principal character is touching and beautiful. Admetus is doomed by the terrible decree of fate to an untimely death. Apollo has gained, by some art, a hard-wrung consent to spare his life, on condition of another's dying in his stead. His friends and kindred, even his gray-haired father and mother, refuse to save the ill-starred prince. But his young and lovely wife *Alcestis* resolves to rescue him from his impending fate. This is the leading idea of the play. It is obvious that to carry out this idea in a consistent delineation of character, is no common effort of dramatic genius. It is obvious too that the plot has some difficulties at first sight, which are not easily gotten over. To make us look with complacency on a lovely woman laying down her life for her husband, that husband ought to be a worthy object of such self-forgetting love. But if he asks the sacrifice or even consents to it, he shows a selfish clinging to life wholly at war with that greatness of soul which can alone bring our feelings into harmony with the action. It must be confessed that Euripides has not kept this revolting view of the plot sufficiently out of sight. The opening scene in the drama gives us the impression that Admetus has gone about among his friends to beg some one to die for him, and that when they all turn a deaf ear, he consents to the death of his wife. Of course, we despise him as a paltry, heartless coward. This impression is strengthened by the indecent language he utters, when his aged father comes to condole with him in his bereavement. But if we look a little more closely into the poem, our first impression is somewhat softened down, and the conduct of Admetus towards his father seems less hateful, on the supposition that the poet meant to represent him so overwhelmed by calamity, that he lost all self-command, and forgot, in the bitterness of sorrow, the respect due to the author of his being. The plot, however, must still be considered faulty in these particulars. Alfieri has treated of the same subject, in perhaps the most beautiful of his dramas, the *Alceste Seconda*. In unfolding the action, as he conceived it, the Italian poet has brought the redeeming considerations we have touched upon above into strong relief. So far, therefore, his play is a decided improvement upon Euripides, though in some other points it falls far short of antique simplicity, both in sentiment and situation.

But setting these intrusive suggestions aside, and taking the character of *Alcestis* by itself, we must pronounce her one of the most exquisite creations of poetry.

" She was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love, from fount to sea."

She is a being with whom all thought of self is merged in an
VOL. III. (1837). NO. III.

absorbing love of those to whom she is bound by conjugal and maternal ties. Her character is drawn with unsurpassed delicacy, and every word she utters is in the strictest keeping with the spirit of a noble-minded woman. The scenes between herself and Admetus, when she is about to die, are beautifully imagined. Indeed the poet had upon his hands no common task when he undertook to delineate a being so soft, yet so firm, so gentle, yet so heroic. He had to represent, not merely a woman with the delicate lines of her moral and intellectual character, her quick perceptions, her swiftly changing shadowy trains of association, her imaginative affections, and her overwhelming sensibilities,—but a woman, who, besides all these, was moved by the tenderest love of the wife and the mother; from whom a husband is about to be torn by the will of Destiny; whose children are soon to feel the evils of orphanage. Still more, the will of Destiny at last relents. Her husband may be spared but she must die. This is the point where all the feelings of the woman, whose life has been blessed in the possession of a beautifully harmonized spirit, a husband's love, and a mother's joy, to whom the earth, the air, the clouds, the stars, had been perpetual ministers of happiness, sweep over her agitated soul with an overwhelming power. Her husband's life is saved; that is the grand aim of her heroic suffering. But she must leave for ever the home of her happiness, and her children must lose for ever a mother's love and care. She comes abroad to look for the last time on the light of heaven. She gazes on the long familiar scenes about her, and the solemn vision of approaching death wrings from her trembling spirit some natural words of sorrow which fill her husband's heart with agony. The destiny of her son and daughter stir anew in her bosom the tender feelings and anxious forebodings of maternal love. In her farewell to Admetus, she speaks in a tone of the utmost propriety at that sad hour, of the claim her sacrifice of life has given her upon their grateful recollection; and the reply of Admetus breathes the softest spirit of tender melancholy.

It is obvious that it requires a genius touched to the finest issues to support, consistently, the character of a delicate and lovely woman through such heart-subduing scenes, and under conflicting feelings; and no one who reads the poem attentively will deny Euripides the praise of having completely overcome the difficulties of the problem.

This character is the more remarkable because the feelings unfolded in it are not often brought out in so strong a light by the tragic poets. The personages of the Attic drama, it has been well observed, have more of the severe simplicity of sculpture, than of the blended harmonies of painting. The affections springing from domestic life, though several memorable examples show that they were well understood and deeply felt, are not the ordinary ground-

work of ancient tragedy. The terrible power of Destiny, which appears in a tempered form in this piece, and human strength battling against it, are the grand central ideas, around which the circle of tragic emotions mostly revolves. But yet, under every form of civil society and religious faith, the ruling feelings of the human heart, the conjugal, parental, and filial affections, and reverence for the source of all good, will from time to time burst out, in the higher creations of poetry, with a brightness that cheers and warms. In moments of poetical enthusiasm, the kindling soul, even of the heathen bard, seems to rend asunder the veil of ignorance, weakness, and doubt, and to have a sudden comprehension of those truths, dimly shadowed out by tradition, but set in broad sunlight by the Christian revelation. Hence the elysium of pagan mythology,—hence the anticipation of a life to come by the hero of the Iliad, when he mourns in agony over his fallen friend,—hence the assured hope uttered by Admetus, of dwelling with his wife in that world of spirits to which she is hastening.

We conclude this notice by heartily recommending the present edition of this classic to the patronage of schools and colleges.

ART. XIII.

1. *Ireland, Picturesque and Romantic.* By LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq. With nineteen Engravings, from Drawings by D. M'CLISE, Esq., and T. CRESWICK, Esq. London : Longman & Co.
2. *The Christmas Library.* Vol. I. By MARY HOWITT. London : Darton & Clark.
3. *Friendship's Offering, and Winter Wreath.* London : Smith, Elder, & Co.
4. *The Oriental Annual.* By the REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B. D., with twenty-two Engravings from Drawings by the late WILLIAM DANIELL, R. A. London : Tilt.
5. *Forget Me Not ; a Christmas, New-Year's, and Birth-day Present.* Edited by FREDERIC SHOBERL. London : Ackerman & Co.
6. *Gems of Beauty, for 1838, displayed in a Series of Twelve Engravings of the Passions.* By E. T. PARRIS, with Illustrations in Verse by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. Imperial Quarto. London : Longman & Co.

WHEN the eye rests upon the rainbow, when a lovely maiden just bursting into womanhood stands before us, or after she has attained the meridian of her radiance, every demon is chased from the bosom, the snarling lips become placid and assume a welcoming smile, and the exercise of hypercriticism is regarded as a profanity. In like manner, when such an array of charming annual visitants as

we now behold is extended on our table, we feel so much at peace with mankind, and perceive the world to be so much better than in imagination we could make it, that nothing but praises and blessings can drop from our pen ; or if a slight fault be found, this rather serves to set off the surrounding beauties to higher advantage, or, like the drop of acid that lends to the sugar a more exquisite taste, the trifling blemish renders the whole more human and winning.

All the world knows so perfectly what are the character and appearance of the *Annals*, that it would be worse than a waste of words to describe the distinguishing features of the family. It may be remarked, however, that while certain members of the tribe abide strictly by their original design and plan, others of them have, from time to time, in some measure varied their character both internally and externally. Editors and contributors have tasked their wits and fancies to surpass themselves, and to obtain a rank and name which are generally conceded to the first-born of a family. But it has not always been the case that the change has been for the better, either as regards complexion or contents. In fact the ends contemplated by this class of books, the persons who patronize them, and the times as well as the places appointed for their perusal, forbid any very wide range of matter or manner. Accordingly when any great alteration is attempted or made, a failure has been the result, and a work unsuited to the boudoir or the drawing-room. We can this year specify a striking illustration of these remarks in the case of the "*Picturesque Annual*," the letter-press of which is got up by Leitch Ritchie ; for instead of being picturesque, its contents for the most part belong strictly to political economy, and that economy having the history, the condition, and the prospects of poor distracted Ireland for its theme. Mr. Ritchie's work is nothing else than a real tour through that island. In this character it is not destitute of merit, although the traveller took far too little time to be able to acquire a deep acquaintance with what he writes about ; but, whatever opinion may be formed of his views concerning a system of poor laws for the Irish people, and kindred discussions, we leave it to the judgment of our readers to say, whether the selection of topics is the most suitable that could be chosen for an *Annual*.

To be sure, it was impossible to traverse Ireland without falling in with much that was picturesque and romantic, of which Mr. Ritchie has frequently availed himself, and turned his observations to good account. Had there been nothing else in the volume, these topics, together with the anecdotes which must have been abundantly ready, and of which, when he chooses, he makes much, the work would have had all the charms becoming an *Annual*, and none of those which appear to us to be foreign to this branch of literature. In his Preface the author informs us that next year the

Valley of the Wye is to be his field, and thence we may expect a great deal suited to the title of the series and nothing that is repulsive.

The views which the Artists have introduced are with scarcely an exception of the first-rate order. That, for instance, of the Lake of Killarney is a brilliant effort, conveying to the eye an accurate and descriptive representation of that wonderfully rich and charming scene. But it is of the letter-press that we alone can convey, by means of specimens, a correct notion. One or two samples follow. First, of the Cholera, which raged at Sligo:—

“ The Asiatic pestilence, which raged some years ago in Europe, under the name of cholera, threatened to depopulate Sligo; and the precautions which it became necessary to observe by the surrounding country, almost deprived the inhabitants of every gleam of hope. A line was drawn round the devoted town, beyond which there was no escape; and those who attempted to fly were driven back, as if into a grave. Nothing was heard in the streets but sounds of lamentation and despair. Even the phenomena of external nature served for omens and predictions of evil. Some flashes of lightning had heralded the approach of the angel of the pestilence; but during his sojourn, a heavy cloud brooded over the town. Not a ray of sunshine was visible by day, and not a star by night.

“ At this juncture, men naturally reverted to those feelings of religion which before were dimmed or deadened by the seductions of the world; and every hour of the day they found the Refuge open for their admission, and the servants of the sanctuary at their posts. Catholic, Protestant, Dissenter—all were alike the ministers of God. On this great day of judgment, there was not one priest of any denomination who shrunk from his perilous duty. Wherever their presence was required, there they took their stand—at the foot of the altar, at the bed of the dying, at the side of the new-made grave. Every heart confessed that death was not the master, but the agent of the dispensation; for, rising high above the sound of his footsteps, as he passed through the houses, came a voice from the many-portalled temple of the Lord Jesus Christ, proclaiming, “ Come to me and I will give you life !”

“ During the period of this visitation, only one clergyman—a Baptist minister—lost his life; while the physicians of the body were nearly all swept off. Besides these two classes, the authorities of the town did their duty well and bravely. Mr. Fausset, the provost, rode in every morning from the security of his country-house, with as great regularity as if all had been well, to visit the hospitals, bury the dead, preserve order in the streets, and take his seat as President of the Board of Health. In spite of his unrelaxing labours, he one morning, on reaching the town, saw the grounds of the Fever Hospital covered with unburied corpses; and then, as he expressed it to me himself, he felt as if the end of the world were indeed come.

“ The Board of Health consisted at first of twelve members; who were rapidly diminished to seven. Nearly their whole duty at last was to grant coffins and tarred sheets for the dead bodies, and to see that the stock of those materials was kept up. One day, two poor little boys came to beg

a coffin for their mother; and the Provost, struck by their forlorn appearance, asked why their father had not come, who would have been better able to carry it? 'We buried our father yesterday, Sir,' was the reply."

Mr. Ritchie is not a man to speak on any subject without evincing strong proofs of rapid observation, and habits of earnest and independent reflection. Hear him in the account he gives of Belfast.

"Belfast is reckoned the third town in Ireland; but, in a moral point of view, it is the first. Dublin and Cork are great cities, but they are strictly Irish cities: while Belfast, if transported, with its population, to England, would be reckoned a credit to the country. Its intellectual character I consider decidedly higher than that of an English manufacturing town of the same importance; while its buildings, if they do not pretend to the exhibition of taste, are at least, to outward appearance, the abodes of ease and wealth.

"The streets, generally speaking, are wide and well-aired; and the houses by which they are lined, clean and respectable, although built of unstuccoed brick, as plain as a band-box. The suburbs, inhabited by 'the hewers of wood and drawers of water' to the easier classes, have nothing of that filth and misery which are almost an unfailing characteristic of an Irish town. Every thing in and around Belfast proclaims that it is the abiding place of a shrewd and intelligent population, devoted to worldly gain, and far from being unsuccessful in its pursuits.

"This, of course, is a general picture; for a town which has more than doubled its numbers three times within the last seventy years, must draw constant supplies of population from the country; and to correct the habitual imprudence and want of neatness observable in the Irish peasant, must be a work of time. A considerable number of the masters, however, now provide their workmen with lodgings; and some of these establishments are clean and wholesome, and extremely neat.

"It need hardly be said that the peasantry are not improved in morals by their transplantation from comparative solitude into a crowd; but it is agreeable to know that a steadily progressing improvement in this particular is now going on. One of the surest tests of the extent of this improvement is the flourishing state of the Savings Bank. The gentleman who conducts the establishment informed me, that he could trace clearly, by his books, a gradual yet rapid amelioration in the character of the people, and more especially in that of the females.

"In the midst of all their business, the upper classes of Belfast have time to quarrel with each other as fiercely—but without the shillelagh—as if they were at Donnybrook Fair. But what they quarrel about I cannot tell. To say that it is religion, at least the *Christian* religion, would be a manifest absurdity; and yet it somehow or other happens, that the belligerents always belong to a different communion. No analogy taken from the position of the Church and the Dissenters in England can give the faintest idea of the motives of social warfare in Ireland. Religion and politics, no doubt, are the foundation; but, as in chemistry, two substances may produce a third totally different in its properties from both, so religion and politics are the parents of an Irish *something*, which is

altogether destitute both of piety and common sense. This something is only known in its effects—which are a monomania. When the morbid chord is touched, there is no pitch of insanity too wild, no depth of idiocy too humiliating, for the unhappy patient. I have frequently spoken with men in this condition, who were otherwise shrewd and intelligent, but whose conversation filled me at once with shame and compassion.

“In Belfast such dissensions are nearly confined to the upper classes, or a small minority of the population; and the parties being nearly balanced in numbers, the contest is fiercer. As for the lower classes, Catholic and Protestant are mingled in the same manufactory, and no difference is observable; although an intelligent and accomplished Protestant gentleman told me he would *prefer* Catholic workmen. When the people get drunk they, of course, quarrel and fight as usual; and on these occasions religion is sometimes made use of as a party word.”

The following are striking facts, and illustrative of much that is Irish.

“The lower classes are so bigoted to their customs, that the goods requisite for one part of the country are unsaleable in another. For instance, there are no white-handled knives to be seen south of a line drawn from Belfast to Coleraine; while to the north of that line there are none with black handles. Throughout the country, the knife which shows the iron at the end of its handle is preferred, the other not being sufficiently strong. The real Irish knife, made on purpose for Ireland, is that awkward-looking machine, with a blade at either end. For other classes of society the goods must be showy and cheap. It matters not for the quality, for whatever may be the difference in this respect between any two articles, a difference of five per cent. in the price will determine the purchase. I saw an order to an immense amount for scissors, at the rate of sixpence half-penny *per dozen*, the blades of which in consequence of their not being tempered alike, would be useless in a week. Vast quantities of imitation silver, as might be expected, are sold in Ireland; and I heard of a gentleman giving twelve pounds for an article which in genuine silver would have only cost twenty pounds.”

Another of the *Annals*, viz., “the Book of Gems,” may be instanced also, which although following out a good idea, and completing a combined series of volumes—the former of them having obtained a deserved celebrity—as a considerable change from the original design of such works. It has certainly never been a failure; and although Mr. S. C. Hall, by making the “Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain” his present subject, encountered a difficult and delicate task, yet he has done his work well. His biographical sketches and his criticisms are written in a generous spirit, and for the most part are judicious and satisfactory. Still his opinions are but those of one man on points where very frequently there will be great diversity of sentiment. He has, for instance, honoured several names with a notice that, according to our judgment, ought not to have been brought into his general company, while others have been passed over in silence who deserved a place in his selection.

We come now to an example where the departure from the general manner of filling the *Annals*, appears to us to be a decided achievement, that promises to be carried out in future to great excellence; we allude to "*The Christmas Library*." This beautiful little volume is not only an addition to the family, but being the production of a highly-gifted and cultured mind presents to the reader an instance where the effusions are both beautiful and excellent, and where the genius and character of that mind may be studied at length and on a great number of interesting topics. In this view "*The Christmas Library*" possesses special claims to extensive patronage.

The present volume is the first of an intended series by the fair writer. The young are the persons to whom it is specially addressed, but the middle-aged and the old will with great profit resort to it also. Not only is it written by one pen, but it is devoted to one range of subjects, viz., "*Birds and flowers, and other country things*." Every succeeding year a new and different class of themes is to be adopted.

In the Preface we are told that the poems have been written literally while the authoress dwelt amid the objects described; and, indeed, they have all the truth and freshness of reality as pictured by her. She enjoys an extraordinary knack at making the commonest things and creatures the theme of song; and brings with remarkable ease and force the loftiest and most touching moral lessons to rest upon simple facts; while she never fails to rise with the occasion, and to deal in bursts of noble sentiments, that though happily introduced, come quite unexpectedly upon the reader. In short, while her pieces are exquisitely beautiful as pastoral poems, a whole chapter of precious doctrines and truths is inculcated by them. Thus a plant is sometimes made to introduce a tale of superstition. The "*Hedgehog*," for instance, affords an opportunity for the description of its harmless habits, and the wickedness of cruelty to dumb animals. Touches of natural history come aptly in; and when there is propriety for it, little prose notices are given.

It is delightful to hear, for example, how Mary Howitt can make the "*Falcon*" bring up a story of feudal times, and the pastimes of the Barons of old, and how she thereby passes on to a comparison of past and present times. The "*Poor Man's Garden*" furnishes a subject that is manifestly a favourite with the writer, and one which affords an apt occasion for the display of her peculiar feelings and modes of reflection. The garden of the "*Poor Man*" in fact, like the sofa to Cowper, gives a scope to Mary where endless distinctions and meditations might be originated; and some of those which she has here marked are as instructive and profound as they are striking. She tells how fondly those in humble circumstances regard some common flower in their little gardens, and how indiffe-

rent the great ones of the earth are to the rarest plants which have cost them gold ; and hence she finds a theme of gratulation to the poor, inasmuch as the distribution of good and evil may thus be shown to be far more exactly balanced than the discontented allow.

We quote two examples, the first having "The Wolf" for its subject, the other "Butter-cups and Daisies."

"Think of the lamb in the fields of May,
Cropping the dewy flowers for play ;
Think of the sunshine, warm and clear ;
Of the bending corn in golden ear ;
Of little children singing low
Through flowery meadows as they go ;
Of cooing doves, and the hum of bees,
'Mong the lime trees' yellow raciness ;
Of the pebbly waters gliding by,
Of the woodbird's peaceful sylvan cry ;
Then turn thy thoughts to a land of snow
Where the cutting icy wind doth blow—
A dreary land of mountains cold
With ice-crags splintered, hoar and old,
Jagged with woods of storm-beat pines.
Where a cold moon gleams, a cold sun shines !
And all through this dismal land we'll go
In a dog-drawn sledge o'er the frozen snow,
On either hand the ice-rocks froze,
And a waste of trackless snow before !
Where are the men to guide us on ?
Men ! in these deserts there are none.
Men come not here unless to track
The ermine white or marten black.
Here we must speed alone.—But hark !
What sound was that ? The wild wolf's bark !
The terrible wolf !—Is he a-nigh,
With his gaunt lean frame, and bloodshot eye ?
Yes ! across the snow I saw the track
Where they have sped on, a hungry pack ;
And see how the eager dogs rush on,
For they scent the track where the wolf has gone.
And beast and men are alike afraid
Of that cruellest creature that e'er was made !
Oh, the horrible wolves ! methinks I hear
The sound of their barking drawing near ;
Down from their dismal caves they drive,
And leave behind them nought alive :
Down from their caves they come by day,
Savage as mad dogs for their prey ;
Down on the tracks where the hunters roam,
Down to the peasant's hut they come.
The peasant is waked from his pine-branch bed

By the direst, fiercest sound of dread ;
 A snuffing scent, a scratching sound,
 Like a dog that rendeth up the ground ;
 Up from his bed he springs in fear,
 For he knows that the cruel wolf is near.
 A moment's pause—a moment more—
 And he hears them snuffing 'neath his door.
 Beneath his door he sees them mining,
 Snuffing, snarling, scratching, whining,
 Horrible sight ! no more he sees,
 With terror his very senses freeze ;—
 Horrible sounds ! he hears no more,
 The wild wolves bound across his floor,
 And the next moment lap his gore ;
 And ere the day come o'er the hill,
 The wolves are gone, the place is still,
 And to none that dreadful death is known,
 Save to some ermine hunter lone,
 Who in that death foresees his own !

“ Or think thee now of a battle-field,
 Where lie the wounded with the killed ;
 Hundreds of mangled men they lie :
 A horrible mass of agony !
 The night comes down—and in they bound,
 The ravening wolves from the mountains round.
 All day long have they come from far,
 Snuffing that bloody field of war ;
 But the rolling drum and the trumpet's bray,
 And the strife of men through the livelong day,
 For a while kept the prowling wolves away ;
 But now when the roaring tumults cease,
 In that dreadful hush which is not peace,
 The wolves rush in to have their will,
 And to lap of living blood their fill.
 Stark and stiff the dead men lie,
 But the living—Oh, woe to hear their cry,
 When they feel the teeth of those cruel foes,
 And hear them lap up the blood that flows !
 Oh, shame that ever it hath been said,
 That bloody war is a glorious trade,
 And that soldiers die upon honour's bed !
 Let us hence, let us hence, for horrible war
 Than the merciless wolf is more merciless far.”

Our next extract is still more simple and original.

“ Buttercups and daisies—
 Oh, the pretty flowers !
 Coming ere the spring time,
 To tell of sunny hours.

While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.
“ Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Ope its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright ;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

“ Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health,
By their mother's door :
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold ;
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

“ What to them is weather ?
What are stormy showers ?
Buttercups and daisies,
Are these human flowers ?
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts, to bear.

“ Welcome, yellow buttercups,
Welcome, daisies white,
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight !
Coming ere the spring time,
Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth *all things well*.”

A number of pretty wood engravings enrich the volume and render it still more enticing to the eye of taste. It will be with eagerness that a twelvemonth hence its successor will be sought after, if life and health be vouchsafed to the gifted authoress. Long may she live, and many additions may she make to the Christmas Library ; it is a work well adapted for every season in the year.

“ Friendship's Offering” abides strictly by its original plan ; and it is one of the very oldest of the Annual family. It maintains, besides, its wonted steady course, being more celebrated for its literary matter than its engravings. There is a great variety of talent displayed in the present volume ; both the tender and the

lordly sex contributing to its pages. Miss Roberts, in her "Blacksmith of Liege," relates an admirable story; it is quite remarkable for the vividness and boldness of its pictures. Perhaps "Charlotte de Montmorenci," by Miss Strickland, will be still more highly prized by the majority of readers. Mr. Leitch Ritchie's "Great-great-grandfather," is an absorbing legend. But we cannot particularize the names of all the writers, nor the titles of all their papers. We quote a poem by Thomas Miller, entitled "The Desolate Hall," which is in his best manner.

"A lonely hall upon a lonelier moor,—
 For many a mile no other dwelling near;
 Northward an ancient wood, whose tall trees roar,
 When the loud winds their huge broad branches tear.
 A large old hall—a servant deaf and gray,
 On me in silence waits, throughout the dreary day.
 Before my threshold waves the long white grass,
 That like a living desolation stands,
 Nodding its withered head whene'er I pass,
 The last sad heir of these broad barren lands,—
 The last within the old vault to repose;
 Then its dark marble door upon our race will close.
 The whining wind sweeps o'er the matted floors,
 And makes a weary noise, a wailing moan;
 I hear all night the clap of broken doors,
 That on their rusty hinges grate and groan;
 And then loud voices seem to call behind
 The worn and wormy wainscot flapping in the wind.
 Along the roof the dark moss thickly spreads,
 A dampness o'er the oaken-rafters throwing;
 A chilly moisture settles on the beds,
 Where lichens 'mid decay are slowly growing,
 Covering the curtains, and the damask eyes
 Of angels, there enwrought in rainbow-fading dyes.
 The toothless mastiff-bitch howls all night long,
 And in her kennel sleepeth all the day;
 I heard the old man say, 'There's something wrong,
 She was not want to yell, and howl that way,—
 There's something wrong. Oh! ill, and wo betide
 The leech's hand by which my Lady Ellen died.'
 Sometimes I hear—or fancy—o'er my head
 A trampling noise—like that of human feet;
 In hollow high-heeled shoes they seem to tread,
 And to the sound of solemn music beat:
 Then with a crash the window-shutters close,
 Shaking the crazy walls, and breaking my repose.
 The silver-moth within the wardrobe feeds;
 The unturned keys are rusted in the locks

Upon my hearth the brown mouse safely breeds;

By the old fountain fearless sleeps the fox ;
The white owl in my chamber dreams all day,
For there is no one cares to frighten him away.

The high-piled books with cobwebs are o'ergrown,

Their gaudy bindings now look dull and dead;

Last night the massy Bible tumbled down,

And it laid open where my Ellen read
The night she died : I knew the place again,
For she shed many a tear, and each had left its stain.

Oh! how I shun the room in which she died,

The books, the flowers, the harp she well could sound,

The flowers are dead, the books are thrown aside,

The harp is mute, and dust has gathered round
Her lovely drawings—covering o'er the chair
Where she so oft has sat, to braid her long brown hair.

What hollow gusts through broken casements stream,

Moving the ancient portraits on the wall!

I see them stirring by the moon's pale beam,

Their floating costumes seems to rise and fall;

And as I come or go, move where I will,

Their dull white deadly eyes, turning, pursue me still.

And when a dreamy slumber o'er me creeps,

The old house-clock rings out its measured sound,

I hear a warning in the march it keeps;

Anon the rusty vane turns round and round :

These are sad tones, for desolation calls,

And ruin loudly roars around my fathers' halls.

The fish-ponds now are mantled o'er with green,

The rooks have left their old ancestral trees;

Their silent nests are all that now is seen ;

No oxen lowing o'er the winding leas;

No steeds neighs out, no flocks bleat from the fold;

Upland, and hill, and vale, are empty, brown, and cold.

And dance, and song, within these walls have sounded,

And breathing music rolled in dulcet strains;

And lovely feet have o'er these gray stones bounded,

In snowy kirtles and embroidered trains :

Such things have been, and now are gliding past,

And then our race is done :—I live, and die,—the last!"

A "Night Sketch taken from Newgate," by Barry Cornwall, strikes us as the noblest piece of poetry in the volume. It is stern and passionate utterance of a true poet's bitterest mood, and deserves to live in the choicest collections. The writer is wandering through the city—

"And, look!—where the street-beggar crawleth,
His wallet empty by his side,

Searching for what the dog disdaineth,
 For what the alma-house boys deride.
 What use?—The rich man sings and passes,
 And gains no lesson for his pride.
 Upon yon step, as pale as Famine,
 Half-clad, unfed, unsheltered, worn,
 Sleeps one whose voice once mocked the river,
 Whose eyes (sweet eyes!) outshone the morn:
 Yet the lady and her lovely daughter
 Shoot from their chariot looks of scorn.
 And, lo! unto the workhouse table
 A dead old man is borne away,
 Met by a hoary churchman, counting
 The value of his tithes to-day.
 He sees no grave gaping beside him—
 He sees not *he* is old and gray!
 Where falls the moral?—Gentles, say!
 Awake! thou Storm that send'st thy thunders
 Into the darkness of the night!
 Burst on our ears! Spout forth thy lightnings,
 And fill our insolent minds with light!
 Burn on our brain Heaven's mighty lessons,
 And force us from the wrong to right!"

The beggar narrates the particulars of his hard lot, and is then asked—"Where dwell'st thou?" to which he answers,

"Near this den of stone
 I like to live: I scarce know why;
 For oft the prisoners shriek. At times,
 Indeed, I more contented lie,
 Hearing of woes more deep than mine:
 And then I pray for those about to die!"

The poet then proceeds—

"Man, thou do'st *well*. 'Tis well, 'tis wise,
 Comfort from any source to glean.
 Unclass thy heart, and bid Compassion
 Enter, and dwell from morn 'till e'en.
 'Twill change, like suns in cold spring weather,
 The barren to a bounteous scene.
 He who 'the right' doth think and do,
 Need seldom in the bad world sigh.
 Power hath he over his own heart,
 The first spot underneath the sky.
 Here's gold. Go laugh; and heed no more
 How idiot Folly stalketh by.
 Whether the ostrich tail be seen
 Flaunting about from side to side,
 Or tinsel toy, or ribbon gawd

In blue or bloody colour dyed,—
Content thee. Learn, whate'er its name,
That Pride is still no more than Pride."

"The Oriental Annual" has always appeared to us to be one of the most valuable of the tribe, and to have possessed an advantage over several of them, in having something like a definite and characteristic field to occupy. In point of binding, gilding, and ornament, it has hitherto been gorgeous, while its plates are always in a first-rate style, and eminently illustrative of the glorious East. The volume before us now, we are inclined to think, excels in these particulars its predecessors, unless it be that what is present to the eye is more attractive than what dwells in the memory. According to our usual procedure, we do not labour to convey a minute description of the illustrations, knowing that all such attempts are feeble, in the absence of the pictures themselves. We may mention, however, that an Elephant fight is rendered with frightful effect, and impresses the mind with an idea of ferocity and violence, which we think no language can ever communicate.

The Rev. Author, in his part of the work, pursues his accustomed method of mingling biographical notices, descriptions of particular scenes or events, and stories illustrative of Oriental life, with affecting accounts of fanaticism and superstition, and other topics concerning the social condition of the natives, and their interests here and hereafter. Our only extract gives a spirited description of certain combats between the fiercest animals that can be found. After the creatures have been caught, they are often kept alive to provide sport for the people. To render the exhibition more striking and ferocious they are starved for some time previous to its occurrence, when hunger independent of their violent nature creates a dreadful voracity. Alligators, for example, are described as being kept in tanks, having a strong iron wire passed several times round their long muzzles, and so tightened as to keep the jaws close, thus preventing them from tasting solid food.

"During my residence in India I once saw, in a small tank, two alligators, the jaws of which had been fastened as just described, for a period, as it was said, of more than two months. They were caught, dragged upon the bank, where, the iron ligatures being cut, they were immediately released, and feeling their freedom, both plunged with equal eagerness into the water. As they had been for some weeks companions in suffering, neither manifested a disposition to commence hostilities, but occupied different parts of the tank, sinking to the bottom, and occasionally thrusting their noses above the surface to take breath. The water did not exceed five feet in depth, so that unless they kept the middle of the tank they might be seen as they lay at the bottom almost immovable. Though the place was crowded with spectators, the huge reptiles did not appear to be disturbed by so unusual a concourse, and even occasionally bore to be poked with a long pole before they would move from the mud in which

they had embedded themselves. At length, the carcass of a sheep was thrown into the water just above where the smallest alligator lay. The voracious creature immediately rose and seized it; which it had no sooner done than its companion appeared on the surface, and with the swiftness of a shaft rushed towards its rival to participate in the tempting banquet, the turbid element dividing before it as if ploughed with the keel of a ship. In a moment both sank, and for some time the water was much disturbed, the black mud rising in considerable quantities, and an occasional splashing sufficiently attested the severity of the struggle that was taking place below. After a while one of the combatants appeared with a portion of the sheep in its jaws, which, having devoured, it again sank, and the struggle was evidently renewed. In a short time the water was strongly tinged with blood, the mud continued to rise and the splashing increased. The anxiety of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, when both competitors rose at different parts of the tank as if the contest had been terminated by mutual consent. The smaller alligator had a frightful gash in its throat, and the fore leg of the larger seemed to be extensively lacerated. They both tinged the water as they swam: nevertheless, their wounds did not appear to cause either of them much suffering or inconvenience. They did not attempt further hostility. The carcass of a second sheep, in a tempting state of decomposition—for these creatures prefer putrid carrion to any other—was thrown into the tank, and the struggle for supremacy renewed. It however, did not last so long as the former; each having obtained a share of the prey, which divided at the slightest touch, the contest soon subsided, and both rose once more to the surface without any further appearance of injury. Their bodies appeared less lank; it was, therefore, evident that each had received a portion of the two carcasses thrown between them, like the apple of discord in classic story. On the following day, the alligators which had already contributed to the support of a numerous assemblage of unpitied spectators, were caught for the purpose of opposing them to foes of a different species from any they had been accustomed to encounter. They were brought into a large enclosure, within which was a cage containing a fine leopard. The gash in the throat of the smaller alligator had, it was now sufficiently apparent, greatly weakened it. The animal appeared apathetic, and did not promise much diversion to the anxious beholders. The creatures were removed from the tank to the arena on a platform raised upon wheels and drawn by three bullocks. When rolled from the carriage both appeared almost inert, and especially the smaller one, which every now and then opened its huge mouth and gasped, manifestly suffering from the conflict of the preceding day. The leopard, as soon as it saw them, crouched upon its belly, as if conscious what it was about to be called upon to perform: when, however, the door of the cage was opened, which was done by a man in a sort of gallery above by means of a cord attached to the upper bar, the animal did not seem disposed to try the issue of a combat with antagonists at all times formidable, and in their own element invincible. A pole being at length introduced, the leopard was irritated by being severely poked; and, with a sudden spring, bounded into the enclosure. The alligators appeared to look upon the scene with perfect indifference, remaining all but motionless on the spot where they

had been cast from the platform. Their tails were occasionally seen to vibrate slightly, and especially when their brindled enemy appeared before them in a threatening attitude of attack. The leopard paused for some time with its head upon its paws, waving its tail to and fro, the fur being erected and the ears depressed, as if anxious but fearful to begin the encounter. At length, two or three crackers being flung just behind it, these had no sooner exploded than the terrified and enraged animal darted forward, and springing upon the nearest alligator, turned it over in an instant, and burying its fangs in the throat of its victim, almost immediately dispatched it, the helpless reptile appearing not to offer the slightest resistance. Finding that it had so easily vanquished its weakest enemy, the leopard, excited by the taste of blood, having been kept without food for the three previous days, sprang upon its surviving foe, but with a very different result. The alligator, suddenly shifting its head, the brindled champion missed its spring; when the roused foe meeting it as it turned, made a sudden snap at its head, which it took entire within its capacious jaws, and crushed so severely that, when released, the leopard rolled over and died after a few struggles. The victor was now attacked by a man armed with a long spear, with which he dispatched it after a feeble resistance. Thus ended this barbarous pastime.

"Upon another occasion I witnessed at one of these sanguinary exhibitions, a contest between a buffalo and a tiger. The buffalo was extremely fierce, and one of the largest of its kind I had ever seen. It commenced the attack by rushing towards its adversary, which retreated to a corner of the arena, where, finding no escape, it sprang upon the buffalo's neck, fixing its claws on the animal's shoulder, and lacerating it in a very frightful manner. It was, however, almost instantly flung upon the earth with a violence that completely stunned it, when there appeared a ghastly wound in the belly, inflicted by its antagonist's horn, from which the bowels protruded. The conqueror now began to gore and trample upon its prostrate enemy, which it soon dispatched, and then galloped round the enclosure, streaming with blood, the foam dropping from its jaws, its eyes glancing fire, occasionally stopping, pawing the ground, and roaring with maddened fury. A small rhinoceros was next introduced, which stood at the extremity of the arena, eyeing its foe with an oblique but animated glance, though without the slightest appearance of excitement. The buffalo having described a circuit from the centre of the ground, plunged forward towards the rhinoceros, with its head to the earth, its eyes appeared as if about to start from their sockets. Its wary antagonist turned to avoid the shock of this furious charge, and just grazed the flank of the buffalo with its horn, ploughing up the skin, but doing no serious mischief. It now champed and snorted like a wild hog, and its eyes began to twinkle with evident expressions of anger. The buffalo repeated the charge, one of its horns coming in contact with its adversary's shoulder; which, however, was protected by so thick a mail that it produced no visible impression. The rhinoceros, the moment it was struck, plunged its horn with wonderful activity and strength into the buffalo's side, crushing the ribs and penetrating to the vitals; it then lifted the gored body from the ground and flung it to the distance of several feet, where the mangled animal almost immediately breathed its last. The victor

remained stationary, eyeing his motionless victim with a look of stern indifference, but the door of his den being opened, he trotted into it, and began munching some cakes which had been thrown to him as a reward for his conduct in so unequal a contest."

The "Forget Me Not" has always been a general favourite, and is, we think, as deserving of commendation as ever. Some of the illustrations are wonderfully beautiful and fine. "La Sevillana," engraved by Thompson from a drawing by Sir T. Lawrence, is of this choice number; and so are "Rosanna," and others that might be named. The "Cloisters of Santo Paolo, Rome," from a picture by Prout, and engraved by Carter, brings us within the solemn shade and imposing strength of magnificent pillars and age-enduring columns.

The letter-press matter is good and varied, at the same time that it is exceedingly well situated and chosen for a pretty volume of the kind. The prose pieces may all be pronounced clever at least, and the poetry exhibits several specimens of great liveliness of fancy, and in some instances of depth and power. Of the latter superior order, Mary Howitt's ballad, called "The Rich and Poor," may be presumed to form a prominent example; but as we have already drawn upon her effusions, and as the ballad is too long for our vacant space, we shall have recourse to two contributions, both of which are also from the pens of female writers. The first is by Mrs. Sigourney, and is called "The American Indians."

"I heard the forests as they cried

Unto the valleys green,

'Where is that red-browed hunter-race

Who loved our leafy screen?

They humbled 'mid these dewy glades

The red-deer's antlered crown,

Or soaring at his highest noon

Struck the strong eagle down.'

Then, in zephyr's voice, replied

Those vales so meekly blest,

They reared their dwellings on our side,

Their corn upon our breast;

A blight came down, a blast swept by,

The cone-roofed cabins fell;

And where that exiled people fled

It is not ours to tell.'

Niagara, of the mountains grey,

Demanded from his throne,

And old Ontario's billowy lake

Prolonged the thunder-tone,—

'Those chieftains at our side who stood

Upon our christening day,

Who gave the glorious names we bear,
Our sponsors—where are they ?

And then the fair Ohio charged
Her many sisters dear,
‘ Show me, once more, those stately forms,
Within my mirror clear.’
But they replied, ‘ Tall barks of pride,
Do cleave our waters blue,
And strange keels ride our farthest tide,
But where’s their light canoe ?’

The farmer drove his plowshare deep
‘ Whose bones are these ?’ said he ;
‘ I find them where my browsing sheep
Roam o’er the upland lea :’
But starting sudden to his path
A phantom seemed to glide,
A plume of feathers on his head,
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifle grave,
Then raised his hand on high,
And with a hollow groan invoked
The vengeance of the sky :
O’er the broad realm, so long his own,
Gazed with despairing ray,
Then on the mist, that slowly curled,
Fled mournfully away.

The other is part of a “ Song of Dreams,” by Miss M. A. Browne, in which great playfulness of fancy is displayed, both in the metre and the thought.

“ In the rosy glow of the evening’s cloud,
In the twilight’s gloom,
In the sultry noon, when the flowers are bowed,
And the streams are dumb,
In the morning’s beam, when the faint stars die
On the brightening flood of the azure sky,
We come !

Weavers of shadowy hopes and fears,
Darkeners of smiles, brighteners of tears,
We come !

We come where the babe on its mother’s breast
Lies in slumber deep ;
We flit by the maiden’s couch of rest,
And o’er her sleep

We float, like the honey-laden bees
On the soft, warm breath of the languid breeze,
And sweep

Hues more beautiful than we bring
From her lip and her cheek, for each wandering wing
To keep.

* * * *

We sit by the miser's treasure-chest,
 And near his bed,
 And we watch his anxious heart's unrest;
 And in mockery tread
 With a seeming heavy step about;
 And laugh when we hear his frightened shout
 Of dread,
 Lest the gnomes who once o'er his gold did reign,
 To his hoards, to claim it back again,
 Have sped.

But a sunnier scene, and a brighter sky,
 To-day are ours;
 We have seen a youthful poet lie,
 By the fountain's showers,
 With his upturned eyes, and his dreamy look,
 Reading the April sky's sweet book,
 Writ by the Hours;
 Thinking those glorious thoughts that grow
 Untutored up in Life's fresh glow
 Like flowers.

We will catch the richest, brightest hue
 Of the rainbow's rim,
 The purest cloud that 'mid the blue
 Of heaven doth swim!
 The clearest star-beam that shall be
 In a dew-drop shrined when the twilight sea
 Grows dim;
 And a spirit of love about them breathe;
 And twine them all in a magic wreath
 For him!"

"Gems of Beauty" requires a much longer notice than, we find, we have left ourselves room to introduce this month. In one sense we are not sorry for this, because it is a work possessing such rare charms both of art and poesy as entitle it to stand by itself. The Publishers after a season of unusual dulness have begun to stir themselves so actively, that a number of works which have lately come to hand must stand over, and await our next number; and as in all probability its contents will be of a graver character than many of those which appear this month, or at least will comprise fewer works of fiction, the "Gems of Beauty" will consequently obtain a setting that must afford it all the advantage of strong relief and contrast. In the meanwhile let all the readers of the Monthly Review take our simple word for it, that if they are nice and tasteful in the matter of drawing-room embellishment, one guinea and a half can never be more satisfactorily expended than in purchasing this imperial quarto volume. Parris's engravings of the Passions, and the Countess's illustration, will continue always to be admired amongst the costliest decorations and the loveliest triumphs of the Muses that the amateur can select.

ART. XIV.—*The Life and Times of the Reverend George Whitefield, M. A.* By ROBERT PHILIP, Author of "The Experimental Guides," &c. &c. London: Virtue. 1837.

A BRIEF autobiography, letters, and other productions by Whitefield's own pen, together with notices which have long been before the public, and some new facts, constitute the principal contents of this thick octavo volume. Mr. Philip's efforts consist of an analysis of Whitefield's character, genius, and life, as well as of an attempt to make the reader clearly acquainted with the state of religion in Great Britain at the time that this extraordinary preacher arose and flourished, not only as it was taught at the two Great Universities; but as it was inculcated from the pulpit, and practised on the part of the majority of professed religionists. There is a good deal of commentary on all of these topics throughout the work, as well as many digressions and dissertations, some of which do not appear to throw any direct light upon the subjects in hand. For instance, immediately after the account of Whitefield's last moments, the biographer quotes these remarkable words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them;" which are, no doubt, very suitably introduced: but he continues—"the very readiness with which we utter *all* this oracle at his death-bed, should lead us to inquire why we utter only *part* of it at the death-beds of the righteous in general,"—and then we have eight entire pages taken up with a meditation upon this matter, which, in as far as it relates particularly to this subject, appears to us might have more effectively been compressed into a few sentences. The general train of reasoning may be good and sound, but it looks rather like one who is habituated to *sermonizing*, and intent upon keeping himself more prominent before the reader than the character or circumstances of his hero.

We do not believe, however, that Mr. Philip was conscious of any such intent, or would knowingly sacrifice his subject for his own display. Far from it; for while he entertains for his hero an admiration, which, perhaps, cannot altogether be reasonably supported, we think that he has traced the progress of Whitefield's mind—the development of his feelings and principles, that he has, in his endeavour to guide the reader to a scrutiny and insight as respects the character of the great preacher, done that which has never before been performed;—in short that he has come nearer to a comprehension of the *philosophy* of Whitefield's life than any of his previous biographers.

So far as the work is by the hand of Mr. Philip, he tells us that it is in Whitefield's own spirit. "It will therefore," continues he, "help all that is good, and expose not a little of what is wrong, in

all churches ; and thus, like his actual life, *tell* upon both. At least, if it fail to do this, my object will be defeated,"—by which it may be understood that the biographer is of that party which is called the Evangelical ; that is, if we mistake not, the Calvinistic. We, of course, are not going to say a word about the merits of religious systems or creeds ; but we must be allowed to state, there is far too much dogmatism, sectarianism, and uncharitableness in the work to allow it to be so extensively read as otherwise it deserves to be ; and therefore if we are right, the biographer has in a great measure defeated the purposes which every writer on religious subjects must particularly have in view. For example after referring to Whitefield's preaching, when but a young man, to a crowded congregation in Bow Church, Cheapside, we have the following assertions :—" Accordingly, Bow bells remind us of no one but Whitefield. His one sermon invests that church with more sacredness than its consecration, and with more interest than the whole series of its corporation sermons. There is neither venom nor vapouring in this remark. Visitors from the country, and from America, pause in Cheapside to gaze at the spire under which George Whitefield preached. They remember no one else. Why ? Because no one else has 'so preached' there, 'that many believed.' " This is too much, and resembles very closely that sort of vapouring that not only exceeds the truth, but which appears in fact a matter of which the author can by no means be cognizant. Mr. Philip should remember that every one is not so full of George Whitefield's achievements as he who has been studying and writing *five hundred and eighty-eight* pages about his " Life and Times." Again—

When speaking of Whitefield's extraordinary powers of oratory, and mentioning that amongst his admirers there were such judges as Foote, Garrick, Franklin, &c., and that Southey has compared his bursts of passion to " jets of a Geyser, when it is in full play," it is added, " David Hume beheld one of these *jets* of the Tabernacle Geyser, and wondered, despised, and perished !" Now, can this manner of speaking do any good, and will it not to many convey offence and strong disgust ? We think that no man who cultivates a habitual distrust of himself on the most serious and secret of all subjects—that no one who admits that there is any topic too awful for him to canvass, and who feels that there are occasions when even the imagination ought not to seek to obtrude within the most sacred veil, (an intrusion which seems to us extremely likely to lead to the forgetfulness of a far more pressing inquiry, viz., " am I myself not on the road to destruction ?") would have expressed himself in similar terms to those last quoted.

But Mr. Philip has not yet done with the Northern philosopher and historian, nor does he avoid revealing other solemn secrets in

relation to Hume's family. After informing the reader of the stratagems, so to speak, to which Whitefield had recourse, when he wished to carry the feelings of his hearers to the highest pitch, and saying that, on one occasion, to give greater effect to the exclamation—"The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary, and ascend to heaven; and shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways!"—we are told, Whitefield stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, "Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God." Now what are the words which Mr. Philip appends to this claptrap extravagance? They are certainly worthy of such an exordium, and are these—"How gladly Gabriel would have carried to the throne the news of Hume's conversion, and told it to his mother in her mansion of Glory! But Gabriel did not report Hume's words in heaven"—referring to his having said that it was worth going twenty miles to hear Whitefield. This, we think, is sensualizing heaven, and is disgusting.

So much for certain blemishes belonging to the spirit of our author's narrative and comments. As to his style, he tells us that he has "nothing to say, except that it is in my *own* way of telling the facts of personal history." We have however to say that it is not the best way; and yet there is a characteristic pith, and a sort of original or unusual extravagance about it, which, while it convinces us that the writer possesses considerable intellectual powers, and, though prejudiced in many things, is yet a man of an independent cast of mind, compels the reader to go on though he may in almost every page be so dissatisfied that he would not recommend the book to another.

We shall introduce a long extract from a part of the work on which the author would naturally bestow the greatest pains, and therefore it must be taken as a fair, or rather a favourable specimen of the style of the whole. It is from the chapter, headed "Whitefield's Characteristics," which naturally comes close after the account of his death. Mr Philip says—

"I foresaw, from the commencement of this work, that I was incapable of embodying the character of Whitefield, at the end, in a form which would satisfy myself. I therefore kept back nothing, for the sake of final effect; but allowed him, at every step, to appear all he was at the time and place. His characteristics have thus come out like the stars, now one by one, and anon in constellations, and all 'in their season.' In this form they have kept alive my own interest in both his Life and Times, whilst writing these pages; and therefore I see no necessity, and feel no inclination, to try my hand at a formal portrait. Whitefield paints *himself* upon every eye that follows him. The only difficulty felt in trying to realize this mighty angel

of the everlasting gospel, as he flies in the midst of heaven, arises from the *figure* he presents in almost all the portraits which have accompanied his works hitherto. Indeed, until I saw the full-length engravings of him, from pictures taken when he was in his prime, I found it impossible to associate with his form (except in the case of his uplifted hands and eyes) just ideas of his spirit. This difficulty is now removed, and by no stratagem. The portrait in this volume is a faithful copy (except in length and scenery) of the original engraving, taken from Russell's picture of him, as he appeared in Moorfields in all his glory.

"I have another reason for not trying to embody the whole character of Whitefield: it would present an *inimitable* example; and thus defeat one great purpose I had in writing his life. His image, as a whole, is not calculated to multiply itself. Happily this is not the fact, in regard to some features of it. Some of them, like queen bees, are each capable of producing a whole hive. Indeed, it is impossible that any conscientious minister of the gospel can contemplate Whitefield in his volume, without setting himself to imitate him in something: whereas no one would dream of even trying to imitate him in all things. At least, I never saw the man who could be a *second* Whitefield. Rowland Hill was not that. SPENCER, from all I could learn in Liverpool, during eleven years' occupation of his pulpit, seems to have approached nearest to the pathos and fascination of Whitefield; but he had evidently none of his commanding majesty.

I studied Whitefield until I understood him; and, therefore, I have instinctively recognised whatever resembled him, in all the popular preachers of my time. James, of Birmingham, has occasionally reminded me of his alternate bursts of tenderness and terror, in all but their rapidity; Rowland Hill, of his *off-hand* strokes of power; and Spring, of New York, his *off-heart* unction, when it fell like dew, copiously and calmly. Baptist Noel also has reminded me of this. Robert Newton has some of Whitefield's oratory, but none of his high passion. Irving had nothing of him but his voice. Cooper, of Dublin, when in his prime, and preaching in the open air, has enabled me to conceive how Whitefield commanded the multitude in Moorfields. I must add,—although I shall not be generally understood,—that Williams of the Wern, and my friend Christmas Evans, of Wales, and Billy Dawson of Yorkshire, have oftener realized Whitefield to me, than any other preachers of my time: and yet these three men do not resemble him, nor each other, in mind or body; but they can *lose* themselves entirely, as he did, in tender and intense love to souls. This is what is wanted; and it will *tell* by any voice or style, and from any eye or stature. Rowland Hill knew and loved one minister in Scotland—the late Cowie of Huntly—for his resemblance to Whitefield. I do not wonder at this. It was Whitefield's likeness to Cowie, that first won my heart. I saw in the busts, and read in the book of George Whitefield, the express image of George Cowie, the pastor of my boyhood. I was not twelve years old when he died; but the majestic music of his voice is yet in my ear, and the angelic benevolence of his countenance yet before my eye. I could weep yet, as I wept when I did not understand him. I wept often then because he was bathed in tears of love. I loved him, because he loved me for my father's sake, when my father died. He then became a father unto me. Whether he *bequeathed* me to Dr. Philip, I do not know: but I can never forget that in this house Dr. Philip

adopted me. This he did in the true *spirit* of adoption ! I owe everything, in early life, to this. Even in mature life, I feel the benefit of it every day.

" I must not dismiss this reference to Cowie yet. It will help not a few to realize Whitefield. I have often roused the venerable Rowland Hill, in his old age, from absence and depression, when he was not likely to be *himself* in the pulpit, or on the platform, by a timely reference to ' our old friend Mr. Cowie.' This never failed to quicken him. I was to him so associated with Huntly, that he often called me *Mr. Huntly*. The public are thus indebted to me for not a few of Rowland Hill's last and best eulogiums on Whitefield. He had seen him personified in Cowie, and I kept the image before the good old man, whenever I met him in public or private. The *secret* was this. The chief cause of Mr. Cowie's *excommunication* from the antiburghers, was his co-operation with Mr. Hill, and itinerants of his stamp ; and I had been Mr. Cowie's *little* servant on the day he defended himself before the synod. It was a *high* day to me, until I found him condemned. I had carried from his library to the top of his pulpit stairs the books he intended to quote from ; and handed them to him as he required them. It was a long defence ; but I felt no weariness, although I did not understand a word of its real merits. There was *Latin* in it—and he had begun to teach *me* Latin ; and thus I expected to understand the speech some day. And then it was a perfect stream of eloquence, flowing, now softly as the Boggie, and anon impetuously as the Dovern ; the rivers which encircle Huntly. I was sure that nobody could answer him ; and so vexed when they tried, that I could have thrown a book at the head of the moderator, and even two or three at some other heads of the synod. True ; this was worse than foolish in a boy ; but still, it was not more foolish than old men flinging censures at the head of a champion, who was the Whitefield of the north. At this moment, I do not feel that I was the greatest sinner in that assembly.

" I thus allow my recollections of Cowie to revel in their own vividness, because they will explain what I have ventured to call my ' knowledge of Whitefield.' I mean, that I met in the sermons and *vein* of Whitefield, the image of my first friend and pastor ; and Rowland Hill, who knew both parties, attested the likeness. This fact must be my apology for the many instances in this volume, in which I *gossip* about Whitefield, as if I had been brought up at his knee. There is no affectation in this, whatever flippancy it may have betrayed me into. I have been all along at *home*, because in company with Cowie. Besides, only a character which speaks for itself belongs to biography ; and he is no biographer of it, who does not speak in its own style."

This sort of rhapsodical style is calculated to tingle in the ears rather than to convey clear or just impressions ; especially the delineation must be unintelligible to those who have not enjoyed similar opportunities with the author of listening to the great resembling orators he mentions. Instead of being called *characteristics* of Whitefield, these paragraphs should, therefore, have only obtained the honour of being styled Mr. Philip's method of description ; or, as containing his own recollections. Whitefield's characteristics

must be elsewhere sought for ; let it be added, however, and, as has already been intimated, they will be abundantly found coming out "like stars," one by one in the preceding portions of the book.

Whitefield was, unquestionably, an extraordinary man, otherwise how could he for many years, from an early hour in the morning to a late period in the day, have continued preaching, praying, and catechising. Think of a man holding forth in long sermons four and five times a day, and beginning often by sunrise. Then remember who the preacher was. Not a quiet, subdued speaker, nor a drone ; but one whose voice could extend with distinctness a mile, and who, times innumerable, was heard by twenty and thirty thousand at once,—one who could at will melt into tears these vast multitudes, or cause them to shake. David Garrick said that Whitefield could make men weep or tremble by his varied utterance of the word "Mesopotamia."

We are not going to enter into the weapons by means of which the preacher could achieve these wonderful things. They are fully developed in the volume before us. We only say that unsurpassed earnestness on his part was the prime engine, and the multitudes of those whom he conquered, and who became moral and religious examples to the world, were the proper monuments of his triumphs.

We close our notice of the volume, which is well worth the perusal of every one, especially every minister of the gospel, but which will be chiefly relished by the Evangelical party, by extracting Mr. Philip's introductory remarks respecting "Whitefield's Preaching," which, we think, are well conceived and forcibly illustrated. To these remarks we append a specimen of one of his sermons.

"This volume would be incomplete, for my purpose, without some specimens of Whitefield's preaching. That requires to be *illustrated* as well as analyzed, now that the man, and his message, and his success, are fully before us. It is also necessary to preserve some specimens of his sermons in this record of his life, because his sermons, as such, will hardly perpetuate themselves. His *name* may continue to sell them; but even already they are but seldom read. No minister quotes from them, except when an anecdote of Whitefield brings in some stroke of power or pathos; and no student hears or thinks of them as models. Indeed, they are not models for the *pulpit* but when it stands in the fields; and even there, it must be surrounded by thousands before any man could wield the glittering sword of Whitefield with effect.

"Besides; there is not much to be learnt from his sermons now. Their best maxims are but *common-place* to us. They were, however, both new and strange things to the generality of his hearers. He was as much an *original* to them, as Chalmers is to us. And, let it never be forgotten, that Whitefield and Wesley *common-placed*, in the public mind, the great truths of the Reformation, in simple forms and familiar words. If they added nothing to the theology of their country that was either

original or valuable, they threw old truths into new proportions and wide circulation. This is forgotten by those who say with a sneer, that there is *nothing* in their sermons. I have often heard this said by men who never gave *currency* to a single maxim, nor *birth* to a thought worth preserving. Such critics should be silent. Their newer modes of thinking and writing will never common-place themselves in the world or the church!

"There is one peculiarity about Whitefield's sermons which his critics have not pointed out, and which I should like to commend, if I could do so wisely. I mean,—his modest *egotism* in preaching. He is for ever speaking of himself when he touches any experimental point, or grapples with a difficulty. Then he opens his own heart in all its inmost recesses, and details the process by which his own mind was made up; and both without even the appearance of vanity, or of 'a voluntary humility.' It is all done with the artless simplicity of childhood. He thinks *aloud* about himself, only to enable others to know what to think about their own perplexities, dilemmas, and temptations. He shows them his own soul, merely to prove that 'no strange thing has befallen' their souls.

"Nothing is so unlike Whitefield's egotism, however, as the whining confessions of a certain *clique* of preachers, who talk much about the plagues and lusts of their own hearts. They are theological Rousseaus or Montaignes, foaming out their own shame, if not glorying in it. Nothing is so disgusting as such obtrusive egotism. It is, indeed, unblushing effrontery, to *hawk* moral disease thus. Whitefield spoke of himself in the strong language of the Scriptures; but he did not go into details when applying it to himself, except in the first sketch of his life; and that he carefully pruned in a subsequent edition."

"PETER ON THE HOLY MOUNT. 'Peter said unto Jesus, Master is it good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias: not knowing what he said.' Peter, when he had drank a little of Christ's new wine, speaks like a person intoxicated; he was overpowered with the brightness of the manifestations. 'Let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.' It is well added, 'not knowing what he said.' That he should cry out, 'Master, is it good for us to be here,' in such good company, and in so glorious a condition, is no wonder; which of us all would not have been apt to do the same? But to talk of building tabernacles, and one for Christ, and one for Moses, and one for Elias, was saying something for which Peter himself must stand reproved. Surely, Peter, thou wast not quite awake! Thou talkest like one in a dream. If thy Lord had taken thee at thy word, what a poor tabernacle wouldst thou have had, in comparison of that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, in which thou hast long since dwelt, now the earthly house of the tabernacle of thy body is dissolved! What! build tabernacles below, and have the crown before thou hast borne the cross? O Peter, Peter! 'Master, spare thyself,' sticks too, too closely to thee. And why so selfish, Peter? Carest thou not for thy fellow-disciples that are below, who came not up with thee to the mount? carest thou not for the precious souls, that are as sheep having no shepherd, and must perish for ever, unless thy Master descends from the mount to teach, and to die for them?

wouldst thou thus eat thy spiritual morsels alone? Besides, if thou art for building tabernacles, why must there be three of them, one for Christ, and one for Moses, and one for Elias? are Christ and the prophets divided? do they not sweetly harmonise and agree in one? did they not prophesy concerning the sufferings of thy Lord, as well as of the glory that should follow? Alas, how unlike is their conversation to thine! Moses and Elias came down to talk of suffering, and thou art dreaming of building I know not what tabernacles. Surely, Peter, thou art so high upon the mount, that thy head runs giddy.

"However, in the midst of these infirmities, there was something that bespoke the honesty and integrity of his heart. Though he knew not very well what he said, yet he was not so stupid as his pretended successor at Rome. He does not fall down and worship these two departed saints, neither do I hear him say to either, *Ora pro nobis*; he had not so learned Christ; no, he applies himself directly to the Head, 'he said unto Jesus, Master, is it good for us to be here.' And though he was for building, yet he would not build without his Master's leave. 'Master, let us build;' or, as St. Mark words it, 'Wilt thou that we build three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias?' I do not hear him add, and one for James, and one for John, and one for Peter. No, he would willingly stay out with them upon the mount, though it was in the cold and dark night, so that Christ and his heavenly attendants were taken care of. The sweetness of such a heavenly vision would more than compensate for any bodily suffering that might be the consequences of their longer abode there. Nay, further, he does not desire that either Christ, or Moses, or Elias should have any trouble in building; neither does he say, Let my curates, James and John, build, whilst I sit idle and lord it over my brethren; but he says, 'Let us build;' he will work as hard, if not harder than either of them, and desire to be distinguished only by his activity, enduring hardness, and his zeal to promote the welfare of their common Lord and Master."

NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*Original Geographical Illustrations; or the Book of Lines, Squares, Circles, Triangles, Polygons, &c.* By JOHN BENNET, Engineer. London: Bennet. 1837.

It is impossible to convey any thing like a correct or adequate idea of this volume by any short notice that we can find room for; but let us, in general terms, assure our readers that it contains an immense number of proofs of the extent as well as minuteness of Mr. Bennet's scientific and practical knowledge. We cannot in so narrow a compass say so much or any thing so well, in explanation of the work, as to copy the enumeration of the points it illustrates, and the classes of persons to whom it is calculated to render the greatest services described in the title-page, where it is stated that it shows "An easy Scientific Analysis for Increasing,

Decreasing, and Altering any given Circle, Square, Triangle, Ellipse, Parallelogram, Polygon, &c. to any other Figure containing the same Area; by plain and simple methods laid down agreeably to Mathematical Demonstration, indispensable to Architects, Artists, Artificers, Builders, Cabinet Makers, Carpenters, Engineers (Military and Civil), Engravers, Glass Cutters, Jewellers, Machinists, Painters, Sculptors, Statuaries." &c. Concomitant with all this there must, of course, be elucidated many points which go to the groundwork of all distinct knowledge in Mensuration.

Besides a vast number of Mathematical Demonstrations gradually evolving the most useful as well as beautiful Geometrical qualities, relations, and proportions, Mr. Bennet has inserted no less than *fifty-four* Geometrical figures, drawn to the full size or scale of the common two-foot rule, and in a manner so simple and perspicuous, that every tradesman or unprofessional person may easily understand, by taking the author's preliminary instructions along with him. In short, we look upon this work, as one not only original in its plan but perfectly satisfactory in its details; nor do we think Mr. Bennet has arrogated to himself any undue honour, when he says that the methods shown in the divisions of the different figures have enabled him "to trace out the solutions to the intricate questions of the ancients."

ART. XVI.—*The Historical Antiquities of the Greeks. From the German of W. Waacksmuth, Professor of History in the University of Leipzig.* Translated by W. E. WOOLRYCH, Esq. Oxford: Talboys. 1837.

A HAPPY and forcible translation of one of the best works that has ever been written on the Antiquities of the Greeks; for while it is worthy of taking rank alongside of Heeren's theories and elucidations, it is calculated to aid materially in reducing Niebuhr's overrated speculations to their proper value, and bringing back the minds of the students of classical antiquities to appreciate and abide by old-fashioned truth in preference to being seduced by ingenious fancies. The scholars of Oxford owe a debt of gratitude to the translator as well as to the author of this volume, for the clear and able manner in which it vindicates doctrines and facts that were wont to obtain credit in that celebrated school of learning.

ART. XVII.—*Egypt as it is in 1837.* By THOMAS WAGHORN. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1837.

MR. WAGHORN is the apologist, the panegyrist, and the advocate of Mahomed Ali. He is a strenuous pleader for England interfering, decidedly and vigorously in behalf of Egypt, so that she may obtain her entire freedom from Turkey: or, if this cannot be conveniently brought about, he insists that Egypt should be made an English colony, instead of a French one, to which latter condition, he declares, the country of the Pharaohs is fast hastening, through the negligence and oversight of the British Government. It is quite natural for Mr. Waghorn to feel enthusiastic on the subject of which he treats,—his avowed object being to induce in the Members of the

British Parliament "some sort of sympathy for Egypt, instead of that indifference to her interests which permits her to be sacrificed to the bolstering up of Turkey,"—an empire which he looks upon as doomed to speedy ruin,—he being "General Agent in Egypt for Steam intercourse, via the Red Sea, between England, India, Ceylon, China" &c. &c. But while he glances at many important facts which an enlightened and commercial nation should never lose sight of, and shows himself well acquainted with the internal condition of Egypt, the policy of its ruler, and the capabilities of the country, we think that he has only regarded one side of the subject, and somewhat overshot his mark.

ART. XVIII.—*Cambridge Crepuscular Diversions, and Broodings before the Time.* Cambridge: Hall. 1837.

THIS *jeu d'esprit*, we presume, contains more point to the apprehension of Cantabs than we have been able to detect in it. The "*Diversions*" consist chiefly of a *Conversation upon Blunders*, wherein the derivation of the orthodox dainty for Shrove Tuesday, viz. *Pancakes*, is amusingly enough discussed. Number Two is upon the origin, evidence, and etymology of *Seediness*, by which term is meant, according to one of the speakers, "a sort of obtenebratio animi and mentis, an obfuscation, coming next in order to a night's irregularity," that is, a suffering from ennui and weariness.—Then comes *An Historical Excursion*, where the speculation is about the title *Wooden Spoon*, it being declared, that "No man's recollection can carry him back to a time, when that candidate for honours, who has been least led astray in the ways of mathematics, was not distinguished by the title." The whole presents a specimen of trifling pastime—which if in vogue at the great seat of mathematical science as a relaxation from severe study, must be pronounced to be perfectly innocent.

ART. XIX.—*The Churches of London.* Part X. By GEORGE GODWIN, JUN, Architect. London: Tilt. 1837.

THIS Part contains views and descriptions, along with historical notices, of St. Bartholomew's, Threadneedle Street, and All-Hallows, Bread Street. Neither of these churches present so much that is curious, architecturally or ecclesiastically, as several others in the Metropolis which have already been treated of in this work. But when taken as a portion of this beautiful and ably conducted publication, the Part before us is valuable. Both churches are of very ancient foundation, and therefore fill up an interesting chapter in the ecclesiastical history of the City.

ART. XX.—*Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, for 1838.* Edited by ALEX STRICKLAND, and BERNARD BARTON. London: Fisher.

HERE is one of several of those lovely annual visitants which its spirited publishers are in the habit of duly submitting to us. Its editors are a sufficient guarantee for its contents, each of them enjoying a meridian of brightness and vigour of mind, at the same time that the habits, attainments, and

pleasures of each are such as are sure to minister wholesome as well as sweet food to the young and the ingenuous. The selection of poetry and prose, and of the plates which enrich and embellish the volume, is fully equal to any that distinguished its predecessors of the same series, altogether forming a desirable work.

ART. XXI.—*The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual*. Edited by the Rev. WM. ELLIS. London: Fisher.

THE themes and the direction which this Annual pursue, necessarily insure a definiteness of purpose, that is easily understood, while the writers who are contributors to it are exceedingly well calculated to do justice to the plan by their individual kindred efforts. While the triumphs of Christianity among the heathen and its conquests and gifts at home, together with objects and truths best calculated to arrest the mind, are the subjects of verse or plain but touching narrative, as well as of arousing reflections and exalted contemplations, the writers, among whom may be numbered, beside the Editor, Sarah Stickney, Archdeacon Wrangham, Josiah Conder, Mary Howitt, &c., need only to be named as a passport to general acceptance and esteem. The illustrations are numerous and of a superior quality, even for such elegant publications as the class to which the volume belongs. They are too varied and manifold, however, to admit of being distinctly characterized in this notice; but whether belonging to foreign or domestic parts, whether consisting of portraits or scenes where architecture and landscape predominate, there is in this single volume ample provision for devout meditation. There is an engraving representing African witnesses giving evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that, independently of its being excellently handled as a specimen of the fine arts, is sufficient to occupy the heart profitably time after time. We extract a few verses by Cambrian Jones. They are called "The Similitude," and require no recommendation on our part.

" A stream came from a mountain side,
A babbling stream, a thing of play;
And it leaped like a child, as the morning smiled,
Upon its joyous way.

It was a clear and gentle stream,
It claimed the sunshine as a brother,
And the twain did play in a childish way,
Like twins of some young mother.

And now the stream did gather strength,
And now the stream more stately flowed;
And the sunshine's heat was waxing great
That on its surface glowed.

The sunshine burns upon a river
That once a babbling stream did play;
As a thing of thought, with passion wrought,
That river takes its way.

Upon the sun a cloud is lying,
Upon the river twilight closes;

The twilight is hieing, the day is dying—
 That river ne'er reposes.
 And, whether it sink in its mother earth,
 Or whether it melt in the boundless sea,
 Or whether it mount where the clouds have birth,
 It cannot cease to be.
 And so the child of man comes forth,
 And so he's seen a few brief years,
 And so in the gloom of a closing tomb
 He disappears."

ART. XXII.—*Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c. Illustrated in a Series of Views drawn from Nature.* By W. H. BARTLETT, W. PURSER, &c. With Descriptions of the Plates by JOHN CARNE, Esq., Author of *Letters from the East*. Vol. II. London: Fisher.

IT can hardly be necessary in noticing this work to do more than what we have done in copying the title of these Illustrations and Descriptions, and the names of those who have furnished and provided them for the public "Teeming with the noblest associations supplied by history and religion, the scene of the most wonderful events that can engage the human mind, Syria and the Holy Land have only recently been explored by modern artists capable of doing full justice to the infinite beauty and variety in which they abound; the sites of empires, awe-inspiring and memorable spots—interesting ruins of temples, tombs, and palaces—these, as they are seen here represented, hold forth no slight inducement to tourists to make them the favourite field of their future wanderings and researches." This, we feel, is nothing more than the truth, and not the truth in such a favourable and captivating shape as it must appear to every one who but skims over the contents of the volume. The plates which are plentiful are not surpassed by any efforts of the kind which any recent publications can boast of, while they are married to letter-press sketches that are in every respect worthy of the picturesque pen of the author of "*Letters from the East*," who is deservedly one of the most esteemed of those modern travellers who have with an earnest devotion striven to make the world acquainted with the scenery, the aspect, and the past as well as present condition of the most hallowed countries in the East. It is a beautiful, nay, magnificent and awakening work.

ART. XXIII.—*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, for 1838: with Poetical Illustrations.* By L. E. L. London: Fisher.

SWEETNESS rather than power is the becoming characteristic of Miss Landon's imaginings; and yet what less than wonderful power as well as riches can year after year send forth such varied streams of exalting sentiment and beautiful poetry as renders "*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*" one of the choicest Annual gems that garnish the table of the polished circles of British society. Even although this lady's genius and pen had nothing else upon which to disport themselves, we say it is wonderful how

she varies and excels herself in this one periodical work. All the world knows, however, that here there is not probably a tithe of her productions to be met with, and that in all of them there is the stamp of uncommon resources to be found.

The "Drawing-Room Scrap-Book" is so well known, in as far as regards its plan and general getting up, that it is unnecessary to dilate upon its splendour in these particulars. It may safely, however, be asserted that in the long list which each year's publication presents, there is a majority of subjects, which, to most poets, would seem unmanageable in verse, and exceedingly barren of points for the excitement or birth of sentiment. Without more prefatory matter, we shall now give a few specimens of the manner in which Miss Landon acquits herself whatever be the task. The first will show how melodiously and richly she can discourse of the "Tombs of the Kings of Golconda."

"Morning is round the shining palace,
 Mirrored on the tide,
 Where the lily lifts her chalice
 With its gold inside,
 Like an offering from the waves.
 Early wakened from their slumbers
 Stand the glittering ranks;
 Who is there shall count the numbers
 On the river's banks;
 Forth the household pours the slaves;
 Of the King of fair Golconda,
 Of Golconda's ancient Kings.
 Wherefore to the crimson morning
 Are the banners spread,
 Daybreak's early colours scorning,
 With a livelier red?
 Pearls are wrought on each silk fold,
 Summer flowers are flung to wither
 On the common way;
 Is some royal bride brought hither
 With this festival array?
 To the city's mountain hold
 Of the Kings of old Golconda,
 Of Golconda's ancient Kings.
 From the gates, in slow procession,
 Troops and nobles come;
 This hour takes the King possession
 Of an ancient home—
 One he never leaves again.
 Musk and sandal wood and amber
 Fling around their breath;
 They will fill the murky chamber
 Where the bride is Death.
 Where the worm has sole domain
 O'er the Kings of old Golconda
 O'er Golconda's ancient Kings."

* * * * *

What do our readers think a portrait of Captain Cook suggests?

* * * * *

" It was an August evening, with the sunset in the trees,
When home you brought his voyages, who found the fair South Seas,
We read it till the sunset, amid the boughs grown dim;
All other favourite heroes were nothing beside him.

For weeks he was our idol, we sailed with him at sea,
And the pond amid the willows the ocean seemed to be,
The water-lilies, growing beneath the morning smile,
We called the South-sea islands—each flower a different isle.

No golden lot that fortune could draw for human life
To us seemed like a sailor's, amid the storm and strife;
Our talk was of fair vessels that sweep before the breeze,
And new discovered countries amid the Southern seas.

Within that lonely garden what happy hours went by
While we fancied that around us spread a foreign sea and sky;
Ah! the dreaming and the distant no longer haunt the mind—
We leave, in leaving childhood, life's fairy land behind."

Rydal Water and Grassmere Lake draw forth a burst of homage, which we can easily believe Miss Landon cordially cherishes towards Wordsworth. We quote two of the verses.

* * * * *

" How often with the present sad,
And weary with the past,
A sunny respite we have had
By but a chance-look cast
Upon some thought of thine, that made
The sullenness forsake the shade,
Till shade itself was past!
For hope divine, serene, and strong,
Perpetual lives within thy song.
Eternal as the hills thy name—
Eternal as thy strain;
So long as Ministers of Fame
Shall Love and Hope remain;
The crowded city in its streets,
The valley in its green retreats,
Alike thy words retain.
What need hast thou of sculptured stone—
Thy temple is thy name alone."

ART. XXIV.—*Letters to Brother John on Life, Health, and Disease.*

By EDWARD JOHNSON, Surgeon. London: Saunders and Otley. 1837.
THIS work relates to subjects which of late years have obtained an unusual measure of study on the part both of moralists and statistical writers, as well as medical practitioners. This attention, however, has frequently shown itself to have been at fault, and to have led to treatises that were either absurd in their details, or impracticable as regarded the rules laid

down, or ridiculous from the parade of technical learning which the candidate for scientific or literary honours indulged himself in making. None of these objections, however, can be taken to Mr. Johnson's letters to Brother John; for while they evince a familiar acquaintance with medical science, and with the constitution of human nature in all its parts, physical and mental, there is so much common sense and plain reason pervading every portion of the work that the learned and unlearned may equally be benefited by its lessons. Besides this, the author is such a lively and entertaining writer that at any hour of the day his work may be taken up, and to the constant enhancement both of the reader's pleasure and information. We really consider it to be a volume of extraordinary merit.

ART. XXV.—*The Sketcher's Manual; or the Whole Art of Picture Making reduced to the Simplest Principles. By which Amateurs may instruct themselves without the aid of a Master.* By FRANK HOWARD, London: Darton and Clark. 1837.

MR. HOWARD complains that amid the numerous works that exist upon the Art of Drawing and Painting, that some are utterly useless, while those that do possess merit, "in every instance require a certain degree of proficiency or previous tuition in the reader to serve the purpose intended." He says, "they describe the mode of holding the pencil; represent the particular touch adapted to delineate certain trees, provide drawings varying in complexity and difficulty, as examples for the student; but they give no principles upon which the examples are, or drawings in general should be made; they give no indication of what constitutes a picture." How to produce pictorial effect is the great point which our author endeavours to illustrate and explain; and although we believe that a species of natural genius and taste is requisite to the attainment of this principal object; and although it presupposes certain postulates, which we think Mr. Howard in his advanced knowledge and proficiency has overlooked, there can be no doubt that his Manual goes to the root of the matter in as far as written directions can extend, and supplies a deficiency that has hitherto been allowed to exist. His rules, lessons, and principles, are not only short, clear, and pointed, but the pictorial illustrations are, with few exceptions, engraved in a manner to meet and to fulfil the author's doctrines. The volume is altogether a beautiful one, not less attractive than some of the *Annals*, and charged with valuable information as respects the art, which almost every person desires to understand and practise. We are glad to learn that the subject of Colour is reserved for a future work by Mr. Howard, than whom few can be supposed more competent to deliver lessons in his favourite department.

ART. XXVI.—*The Little Conchologist; an Introduction to the Classification of Shells.* By the Rev. T. WILSON. London: Darton and Clark. 1837. "THE Little Conchologist" is, in form, *getting up*, and substance, one of the sweetest tiny volumes that ever was published. Without pretending to the completeness of a minute scientific work, it possesses the principal characteristics, as a manual, upon the nature and habits of Molluscous Ani-

mals, which an Introduction to Conchology should exhibit. Linnæus's System is taken for the ground work; but such alterations are admitted as the advanced state of science requires; and when it is borne in mind, that not only as respects a large section of the animal kingdom, but its intimate illustrative connection with Geology, the history of shells and of their inhabitants can no longer remain under the stigma of being a dry or unprofitable study. All this the gentle and lovely work before us fully establishes.

ART. XXVII.—*Conversations on the Human Frame and the Five Senses.*

Illustrated with Plates. London: Darton and Clark. 1837.

AN outline of the anatomy of the most important organs of the human body, calculated to interest and instruct the young, and by a lady, is rather a novel exhibition of popular knowledge. But be its plan or suggestion new or old, we can safely assure our readers, that the author of "*Aids to Development*," "*A Gift for Mothers*," "*Memorials of Two Sisters*," &c. has here acquitted herself admirably. She says, that the idea of sketching this outline of anatomy was suggested to her mind by the questions of some children; and no work existing that was simple and pointed enough to put into their hands, these lessons have been framed to supply the want. It certainly is reasonable in commencing any course of instruction in Natural History, to make the human body a starting point. This is what has here been done, and, as already intimated, done exceedingly well. What renders this elementary work particularly desirable, are the impressive religious and scriptural doctrines that are most appositely and richly enforced in the course of its illustrations. The Bible is, in fact, the richest treasury to which manualists can resort; for it contains the most numerous and emphatic aphorisms and examples that the whole range of literature ever collected into a moderate compass. These "*Conversations*," may not only safely, but with the most perfect reliance upon their useful and never-to-be forgotten efficacy, be put into the hands of every young person; which is a great deal more than can be said of many cleverly compiled manuals.

ART. XXVIII.—*Fragments and Fancies.* By the Lady E. STUART WORTLEY. London: Saunders and Otley. 1837.

ALTHOUGH we can hardly keep pace with our Lady, and although we have often regretted that she should in such a slipshod style as is her wont, adventure before the public; it is impossible to deny her the praise, which not only a wonderfully fertile fancy deserves, but that of naturally possessing and of having assiduously cultivated the most tender and graceful feelings that properly belong to a feminine mind. If Lady E. S. Wortley does not stand foremost amongst our female writers in any one of her efforts, yet take them altogether, she has spread out her charming and high-souled sympathies over a space, and in communion with a greater number of subjects, than, perhaps, any one that can be named. It is impossible to read a page of her verses, without being assured that she is one of the best and most talented of her sex, and without being soothed or bettered by the exercise. And to what better can talent, accomplishments, and leisure, be devoted than

to the soothing of humanity here below, and tutoring it to the ecstasies which will reward purity and virtue above ?

We quote three stanzas from the third poem in the volume. Its title is "Mourners of Earth."

"Mourners of Earth ! Oh ! ye who weep
O'er crushing sorrows dark and deep,
Ye who to Hope have bade farewell,
Ye who 'mongst gloomiest shadows dwell,
Oh ! but the midnight of your sorrow
May have a glad and glorious morrow !

* * * * *

Oh ! Earthly Hope ! say, what art thou
Whose charms still countless hearts avow,
A meteor gleaming among tombs,
To show their terrors 'mid their glooms ;
But heavenly Hope ! thou shin'st and soarest,
And at the Eternal Throne adorest.

Mourners of Earth !—perchance 'tis well
For ye *on Earth* 'mid shades to dwell,
To turn dimmed agonizing eyes
On the rich blush of morning skies,
And fix your thoughts—the sad and lonely,
On Heaven and Heavenly Prospects only."

ART. XXIX.—*Till's Almanacks for 1838.*

HERE are six or seven of those indispensable remembrancers and directors, without one or more of which no person, be he rich or poor, old or young, leaped or unlearned, should exist a day. They are each, with one remarkable exception, extended on one side of one piece of paper, but of all shapes and sizes. First, there is "The National Almanack," which is well suited for being pasted upon a board and suspended in the parlour or business-room for constant and ready reference. It has a remarkably rich border, such as would be gorgeous, if of more solid materials, as the frame of a large picture. The price of this sheet is three pence. Next comes the "Paragon," of about half the size of the former, and containing nearly the same information, but in a smaller though clear and distinct type. The same description may be applied to the "Useful Almanack," which, however, is not so ornate in respect of borderings. These two are priced One Penny each, and are well adapted for the desk.

The three Almanacks now specified contain very nearly the same particulars and tables—viz. the days of the month, festivals and holidays, and the usual announcements for each day. The Sovereigns of Europe, the Royal Family of England, Ministers of State, Public Offices, Bankers in London, &c. &c., obtain short and distinct notices ; the arrangement being such as readily to catch the eye, though in each sheet it is varied.

We have now to speak of the "Hat Almanack," which must always be at hand when men of business are abroad. It will at once by uncovering the *caput*, inform that seat of knowledge and anxiety, of the day

of the month, of holidays, and the prices of stamps for every chargeable sum. The price is One Penny. A like price will procure "The Sunday Guide,"—a page very suitable to church-going people whose eyesight is not the best; but to those who can make use of a Pocket Prayer-Book, we recommend "The Sunday Almanack,"—if they are plain people,—in *blue*, One Penny; if more tasteful,—in *gold*, Two-Pence. These three give the Sunday lessons for the ensuing year, and will naturally be placed within the cover of the Bible or Prayer-Book.

The last of Mr. Tilt's Almanacks, at present before us, has appropriately obtained the title of "Miniature," and deserves to be regarded as a prodigy among its kind and even among books. Its size is *one inch and a quarter*, by *two inches and a quarter*, price, neatly done up in gilt cover, *One Shilling*. Its pages amount to about thirty-two, twelve of them being blank, and facing the several months of the year, to admit of important memoranda. The remainder of the volume contains such tables and notices as have been mentioned as forming prominent parts in the "National," the "Paragon," and the "Useful."

After this who can set a limit to improvements and novelties; or who can deny that the spirited Publisher of these several works has not performed a public service by enabling every man, woman, and child to obtain not only a familiar knowledge of the cycles of time and the position of current history, but of becoming punctual in the great concerns of secular life and of religion?

ART. XXX.—*The Poetical Works of Robert Southey*. Collected by Himself. In 10 Vols. Vol. I. London: Longman and Co. 1837.

At a period when the works of many of our most esteemed authors have been published in a uniform and popular shape, some of them having received the corrections and illustrations of the authors themselves, it was time that Southey should follow the example, and enable the world to appreciate his achievements more generally and fully than they have ever yet been, as well as to secure for himself a permanent place in every considerable English library. The form in which his poetical works are now to appear, is sure to obtain for him a station alongside of Scott and Byron. We could wish that his very voluminous prose productions were in a similar manner made available to the public at large; for if it be true that his poetry has secured for him the name of a true son of song, his pure, chaste, and mellifluous prose ought to be a model in all time coming to the English scholar.

The preface which ushers in the present volume, is one of the finest specimens of his prose, in as far as language is concerned; and as regards sentiment and mind, it is as simple, lofty, and serious as becomes a great man writing for posterity—a man knowing that he must shortly give an account of his stewardship, yet conscious of those principles and regulating motives that will not allow him to be unjust to his own merits. This preface it would be inexcusable altogether to withhold from our readers.

"Now, when about to perform what, at my age, may almost be called the testamentary task of revising, in all likelihood for the last time, those works by which it was my youthful ambition 'to be for ever known,' and

part whereof I dare believe has been 'so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die,' it appeared proper that this poem, through which the author had been first made known to the public, two-and-forty years ago, should lead the way; and the thought that it was once more to pass through the press under my own inspection, induced a feeling in some respects resembling that with which it had been first delivered to the printer, —and yet how different! For not in hope and ardour, nor with the impossible intention of rendering it what it might have been had it been planned and executed in middle life, did I resolve to correct it once more throughout; but for the purpose of making it more consistent with itself in diction, and less inconsistent in other things with the well-weighed opinions of my maturer years. The faults of effort, which may generally be regarded as hopeful indications in a juvenile writer, have been mostly left as they were. The faults of language, which remained from the first edition, have been removed; so that, in this respect, the whole is sufficiently in keeping. As for those which expressed the political prejudices of a young man who had too little knowledge to suspect his own ignorance, they have either been expunged, or altered, or such substitutions have been made for them as harmonise with the pervading spirit of the poem; and are, nevertheless, in accord with those opinions which the author has maintained for thirty years through good and evil report, in the maturity of his judgment as well as in the sincerity of his heart. I have thus acknowledged all the specific obligations to my elders or contemporaries in the art, of which I am distinctly conscious. The advantages arising from intimate intercourse with those who were engaged in similar pursuits cannot be in like manner specified, because in their nature they are imperceptible; but of such advantages no man has ever possessed more or greater, than at different times it has been my lot to enjoy. Personal attachment first, and family circumstances afterwards, connected me long and closely with Mr. Coleridge; and three-and thirty years have ratified a friendship with Mr. Wordsworth which, we believe, will not terminate with this life, and which it is a pleasure for us to know will be continued and cherished as an heir-loom by those who are dearest to us both. When I add what has been the greatest of all advantages, that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than men, constantly and unweariedly engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which, upon mature consideration, seemed best to myself, I have said everything necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, whatever they may be. It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that wherewith a person in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his worldly affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which, by the usages of this world, is permitted to us in poetry, and in poetry alone? Of the smaller pieces in this collection, there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection of the spots where many, not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer and more ambitious works, by those persons

nearest and dearest to me then, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task thus to resuscitate the past! But, serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope."

This is not more beautiful than earnest. We must remark, however, that in reference to the correction of the "political principles of a young man, who had too little knowledge to suspect his own ignorance," posterity will pay little heed. The consistency of Dr. Southey will be far less thought of, than the propriety or wisdom of his tenets uttered at any one time, and probably those published when he was young may come to be considered as the least tortuous assertions of the truth,—the sternest and most indignant denouncements of oppression, and the most arousing appeals in regard to man's inalienable rights. Again, if he has partly had in view a disclosure of the progress of his own mind, to be traced in his writings, we do not clearly see how expunging and altering that which he wrote in his youth, but which now in his advanced years, he thinks was wrong, will afford a starting point for the critical reader to begin with, or allow him to catch hold of a thread of continuous guidance.

Besides collecting and correcting his poems, the author, is to add such illustrations as will no doubt greatly increase the interest which his separate pieces possess. Every one knows how wonderfully Scott has enhanced the value of his noblest productions in this way; and the treasures of Southey's memory and imagination, we can easily suppose are no less extraordinary.

We have already heard what he has to say about the dreams and aspirations of his youth; and the vivid recollections cherished by him of the times, places, and circumstances connected with each production. We must introduce two specimens of what he has to communicate in this way about himself. First for his early reading:—

"My first attempts in verse were much too early to be imitative, but I was fortunate enough to find my way, when very young, into the right path. I read the *Jerusalem Delivered* and the *Orlando Furioso* again and again, in Hoole's translations: it was for the sake of their stories that I perused and reperused these poems with ever new delight; and by bringing them thus within my reach in boyhood, the translator rendered me a service which, when I look back upon my intellectual life, I cannot estimate too highly. I owe him much also for his notes, not only for the information concerning other Italian romances which they imparted, but also for introducing me to Spenser; how early, an incident which I well remember may show. Going with a relation into Bull's circulating library at Bath, (an excellent one for those days,) and asking whether they had the *Faëry Queen*, the person who managed the shop said, 'Yes, they had it but it was in obsolete language, and the young gentleman would not understand it.' But I who had learned all I then knew of the history of English from Shakspeare, and who had moreover read Beaumont and Fletcher, found no difficulty in Spenser's English, and felt in the beauty of his versification a charm in poetry of which I had never been fully sensible before. From that time I took Spenser for my master. I drank also betimes of Chaucer's well. The taste which had been acquired in that school was confirmed by Percy's *Reliques* and Warton's *History of*

English Poetry; and a little later by Homer and the Bible. It was not likely to be corrupted afterwards."

The present volume contains "Joan of Arc," and deserves to be read and studied, not merely on account of its own merits, but as being the forerunner of more splendid achievements. Let us see what were the circumstances which attended the composition of this early poem.

"Early in July 1793, I happened to fall into conversation at Oxford, with an old schoolfellow, upon the story of Joan of Acre, and it then struck me as being singularly well adapted for a poem. The long vacation commenced immediately afterwards. As soon as I reached home, I formed the outline of a plan, and wrote about three hundred lines. The remainder of the month was passed in travelling; and I was too much engaged with new scenes and circumstances to proceed, even in thought, with what had been broken off. In August I went to visit my old schoolfellow, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, who at that time resided with his parents at Brixton Causeway, about four miles on the Surrey side of the metropolis. There, the day after completing my nineteenth year, I resumed the undertaking; and there, in six weeks from that day, finished what I called an epic poem in twelve books.

"My progress would not have been so rapid had it not been for the opportunity of retirement which I enjoyed there, and the encouragement that I received. In those days, London had not extended in that direction farther than Kennington; beyond which place the scene changed suddenly, and there was an air and appearance of country which might now be sought in vain at a far greater distance from town. There was nothing indeed to remind one that London was so near, except the smoke which overhung it. Mr. Bedford's residence was situated upon the edge of a common, on which shady lanes opened leading to the neighbouring villages (for such they were then) of Camberwell, Dulwich, and Clapham, and to Norwood. The view in front was bounded by the Surrey hills. Its size and structure showed it to be one of those good houses built in the early part of last century, by persons who having realised a respectable fortune in trade, were wise enough to be contented with it, and retire to pass the evening of their lives in the enjoyment of leisure and tranquillity. Tranquil indeed the place was for the neighbourhood did not extend beyond half-a-dozen families; and the London style and habits of visiting had not obtained among them. Uncle Toby himself might have enjoyed his rood and a half of ground there, and not have had it known. A fore court separated the house from the footpath and the road in front; behind, there was a large and well-stocked garden, with other spacious premises, in which utility and ornament were in some degree combined. At the extremity of the garden, and under the shade of four lofty linden trees, was a summer-house looking on an ornamental grass-plot, and fitted up as a conveniently habitable room. That summer-house was allotted to me, and there my mornings were passed at the desk. Whether it exists now or not, I am ignorant. The property has long since passed into other hands. The common is enclosed and divided by rectangular hedges and palings; rows of brick houses have supplanted the shade of oaks and the elms; the brows of the Surrey hills bear a parapet of modern villas, and the face of the whole district is changed."

How interesting are such facts as our last extract describes, especially

when such kindly and exalted sentiments clothed in unsurpassed beauty, crowd the narrative!

It is too late in the day to enter into any minute criticism of *Joan of Arc*, but we observe in Mr. Hall's "*Book of Gems*," a general estimate of Southey's Works, which, while generous, is upon the whole just. "Of late years," says Mr. Hall, "the prose of Southey has been preferred to his poetry. It rarely happens that there is a preference without a disparagement. No poet in the present or the past century has written three such poems as *Thalaba*, *Kahema*, and *Roderic*. Others have more excelled in *delineating* what they can find before them in life; but none have given such proofs of extraordinary power in *creating*. He has been called diffuse, because there is a spaciousness and amplitude about his poetry—as if concentration was the highest quality of a writer. He lays all his thoughts before us; but they never rush forth tumultuously. He excels in unity of design and congruity of character; and never did poet more adequately express heroic fortitude and generous affections. He has not, however, limited his pen to grand paintings of epic character. Among his shorter productions will be found some light and graceful sketches, full of beauty and feeling, and not the less valuable because they invariably aim at promoting virtue." To this we would add, that Southey's great strength has been by many felt to be discoverable in his shorter pieces, where simplicity, magnanimity, and originality, all combine; and in these instead of *creating* he has, with a direct and erect grandeur of soul, addressed himself to human principles and sympathies of which all can judge, and which every one alive to poetry understands.

It is proper to state that this first volume is illustrated by a likeness of the author. The portrait is full of spirit and character; it is evidently a *likeness*. There is also a beautiful vignette of the monument of the "*Maid*." In every external and mechanical respect, the volume is worthy of our fastidious age.

ART. XXXI.—*Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge*. London: Tilt. In an Address, the proprietor of this new publication tells us that the complete success which has attended the *Memorials of Oxford*,—a work which we frequently had the pleasure to notice and recommend,—has encouraged him to commence a similar undertaking in illustration of the University and Town of Cambridge. There can be no doubt, the *memorials* of the latter great and ancient seat of learning rival those of the former, in point of variety, interest, and importance. The present number gives ample promise of all this, and no doubt, from what we have already seen in reference to Oxford, will become one of the best illustrated historical works that exists in this country. The engravings are by J. Le Keux, from original drawings made expressly for this publication, and the historical and descriptive accounts of the buildings, &c. are by Thomas Wright, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Trinity College is the subject of the present number, a view of the Library and of the Great Court, in the finest style of Line Engraving, and two wood cuts embellishing and illustrating its pages. When completed, the work will form three handsome volumes, consisting of Forty-eight Monthly parts, each Octavo part at the price of One Shilling; while for the Quarto, with proof impressions, the charge is doubled.

ART. XXXII.—*Third Report of the Glasgow Educational Society's Normal Seminary.* Read at a Public Meeting, 13th April, 1837. Glasgow: Collins.

In an outline of the Constitution and Regulations of this Society, it is stated that its objects "shall be to obtain and diffuse information regarding the popular schools of our own and other countries—their excellences and defects,—to awaken our countrymen to the educational wants of Scotland,—to solicit parliamentary inquiry and aid in behalf of the extension and improvement of our parochial schools,—and, in particular, to maintain a Normal Seminary, in connection with our parochial Institutions, for the training of teachers in the most improved modes of intellectual and moral training, so that schoolmasters may enjoy a complete and professional education." It is further stated, that the Society shall consist of persons attached to the principles of a National Religious Establishment, and approving of a connexion between the Parochial Schools and the National Church; but yet that "all persons, of whatever religious denomination, desirous of being professionally trained as Schoolmasters, shall be admissible to the benefits of the Society's Normal Seminary." This latter clause and regulation ought to command the attention and admiration even of the most decided and strenuous advocate of the voluntary system. But we must say something more in behalf of the "Glasgow Educational Society," for its principles and deeds are too important to be let pass with a general announcement,—principles of deeds worthy, as well as sure to obtain a continuance and an enlargement of the notice which the British empire and enlightened Europe bestow upon the spirited and philanthropic achievements of the metropolis of the west of Scotland.

The germ of the Glasgow Educational Society was formed so far back as 1826, but it seems to have been at intervals receiving an accession of improvements, as inquiry and the development of the system suggested, till, as the Report states, from its commencement to the present date, it "has trained several thousand children, and above 260 teachers, two-thirds of whom are juvenile, and one-third Infant School teachers." A field has been purchased in the immediate vicinity of a large manufacturing population for £2,540, upon which buildings have been commenced in November last, that, when completed, will cost £9,000. Government having hitherto declined giving any answers to the applications of the Committee for the Society, the two great wings of the edifice, embracing two-thirds of the whole, are proceeding with, "leaving the Rector's hall, library, museum, and several other rooms, unprovided. The four Model Schools, with seventeen class-rooms, and two teachers' houses, are embraced in the two wings. In these buildings," it is further added, "there will be accommodation for the daily training of 100 teachers, and above 1,000 children, with every arrangement fitted to render the Seminary a complete Schoolmaster's College, for the cultivation and training of the teachers and tutors of youth."

The Rector that has been appointed to superintend this large institution, which seems to be admirably calculated, from all that we have heard, to lend to the school system of Scotland, (which is founded on a Scriptural basis,) that aid which will educe its elastic power and tendency, is Mr. John M'Crie, son of the celebrated biographer of Knox and Melville,—a young

gentleman, who, besides the paternal training which he must be presumed to have obtained, has, since his appointment, been travelling in Germany and France, for the purpose of visiting the various Educational Institutions of these countries —thus harnessing himself for the responsible office which he is to occupy. There seems also, from the subscriptions on the part of private individuals, which have already been received, together with the annual subscriptions which are to follow, besides other sources of income, to be attained that point of activity and aid, which, if the institution meet the hopes of its friends, is sure to secure for it permanency and fame. It is, at any rate, a very noble experiment; and we feel confident, that by its exertions and achievements, it is to be the means of proving how necessary it is to combine moral with intellectual education, suited to a transition period in these departments, as well as of showing that knowledge alone, without Christian habits being inculcated and communicated, will fail in regard to the attainment of many of those great ends contemplated by the sanguine.

We have only to add, that this Report, extending only to about *thirty-six* pages, presents one of the most hopeful signs of the times, and is full of suggestive matter, especially to all who, as we do, watch narrowly the improvements which are taking place, and likely speedily to make advancement in the theory and practice of civilization.

ART. XXXIII.—*Rev. David Simpson's Plea for Religion*. Edited by his SON. London: Jackson and Walford. 1837.

OF a New Edition of such a celebrated and standard work as the present, it is unnecessary for us to do more than to mention its merits and claims as compared with former impressions; and these are such as to entitle it to a decided preference. There is first of all the revision of the text by one who must be supposed best qualified to the duty, many additional Notes, and that various Statistics, which are adapted to the present time, did not enrich the former edition. There is also a Life of the Author by Sir J. B. Williams, LL. D., which is not only well written, but evinces a genial spirit highly necessary to a satisfactory performance of such an important duty; and lastly, a thing not to be passed over in the present fastidious and polished age, the work has been *got up* with great care, besides being embellished with a fine Portrait, as well as a Vignette of Christ-Church, Macclesfield. These engravings will appeal to the hearts of many in a more touching manner than in their character of mere specimens of the fine arts; and in this view deserve to be considered.

In relation to such an invaluable work, it is with pleasure that we have also to announce, that a Cheap Edition of it has been published, (without the Life), and is to be obtained for *three shillings and sixpence*, being scarcely half the price of the preceding.

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1837.

ART. I.—*Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education. Being a Supplement to "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century."* London: Moxon: 1837.

A MORE remarkable sign of the times in which we live does not exist than the general intensity of anxiety respecting education which we have of late had numerous opportunities to note. A national system established and regulated by the legislature upon a broad, liberal, and enlightened basis, is by very many persons regarded as the only guarantee for the high purposes contemplated; and, indeed, as the only means of preserving that rank for the realm in the scale of European civilization that the nation has been accustomed to boast of. We cannot for a moment doubt of the period being at no great distance when some such large measure will be introduced, and therefore every effort which individuals can make to instruct the community, in reference to the grand principles that ought to characterize such a magnificent scheme, deserves to be hailed most cordially.

It is quite manifest that a system of national education for such a country as England demands not only the most anxious and guarded legislation, but that the different orders and sects in the state will render the question one of the very gravest nature that ever was started. We do not suppose that it will precisely engage in hostile array those who are ordinarily meant by the phrase political parties; for it would be taking a more unfavourable view of humanity than even these combined hosts have exhibited, to believe that any one of them, as a body, is inimical to social and moral improvement on the part of the people—objects which every system of education professes to accomplish, and which certainly are not beyond the reach of a nation's wisdom. There are, however, such various methods proposed to arrive at this desirable consummation, some of them involving great differences in metaphysics and religious belief, that we may expect no small share of opposition to any one suggested plan.

One of these plans has found its principal advocate in Lord

Brougham, and may be described generally as inculcating and pointing out the methods by which the intellectual powers will be invigorated, and knowledge enlarged on the part of each student, leaving the culture of the moral sentiments and sympathies to follow or to accompany mental improvement. In his Inaugural Address as Lord Rector at the University of Glasgow, he is represented as having described "useful information" and "intellectual refinement" as the "sure forerunner of moral improvement," meaning, by the terms *useful information* and *improvement*, a knowledge and taste for such branches as are secular and embrace modern science, to the exclusion of religious creeds and inquiries. Another party reverses this arrangement, and maintains that by furthering moral improvement, an inevitable precursor not only of useful knowledge and intellectual vigour, but of all the refined and ennobling impulses of which human nature is susceptible, would be detected.

In this latter class, we must place the author of these "Colloquies;" and yet he carries his meaning of the phrase *moral improvement* to a height which some will denominate *transcendental* or *mystic*, making it consist in a union and daily communion with God, or in other words, if we understand him aright, in vital practical Christianity—the inculcation and communication of this all-powerful and gracious principle to form the ground-work of education.

But it will be asked, by what sort of mental machinery and culture is this potent principle to be infused? To such an inquiry our anonymous author chiefly addresses himself; and although we think that society is not yet in that position which will admit the full working of his system or the development of its power; and although we also fear that the appreciation and enjoyment in relation to the divine attributes which the *union* insisted on implies, will yield scope to much extravagance and hypocrisy, if allowed to form a recommendatory ground of human character, we must concede that the experiment of making men good in proportion to the increase of their knowledge has hitherto failed, and that nothing short of an enlargement and elevation of the affections or moral feelings—the true basis of which is pure and earnest personal religion, can ever be reckoned upon as a general and permanent renovator of a community or of the world.

Before proceeding to afford to our readers some account of these "Colloquies," we must be allowed to say a word concerning their conduct and style; for while we think that the author's reasoning is not always pertinent—that it is diffuse, and is not remarkable for forwarding his main doctrine simultaneously with the increase of his pages, so as to create an accumulative interest and weight to the whole, he certainly must be allowed the merit of having made

himself understood on an intricate, perplexed, and all-engrossing subject, which he has viewed in an unusual light—a light, too, that necessarily imposed extraordinary difficulties in point of illustration—and all this in a style that is singularly chaste and elegant. We should say of him that he is a man not more earnest in a great and good cause, with which, perhaps, none other can be compared in as far as man's destinies are concerned, than that his mind is refined and expanded.

In an advertisement as well as from other contents of the present volume, we learn that this is not the first proof of the author's study of the important subjects it embraces. As an ardent and honest philanthropist, it would appear that certain discrepancies between the professional faith and the religious practice of too many had for a time staggered him, but that after deeper inquiry he has been enabled to reconcile these phenomena. The progress of his discovery and the use he makes of it occupy the "Colloquies," a form into which the work is thrown, for the sake, we presume, of giving point to the sentiments expressed, as well as to allow of a greater latitude of elucidation.

Fitzosborne, the assumed name of the author, finds himself one fine evening on the ramparts of Cadiz, when he falls in with a German, whom he has met before at a *table d'hôte*, where he received the title of Mystic. This supposed visionary maintains that "so long as individuals remain unimproved, so long will defective institutions continue," and whose philosophy consists "in living in union with God." Upon this *Fitzosborne* remarks, "does not all Europe profess Christianity? and yet what discord everywhere prevails!" to which the German replies, "professing Christianity is not serving God." But says *Fitzosborne*, "is it possible for an individual to serve God in any other way than by aiding his fellow-creatures?" This drew forth from the *Mystic* the doctrine that man "cannot effectually aid either himself or his fellow-creatures, unless he first seeks and forms an union with God," and "that a despair of social improvement can exist only in the absence of this union."

These and kindred observations, which are not in themselves novel, excepting as being applied as a *sine qua non* to national or universal education, are represented as having set the author to reflect deeply on their import, and to find that persons contemptuously designated *Mystics* have most frequently been those whose "lives were peculiar, only because they resembled that which it was the duty of all to imitate;" and that "so long as the *Mystic* seeks seclusion, though known, he is unmolested; satire will never follow him to his retreat; but let him by his opinions or conduct proclaim his aspirations after a more spiritual religion, and yet remain in society a standing reproof upon mankind in general, and he speedily becomes the object of ridicule and buffoonery."

Fitzosborne returns to England, to the neighbourhood of Kingston, with a new light around and within him, where *Charles Bertrand*, a friend of congenial sentiments as to many points, but not yet so fully instructed and convinced, joins him. In an early dialogue the former, after referring to his conversation with the German at Cadiz, and remarking, besides, that "one or two signal failures in personal conduct on the part of those who had distinguished themselves by great mental and moral powers in their writings," had driven him back to renewed investigation, is followed by the latter acquiescing in the statement. The Colloquy then proceeds thus—

"*Fitzosborne*.—You shall hear a man discourse profoundly on morals, with an ardour that assures you his whole soul is embarked in the cause; his audience adore him for his great qualities, for not only shall he elevate them by an eloquence almost superhuman, but his conduct in private life endears him to his friends, and commands the applause of the world; he 'sits among mortals like a descended god:' notwithstanding which, there shall be some tenacious but most insignificant propensity that mars the whole; and though he may have raised to himself a monument of extended fame,—is conscious of superior virtue,—animated with the hope of rendering future and eminent service to mankind,—though his mighty and far-seeing intellect clearly discerns the dreadful consequences, the infamy and disgrace to which he will be consigned, yet all will not avail to save the splendid victim from yielding to a trifling temptation, which the merest child could with ease resist.

"*Bertrand*.—And this Goliath, laid prostrate by a pebble, convinces you that something more than moral science is required to sustain the individual! I am glad that you have at length come to such a conclusion. The phrenologists would say that some counteracting quality or organ should be cultivated.

"*Fitzosborne*.—They may be so far right; but not to them can be assigned more than a subordinate part in the work of education, although they, like many others, would wish to reign supreme.

"*Bertrand*.—Others will maintain, that when society is properly organized, a confluence of favourable circumstances from childhood will carry forward the individual in the right path, in spite of any defect of natural disposition.

"*Fitzosborne*.—To them I will concede much, but they also shall have a subordinate part.

"*Bertrand*.—This is indeed a revolution in the mind of one who has so long contended for the exclusive sufficiency of well-selected circumstances in moulding the character.

"*Fitzosborne*.—That for which I have hitherto contended may still be essential: circumstances may deform, but cannot form the character; circumstances are to the individual, what the soil and the atmosphere are to a plant; they may facilitate or obstruct the expansion of his powers and the unfolding of his character, but the energy that triumphs over all circumstances, and gives maturity to the noblest sentiments, comes from a deeper source."

The supposed Goliath is a man of superior natural genius, and has had the advantage of many uncommon external circumstances; how then is it that he falls?

"*Bertrand*.—A distinguished writer of the present day accounts for this inconsistency by assigning to men of genius a twofold character:—‘An author has two characters,—the one belonging to his imagination, the other to his experience. From the one come all his higher embodiments: by the help of the one, he elevates—he refines; from the other come his beings of ‘the earth, earthy,’ and his aphorisms of worldly caution.’ And again: ‘In Shakspeare the same doubleness of character is remarkably visible. The loftiest ideal is perpetually linked with the most exact copy of the commoners of life. Shakspeare had never seen Miranda—but he had drunk his glass with honest Stephano.’*

"*Fitzosborne*.—Were the golden link by which the loftiest ideal is united with the Deity never dis severed, the sublimity of genius would be immeasurably heightened, and shine forth in the conduct of the man, as well as more intensely in the effusions of the author.

"*Bertrand*.—Would you hope to out-Shakspeare Shakspeare? That which appears to have been an obstruction in his course might have been the cause of his power.

"*Fitzosborne*.—As soon will I believe that the rocks which ruffle the surface of the majestic tide of a mighty river augment its waters, as that power can be derived from an impediment.

"*Bertrand*.—See how your analogy fails, since waters by being dammed up acquire additional force.

"*Fitzosborne*.—That is nothing but a concentration of the same degree of power spread over a wider surface; but while genius is obtaining continual supplies from the fountain-head, no obstruction is required as a warning of the necessity for more vigorous exertion."

Bertrand afterwards says, "it is because we know not ourselves, that all our enjoyments are so imperfect;" and that "the admonition that the kingdom of God is within, is rarely thought of," otherwise "our eyes would be opened, and we should duly appreciate all externals;" to which sort of vague cant *Fitzosborne* replies with pith and discrimination, that "the externals nearest to this interior sense of the divine presence must first be subjugated; the appetites and passions must be placed under beneficial but rigorous controul and direction, ere the intellectual faculties can be fitted for higher purposes: unless we extirpate all, all our injurious habits, even the darling propensity, we shall be in continual danger."

But how is this high moral and religiously based training to be attained or gone about? It is not enough that *Fitzosborne* tells us, that the steady and zealous performance of our duties to God and man are easy, or that their performance would render one exceedingly attractive to his neighbours, or that the closer they are

followed out, he who observes them will rise the higher, physically, mentally, and morally ; for the fact is, that few or none ever show that such is their belief. Neither is it enough that *Bertrand* instances what is to be expected of the many charitable institutions of this and other Christian countries ; for the truth is, as the other Colloquist has it, that when the great increase and general diffusion of wealth are considered, these endowments will be found to be little more than the crumbs which fall from exuberant tables, affecting in appearance only, and that remotely, individual interests ; and he concludes that no great change in our institutions for the better can be effected until religion has prepared the minds of men.

We are still but on the threshold of our author's system ; and truly, had he nothing farther to advance than what we have glanced at, we might not only regard the longed-for amelioration as distant, but be at a loss to conceive what are the practical educational measures recommended for hastening its advent. Passing over, therefore, much that is said about the true principles of vital religion, for the enlargement and purifying of which meditation on the divine attributes is earnestly recommended—that on Goodness and Love, for example, being necessarily calculated to subdue a sectarian spirit, and to induce every one to make common cause with each individual, of whatever profession, who is striving for the good of others, whether in the way of the advancement of scientific or religious attainments, we come to the following statement, that there are three systems of education prevailing in England at present, which are thus distinguished. First, the High Church party, who disregard natural philosophy, especially in the education of the poor. Secondly, the Evangelical party, who not only neglect, but decry the pursuit of natural philosophy as unworthy of beings born for eternity, and to whom all the mysteries of nature will soon be revealed. Thirdly, the Useful Knowledge Party, who neglect the particular study of religion and morality, conceiving both to be the certain consequence of general intelligence. It is admitted, however, that there are many distinguished exceptions in each of these lists, although it is maintained that, if the theory and practice of any one had been true, the result would have been so striking, “as to have commanded assent of all.”

It thus appears that the author's system embraces an enlarged field of instruction, both in secular and religious matters ; but it is as regards the latter, that we must allow him to be heard at some length, in order that the reader's anxiety respecting the means recommended and relied on for making the community truly religious may be judged of.

Fitzosborne, with all his reverence for the Bible and admiration of its doctrines, is most inimical to the system of making it indiscriminately a school-book. After stating that there is no natural

connexion between letters and words and the thing signified, the discussion thus goes on :—

" Fitzosborne.—If the Bible is used for this purpose and under such circumstances, we must not wonder if, in very many instances, it is viewed with early and with lasting prejudice, and that 'line upon line and precept upon precept' prove ineffectual, in after-life, in making them understand that 'the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness.'

" Bertrand.—Instances are recorded of individuals who have been heedless of religion, and of others who have led immoral lives, being awakened to a sense of duty, in consequence of some precept, repeated often in childhood and at school, recurring to their minds at a later period.

" Fitzosborne.—And can this be deemed sufficient after the great stir and strenuous efforts to form the religious character, to the entire exclusion of all other subjects that might by possibility distract attention? Twenty boys are sent to an engineer for seven years to learn the theory and practice of the art; at the termination of that period they know little of the theory and nothing of the practice, but one of them, when far advanced in life, remembers some of the rules repeated during his initiation, and which he can now apply but imperfectly to practice, in consequence of contradictory opinions or injurious habits subsequently acquired.

" Bertrand.—If it was proposed to make musicians of children, we should not be satisfied with their ability to name the notes and repeat the rules of music, for this could be done correctly without the least comprehension of its principles; and further, the principles might be known while the power and sweetness of harmony were imperfectly understood and felt.

" Fitzosborne.—And as there are few who are insensible to the harmony of music at an early period, so are there none in whom Love, the principle of harmony in the moral world, could not be awakened, cherished, and increased from infancy, so that long before the animal passions had acquired sufficient strength to oppose any formidable obstacles to the exercise of the higher faculties, they would have been in a great degree subjugated, and both the physical and intellectual nature rendered subservient to the divine.

" Bertrand.—And this, doubtless, is what Solomon meant when he said, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

" Fitzosborne.—In those days there were, fortunately for youth, no books; but similar was the original meaning of the word education, to lead forth or draw out, from *educo*; but how strangely is it now perverted! The teaching of languages, in the manner and at the period in which they are now taught, so far from expanding the mental powers and the moral feelings, absolutely impedes them; and there are some of the North American tribes, particularly the Osages, who exhibit superior culture and training in their general character, to those of the working classes, and perhaps of any class in this country. Curiosity, or the love of knowledge, is inherent in man, and by proper management would assuredly lead to a love of those means by which it could most easily be acquired; when

however the child is coerced prematurely to the study of the means, he associates knowledge itself with those means, and becomes indifferent to both; by the time he is able, he has lost the inclination to read, and least of all the Bible,

"*Bertrand*.—If your position can be substantiated, it involves a most serious charge against the effects of the present system, making use of the word of God not to quicken but to quench the spirit."

Fitzosborne proceeds to remark that the evil is descending to the Infant Schools, and says that the text which amongst others taken from Scripture, and hung round the rooms too frequently, viz., "pray without ceasing," can only convey to a child that prayer consists in the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, which repetition, were it possible, would lead to a practice to which no intelligible idea could be attached. Something like a parallel case is then instanced.

"*Fitzosborne*.—Suppose our servants were requested to rehearse their duties, saying, 'We should clean the tables and chairs, prepare the coffee for breakfast at the proper time,' and correctly detail the duties of the day; if when the morning arrived we found the furniture covered with dust, and no breakfast ready, or, if instead of cleaning and arranging the furniture, they had put it in greater disorder, and provided nauseous and unwholesome beverage in lieu of coffee, we should not be slow to pronounce them unprofitable servants. Let us further suppose, that to be waited upon, we were exclusively dependent upon them or their children, and that the education of the latter was entirely under our control; should we be then satisfied with the bare recital of their duties?

"*Bertrand*.—We should be most anxious so to train them, that they would have both the inclination and ability to discharge their duties with diligence and fidelity.

"*Fitzosborne*.—Thus a little personal inconvenience would urge us to attend to that, which the holy injunctions of religion cannot prevent us from neglecting; and we hesitate not to hear with indifference the careless repetition of God's commandments; because now, if one servant does not suit us, we can dismiss him, perhaps to be irretrievably confirmed in his evil courses.

"*Bertrand*.—If not directly we are indirectly disturbed by the disorders of society; at least we cannot escape the fear of them.

"*Fitzosborne*.—The fault lies in the omission to aid the development of the faculties at an earlier period, so that they would be enabled to comprehend and feel, at the time they were required to repeat the Catechism, its real import; but long before that time arrived, the judicious teacher of an Infant School would surrender his little charge, with all the most valuable qualities germinating or unfolded. Conscious already of a spiritual existence, the Sacred Volume would be opened, there to behold, as it were in a mirror, its own resemblance; the inimitable relations of the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, the Woman taken in Adultery, and others, would sink deep into the mind and feelings at a period when the sensibilities of youth are exquisitely alive to all that is beautiful and lovely: these moral lessons, so full of tenderness and truth, would become

interwoven with the earliest associations, and be recurring to with emotions of delight in every stage of their existence; harmonizing with the primary processes of education, they would be incorporated with their very being, and, fostering the living principle of religion, enable the future man to rise above the cold dead forms by which it is now supplanted."

In regard to religious instruction, our author argues, that the rich are worse provided for in some of the most celebrated English schools than the poor, for that in the former, the absence of moral discipline is flagrant; and some speculations are indulged in which must necessarily be vague and uncertain, respecting what would have been the character and career of a certain great bard, now no more, had his wonderful talents not been misdirected in early life at one of these aristocratic seminaries.

Fitzosborne would not reject the study of the classics; but he is of opinion, that youth properly instructed in the history of Greece and Rome, would in due time resort to such ancient authors as are worthy of being studied. In short, it is the system of Pestalozzi that obtains the author's chief admiration, regarding which we have the following statements:—

"*Fitzosborne*.—He himself declares, that he made use of the material world to develop the spiritual; the invisible for the visible; by training children in Love, 'God is Love,' he led them to see all things in God; and is not this in harmony with Natural Religion, as well as the Christian dispensation, both radiating from the same centre? Love being the most delightful of all our instincts. Then, as regards the comprehensive view preceding the detailed inquiry, the child opens its eyes upon all within the range of its vision—it sees the whole before it examines the parts—it beholds the landscape previous to the individual objects of which it is composed—it views the entire tree before its branches and leaves are inspected.

"*Bertrand*.—But they say the reputation of the Pestalozzian system is on the decline.

"*Fitzosborne*.—It is we who are on the decline and unable to appreciate it. Men destitute of his spirit, and with only a fragment of his method, may have brought a name, unworthily assumed, into discredit; but so long as Christianity lasts, the name of Pestalozzi will be held in reverence, as the Author of the only Theory of Education in accordance with the Instructions of Him who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' There are, however, in this country some highly respectable establishments, where his spirit to some extent successfully presides: sensible signs have been substituted for verbal descriptions; great improvements upon the old methods have been introduced; but that heavenly devotion to the sacredness of his employment, that heart overflowing with love to God and man, that more than parental regard for his pupils, will be rarely found among those who have themselves been necessarily trained under defective systems.

"*Bertrand*.—It seems unaccountable that fame so extended, and acquired so unostentatiously, should not be lasting.

"*Fitzosborne*.—There could scarcely be a more convincing proof of the truth of Pestalozzi's views, than the fact, that when announced they touched a consenting chord in the hearts of all the reflecting; and his principles, despite his own repeated failures, have since continued to spread and to reform education even where his name was unknown. What such men as Thomas à Kempis, Baxter, Fenelon, Dr. Henry More, Norris, and others, were to adults, Pestalozzi was to children in particular; like those pillars and ornaments of the Church, he not only led those whom he taught to the 'living waters,' but drank of them himself. These exalted natures were all distinguished by the simplicity and the purity of their lives, by the absence of all sectarian spirit; and although known under some peculiar denomination, according to the age in which they lived, in the leading features of their characters and opinions they were one and the same; they were probably called mystics by those who could not comprehend them, as Plato is denominated the divine by some, while others in derision speak of his reveries. Pestalozzi, however, so far differed from all of them, that he mixed up with his theory no extravagant or even speculative opinions.

"*Bertrand*.—Did he not profess any particular faith?

"*Fitzosborne*.—The generally received meaning of faith is confined to the belief in miracles, in particular tenets, or in certain interpretations of the Scriptures: but the faith of Pestalozzi and of those writers I have before alluded to, more particularly implied and manifested a confidence in the fatherly goodness of the Almighty, and that He would impart his Holy Spirit to those who devoutly seek his support. The former are controversialists, deeming it their highest duty to correct the mistakes, real or supposed, of others; and in this enterprise they often make shipwreck of their own better feelings, and show that whatever may be their creed, their hearts are far from the truth,—affording another proof of the inefficiency of the intellect looking outwardly to the letter rather than inwardly for the spirit."

The difficulties and uncertainties in the way of a man discerning of what manner of spirit he himself or others around him may be, are not very clearly recognised in the eloquent passages last extracted by us; nor throughout the work do we perceive that the doctrine of man's corrupt nature and disrelish of heavenly things are so broadly acknowledged as might be expected from a man of *Fitzosborne's* scriptural creed. To be sure, the moral and religious improvement of the world which is so ardently longed for by philanthropists, and so confidently expected by the believers in prophecy, may be said to depend apparently upon rational means; but in fancying what those means are to be, before they have ever been proved effective, is very likely to enlist a degree of enthusiasm, where the wish is farther to the thought; and of this character some will consider the following glowing picture of what our author supposes would be the state of society were Pestalozzi's system generally introduced.

"*Fitzosborne*.—The simple habitual worship, the conscious feeling of the Divine presence and ardent aspiration after goodness, will so conse-

crate every movement, individual and collective, that the achievements of all past ages would sink into comparative insignificance; for the religious principles thus developed, will prove a compendious system of substantial and elegant education, excelling in every respect all others, and would supersede the necessity of laboured treatises upon various subjects, by becoming in itself a substitute for some, and rendering the mind a better recipient for others. Lord Chesterfield's Letters and tomes of regulations as to manners, to those early accustomed to the contemplation of the graceful and the beautiful in their most perfect forms, would be useless; pernicious they could not be, to minds capable at a glance of detecting their spurious and artificial character. Fed by a heavenly stream, the lamp of genius would burn with a brighter and always with a purer flame; not only would the arts and sciences, with all that adds real embellishment to life, be studied with more perseverance and ardour for moral ends, but the faculties would be so pure and unclouded, so unimpeded by prejudice or animal passion, that perception would be more vivid, the memory more retentive, and all the powers of the mind invigorated, and its acquisitions consecrated to the highest objects; the imagination well regulated, and, exalted far beyond the reach of earthborn jealousies and petty ambition, would be upheld by that pure principle of Love, which would be felt as the beginning and the end of our being."

Fitzosborne, however, soon afterwards admits that before such an education as would have all these glorious effects can become general, "there is a *preliminary* required," which, although not for the first time insisted upon as to its prominent points, claims rightfully a calm but earnest consideration on the part of all in power and the whole community. The chapter where the nature of this *preliminary* is first described, begins with a quotation from Pestalozzi, which is one that would shine as a gem in any publication, even although it was less pertinent to the subject than the present. It is in these words—

"Among the passages of the Sacred Volume which throw most light on the state which is best fitted for the reception of the Christian truth, I have always considered as one of the most illustrative these words of the Saviour: 'Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.' What can there be in a 'little child' deserving to be compared with a state of readiness for the Christian faith? It cannot be an effort of morality, or an attempt at high perfection; for the infant is incapable of any: it cannot be any degree of knowledge or intellectual refinement, for the infant is a stranger to both. What, then, can it be, except that feeling of love and confidence of which the mother is for a time the first and only object? That feeling is analogous in its nature and agency to the state of mind described by the name of faith. It does not rest on a conviction of the understanding; but is more convincing than any syllogism could have been. Not being founded on it, it cannot be injured by reasoning; it has to do with the heart only: it is prior to the development of all other faculties; if we ask for its origin, we can only say that it is instinctive; or if we mean to resolve an

unmeaning expression into the truth, it is a gift of Him who has called into life all the hosts of the creation—in whom ‘we live and move, and have our being.’”

To this *Bertrand* adds, “And yet it is for the syllogism that sectarian controversy prevails, and from which Love (God) withdraws, because it has been said, ‘Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputation.’” Love, or the attitude and character in which the Supreme Being most prominently presents himself to us, is the theme upon which the author chiefly dwells as necessary for the imitation of man in forwarding the amelioration of the world, but towards no class more constantly and zealously than the young; and the text he chooses for the enforcement of this duty serves to introduce an explanation of his great preliminary, being quoted from Roger Ascham’s “*Scholemaister*,” and runs in these pungent terms, addressed to the age in which he lived—“Ye do give ten crowns to him who traineth thy horses and dogs, and ye do scruple to give one crown to him who traineth thy child. God, who is in heaven, laughs you to scorn: he grants you tame and tractable horses, while ye have wild and ungovernable children.” The purport of the author’s preliminary, accordingly, is to render the schoolmaster’s station inferior to none in society, not even below that of churchmen. Here a dialogue ensues, which we must not abridge.

“*Fitzosborne*.—Either it should be identified with the clerical profession and deemed the most sacred and imperative of the minister’s duties, or rank before it. Is the preaching to adults of the same efficacy as the training of youth? are superior abilities and exemplary conduct less useful and influential in the former than in the latter?”

“*Bertrand*.—Some of the clergy have quite enough occupation already, according to your own account.

“*Fitzosborne*.—Such conscientious ministers would find their labours diminished, and far more agreeable; and if not so in the first instance, their incomes should be largely increased to enable them to procure competent aid.

“*Bertrand*.—‘Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.’”

“*Fitzosborne*.—. . . is one of those maxims universally assented to, and almost as universally denied in practice. To those who from the nature of their duties vainly attempt, with few exceptions, to alter the inclination of the full-grown tree, an ample revenue, however inequitably distributed, is assigned: but those whose province is favourable to success, who can bend the pliant twig, and promote the healthful and luxuriant growth, are held in no estimation, and obtain a bare subsistence.

“*Bertrand*.—But unless the teacher is governed by higher motives, he will rarely succeed in his arduous undertaking.

“*Fitzosborne*.—When it is remembered that he has to stand in the relation of parent to all the children, his duties are indeed arduous, and no less grateful; but upon what ground are we to expect that this neglected

class is to exhibit a more disinterested and exalted virtue than the rest of mankind? When lawyers and physicians, contented with the pleasure which the exercise of benevolence affords, give advice without a fee, we may look forward to the time when such beneficence shall descend to those whose feelings have been less refined, and whose minds have been less expanded by superior education; but to suppose that such individuals, struggling to support their families, and with all their efforts often compelled to endure great privation, can take the lead in gratuitous exertion, is most unreasonable. Nevertheless I have seen teachers of Infant Schools, who with a scanty pittance, have laboured with such affectionate zeal throughout the day, that when night came, they have sunk exhausted, complaining less of their miserable salary than of the absence of all sympathy and kind encouragement from those whose duty it was to bear testimony to their virtues and to their success. Sustained, however, by a consciousness of the good they were effecting, the love of the children, and of an approving conscience, in spite of this cold indifference they have cheerfully persevered.

Bertrand.—Then why substitute inferior motives?

Fitzosborne.—So far from supplanting, I would cherish the higher motives, by securing their possessors against want, and the necessity of relinquishing their avocations. There have been numerous instances of boys who were selected for their great abilities, and trained as teachers, abandoning the profession very early upon discovering some more profitable use for their acquirements; and while so much folly and injustice prevails in regard to the just claims of teachers, it will be an idle speculation to perfect plans of education, or to hope for any general improvement.

Bertrand.—To watch the dawning of the infant mind has long been a favourite theme with the poets.

Fitzosborne.—And to aid the first feeble efforts of childhood, when innocence and love are in their purest state, affords, independent of the reciprocal regard which such an intercourse produces, the most exquisite delight, and this seems to be in accordance with the benign dispensations of the Deity, who, to the performance of our greatest duties annexes the greatest pleasures; and surely no duty is more necessary and important, than that which requires each generation to well train and lead forth its young successor; that that which ought to yield the highest gratification is now a drudgery, only proves that, of education, properly so called, we are still most lamentably ignorant.

Bertrand.—The artificial state of society will still present obstacles to the skilful teacher.

Fitzosborne.—That consideration only proves the necessity for greater abilities and attention. To educate a servant so that he shall be contented and diligent in his situation, and resist its peculiar temptations, demands more skill than to train the child of richer parents, who can be more easily guarded from external influences, and who will have no reason to be dissatisfied with his condition.

Bertrand.—You seem determined to exalt the character of the teacher; whether society can be induced to consider the Preliminary, and give him that just remuneration and lofty station you claim for him, is to be doubted.

"*Fitzosborne*.—I cannot conceive it possible for any reflecting person to point out an office more dignified and holy than that which belongs to the educator; this, properly filled, would soon render other professions less necessary. When Plato was asked how it could be ascertained whether a town was well governed, he replied, 'By inquiring whether physicians and judges were necessary;' substitute 'educated' for 'governed,' and the reply may remain.

"*Bertrand*.—To form an Educator to correspond with your standard seems to require a combination of accomplishments so rare that it will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find.

"*Fitzosborne*.—And for that reason we hold out the most paltry inducements, and affect to look down upon a profession of unparalleled importance to the temporal and eternal interests of man. Certainly, the educator should bring to his employment endowments of no common order. To a knowledge of human nature, he should unite general information, piety, and great benevolence. The apathy of the public in general upon this all-important subject is much to be deplored, nor is there one party regarding it with adequate interest. Political changes without previous elevation of character among the people, may well be viewed with apprehension; and although such changes appear to be inevitable, small is the number of those inclined to prepare for them by means which would at least diminish their peril, if not render them an unmixed good."

The remainder of the volume consists principally of discussions which amplify and enforce the doctrines at which we have glanced, and in answering objections which a new interlocutor advances to *Fitzosborne's* views. The objector relies upon intellectual improvement, and the accommodation of national institutions to the prevailing circumstances of the time, rather than any unalterable and divine principles for the regulation of society, and despairs of the arrival of any period when sects and parties will cordially unite in the great and godlike work of endeavouring permanently to improve the morals and virtue of the people upon one tangible and practical principle. On the other hand, and as we believe, not without solid grounds in support of his opinion, the author is persuaded that the time is almost arrived, when numbers of different ways of thinking will be anxious to co-operate upon some neutral ground, where there is no contradiction to political or sectarian tenets, in legislating for the advancement of the best interests of society; and a better ground, he is earnest to show, does not exist than that which the subject of education offers. Whether *Fitzosborne* has set his foot upon the precise spot, or kept within the limits of neutral territories, it is for every reader of his able and eloquent "Colloquies" to say for himself. We, at least, feel that his contribution to the facts and the reasonings that have lately been poured out upon the paramount theme, will not be without its valuable fruits; and if these amount but to a tithe of the everlasting blessings contemplated by him, great will be his reward.

There is a good deal of verse in the volume, which, in the form of *notes* and *appendix*, show that the author's mind has for years been devoted to the subject of a national and permanent system of education. In his appeals to several of our greatest poets now living or lately deceased, he is for the most part exceedingly charitable; imploring them, however, to direct their powers to strains that will soften and elevate the elements of humanity. But Sir Walter is not treated with the writer's accustomed liberality or judgment, as most of our readers will deem from the specimen we cite, written, as a *note* informs us, in 1830.

“ Sir Walter, leave to those of weaker powers
The ignoble task of wasting vacant hours;
Whose tales usurp inestimable time—
Preludes of folly, or perchance of crime.
No longer, then, with retrospective glance,
Authentic history blend with wild romance—
Chivalrous knights, with ardent zeal, devote
To beauty languishing, in days remote—
The feudal grandeur of the baron's hall,
The burnish'd armour, and the trumpet's call—
The splendid tournament, the dread advance
Of rival chiefs who lift the threatening lance.
Though skill like thine can bid them start to life,
Till cheated Fancy views the barbarous strife;
Say, what avails this antiquarian lore,
Unless to add to wisdom's sacred store?
Wilt thou respond to this unpractised strain,
Though Byron, mighty Byron, call'd in vain?
Yes, for the Muse presents a nobler theme
Than e'er fill'd sage's mind or poet's dream.
Leave slow-paced Tories lingering far behind,
Mocking in vain the undaunted march of mind:
No more descend, to please a trifling age;
But give thy country one redeeming page.
Come then, Sir Walter, take a wide survey
O'er modern states, or up the lengthen'd way
Of eras past; their laws and customs scan,
And say what age and clime was best for man.”

The poetry, at any rate, in this passage, which is a fair example of the whole, is ordinary enough, whatever the sentiments it conveys may be in regard to propriety. In conclusion, therefore, it will afford a more agreeable and flattering example of the author's ability and habitual style of reflection to select three or four prose passages from the many very striking ones which we have marked. For example, when recommending the contemplation of the Divine attributes as one of the surest methods of elevating and purifying the mind and heart, *Bertrand* asks, “ May not the contemplations

of a single attribute, even in the mind of one indisposed to acknowledge a Deity, sometimes engage a moral enthusiasm bordering on inspiration?" and Fitzosborne answers—

"*Fitzosborne*.—I quite concur in your view. One man of benevolence forms a theory of society so just in principle and so harmonious in all its parts, that, elated with the conviction of its immutable and everlasting character, with the moral grandeur which future generations may attain, he appeals to assembled multitudes with a sublime enthusiasm that thrills through his hearers, who respond in acclamations of wonder and admiration. The eloquent harangue concluded, the orator descends, and mingling undistinguished in the crowd, scarcely can be recognised as the same individual. Another, overlooking the petty distinctions of society, sees in all mankind neglected faculties of a higher order demanding cultivation, while the lower propensities are weighing them down to a level with the beasts that perish: his soul expands with the glorious prospects which the idea of mind universally emancipated, spreads before him:—he would rouse the people to a sense of their degradation and in leading them on through yet untravelled paths, his irresistible energies bear down all opposition. Such is the majesty imparted by the creative power to his wonderful energies, that friends and foes alike confess the splendour of his genius. Brief, however, will be the hour of inspiration, should we soon find him forgetful of the common courtesies of society. Such resemble the sun breaking through the clouds for a moment, and then disappearing.

"*Bertrand*.—Whence is it that those who are sometimes below par, can rise so high upon particular occasions?

"*Fitzosborne*.—Because when advocating an eternal principle they are lifted above ephemeral and mere earthly interests, and whether conscious of it or not, are employed by the Deity in carrying forward his designs;—these are the only men who are truly eloquent, and so easily to be distinguished from the practised debater contending with rhetorical flourishes, in verbose and studied oration, for some insignificant technicality."

There is great power, discrimination, and beauty, it must be allowed, in these passages.

We have already spoken of the high tone of liberal feeling which pervades the present work, almost every page showing how fondly the author resorts to charitable constructions of the opinions of others, even when they assume the shape of scepticism. Take a specimen from the advertisement to the volume.

"There are so many who with conscientious scruples are animated by a sincere desire for truth, that it is difficult to account for the harshness and acrimony with which scepticism is indiscriminately pursued; but so general is this practice, that theologians, the most distinguished for mildness upon other occasions, display a different spirit whenever encountering an opinion at variance with their own: we cannot therefore be surprised that similar feelings should pervade society at large: the natural consequence is, that for one who ventures to express his doubts, there are a

hundred who, deterred by their fears, suppress them, and remain for ever dead to the vitality of religion, and observers only of its outward forms, yet to these peculiarly should kind encouragement be given; for being of a reflecting turn of mind, they would in time become pre-eminently fitted to aid the progress of others, and it is not improbable that men of the greatest genius have been confirmed in their first slight aberrations by the indiscretion and violence of mistaken zeal. This hostility substituted for friendly advice is so utterly repugnant to the benevolence of Christianity, to the example of Christ himself, and to his express prohibitions—for he reproved those who condemned even heinous offences—that zeal for the propagation of the Gospel is a plea totally inadmissible. No one can exhibit true credentials who persecutes; and censure for opinions conscientiously held is, to the sensitive mind, the most painful of all persecutions: besides, experience has long since proved that reproach, though it may impose silence, never convinces."

On turning up at random another part of the work, we find these remarkably forcible words—"Wherever I find antipathy to others on account of their opinions, I cannot recognise Christianity; the dislike of others in consequence of their opinions, generally exceeds the love for them as Christians or as men." "It has been justly remarked by some one that we must learn to tolerate intolerance." We can only find space for a practical confirmation of these sentiments.

"The little Flock' comprehends those who have renounced all and taken up the cross; and as Christ commanded them to love even their enemies, and those who despitefully use them, small as is the number, it will be found to consist of individuals from almost every sect; these are they who do some good in their generation, who stamp their own characters on the age in which they live, and who help to dispel some of the darkness with which ignorance and prejudice have invested the truths of religion. A friend of mine last year visited Newgate, and witnessed a most interesting scene. He found a party, consisting of Mrs. Fry, with a lady of the Unitarian sect, a dissenting clergyman of another sect, a Christian not attached to any particular denomination, and Mr. Owen. Here were five individuals, all differing from each other in opinion on the subject of religion, but united in the work of benevolence. After the minister had addressed in a conscientious manner about seventy convicts under sentence of transportation, in the general terms of solemn religious exhortation, but without producing any apparent effect, Mr. Owen was requested to say a few words to them; when such was the feeling and commiseration with which he deplored their unhappy lot, and reminded them how much they might alleviate their sufferings, by the exercise of kindness to each other, that all were in tears, and seemed to regard him with emotions of gratitude and veneration: the matron or superintendent said that she had never before beheld in the prison a scene so affecting.

"*Bertrand*.—Recollect that Mr. Owen was indebted for those feelings to his Christian education, whatever may be his present opinions.

"*Fitzosborne*.—With him the Christian spirit should appear to remain in a stronger degree than with many who are over anxious about points of doctrine."

ART. II.—*A Residence in Greece and Turkey; with Notes of the Journey through Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, and the Balkan.* By FRANCIS HERVÉ, Esq. Illustrated by tinted Lithographic Engravings, from Drawings by the Author. 2 vols. Whittaker and Co.

THE principal title of these two goodly volumes is not one that will beget much favourable expectation, seeing that Greece and Turkey have of late been so frequently the subjects which English tourists have described and treated of. Even the hope which their magnitude may create will be considerably lowered, should the reader's eye happen at first to fall upon the following announcement:—"At dusk we came to a halt at a small village, the name of which I forget, but think it was Pirodas. Of many others, also, I am in doubt, a deficiency that it is not in my power to rectify, having, unfortunately, had a portmanteau stolen in London, with all my memoranda, four years of journals, and nearly three hundred sketches, taken in different parts of the East; therefore the reader must pardon any inaccuracy which may appear in the names of persons and places, and attribute it to the right cause, which is, that I write from memory alone." We must add, however, that the unfavourable presumptions alluded to, will very speedily be corrected by the contents of the book; for though nothing appears in its pages to convince us that the author is either a man of great learning or habituated to pursue profound reflections, a great deal that is amusing both in manner and matter drops from his pen.

Mr. Hervé is not only one of the most rapid travellers we ever had the pleasure to meet with, and communicative as he is excursive, but he has a quick eye for detecting the outward characteristics of persons, scenes, and occurrences; while his self-complacency is such as never to allow his narrative to fail in conveying a picture of his own mind. There is nothing mawkish or sickly in his sentiments; he is not even a flatterer of the great ones of the earth with whom he has come in contact. It is quite clear that he describes things just as they appeared to him, and, having a most retentive memory, that he enriches his statements of facts with certain peculiarities of inference that smacks of great independency of mind, and, indeed, of the air of originality.

The author's condition and habits are plainly disclosed by him. Indeed he admits that his habits are very bad; that is to say, he is an artist, and with "something less than nothing a-year;" he delights to travel at a rate that even in the era when steam conveyance and balloons are so rife is miraculous, for he tells us that he thinks nothing of jumping "from the Archipelago to the other extremity of the Mediterranean, from thence cross the English or Irish channel, as caprice may dictate, with a rapidity surpassing any travelling

yet performed." When we bear in mind that along with this capacity and taste for speedy locomotion, he has wielded the pencil from his infancy, the conclusion is naturally arrived at, that something after the manner of Goldsmith he makes his ever-ready talents as an artist pay for all.

In this professional line he visited the court of Greece; Smyrna, Constantinople, and many other places obtaining the devotion of his pen and pencil. It is unnecessary, either as respects justice towards the author or our readers, to do much more than tie together a few of his most interesting descriptions, all of which, it will be observed, betray the eye and the habits of an artist, but an artist who stoops not to flatter, little things often putting him out of sorts, so that his annoyances rather too frequently form the subject of complaint to allow us to accord to him the character of a philosopher. "Little forbidden beings" torment him at one place. At Napoli, certain "sublime aspirations" were put to flight, by the circumstance of custom-house officers asking for the keys of his trunks, and even King Otho looks no better than a grocer's apprentice or a good lad whose master has just patted on the head. Here is this monarch's likeness according to Mr. Hervé's style.

"When one beholds a sovereign, we generally look at him with a very scrutinizing eye, endeavouring to discern a something beyond the ordinary stamp of man. To make any discovery of that description in Otho, must require a being of superior penetration: at any rate I must confess my own deficiency in that respect, never having been able to perceive that majesty of appearance in the young King which we naturally imagine the attribute of monarchs. His countenance is ever replete with the expression of good-nature, and is in that instance a faithful index of his character. He is in stature about the middle height, perhaps rather above—may be from five feet nine to ten inches; would appear taller if he did not wear his hair so flat to his head—as though it were gummed thereon; and as if to preserve it constantly in an unruffled state, he has a habit ever and anon of stroking it down with his hand, thereby retaining it in the most perfect and obedient state of smoothness that man could desire. I never saw one rebel hair astray: happy would he be could he keep his subjects in the same state of subordination. But I suspect that this extreme neatness of coiffeur assists in giving him the air of a grocer's apprentice when dressed in his Sunday clothes,—that is to say, those of Bishopsgate Street or Holborn, as those of the west end are more stylish-looking fellows than King Otho: and, indeed, he has other symptoms which savour of the grocer's shop; having a curious knack of continually giving innumerable little nods of his head, which one might be led to imagine he had acquired from endeavouring to emulate those Chinese figures, the usual appendages of dealers in groceries. The comparison may be carried still further: nothing can be *more* inoffensive than the physiognomy of those images; but undoubtedly that of the King's is as much so. In fact, he always appeared to me to have the expression of a good lad whose master has just patted him on the head, and said to him, "There's a good boy;" thus giving the youth an air of satisfaction with himself and all the world."

We are also told that Otho's colloquial powers are not of the first-rate order, if the author is to judge of them by the manner in which he spoke French. He is also "deaf with one ear," while the author with his usual bad tact, "always contrived to get on the deaf side," so that their conversation had no other merit than its brevity.

Mr. Hervé, however, will not join in opinion with some English newspaper writers who wickedly call Otho "the ugly king of Greece," because his exceeding good nature is inconsistent with the term ugly. At the same time the best way to describe him, continues our author, is to quote the words of one of the ambassadors of his own court, who observed, "that when his features were quiet, he was very passable: but the moment he spoke or laughed, his whole face tumbled to pieces." "On these occasions," adds the writer, "had not Providence, in all its gracious mercy, placed his ears remarkably far back, they must have long since fallen a sacrifice to the threatened invasions of his mouth."

Many travellers have been lavish in their encomiums upon Greek ladies, but our author has beheld them in a different light. He says—

"Amongst the brightest ornaments which adorned the court of Otho, none were so brilliant as the three daughters of Count d'Armanberg, who might justly be compared to the three Graces. If not handsome, yet extremely pleasing in their persons, agreeable in their manners, and elegant in their deportment, they gracefully floated through the mazes of the waltz, forming a most striking contrast to most of the Greek ladies, who rolled about like a parcel of heavy tubs one after the other, assisted in their progress, as they were lugged along, by those who had the misfortune of being their partners, whom I have often heard declare that the next day it was impossible to write, or in any way use their arms, after the fatigue of spinning round one of these cumbrous ladies. Not that they were by any means tall or large women; on the contrary, generally very short, certainly often thick, and that sort of dead weight which is difficult to wheel about. Often have I pitied the King, who, though young and slight, and not possessing, I think, much physical strength, yet out of pure kindness of heart would ask one of the aforesaid drags to waltz with him; who became so elated and bewildered at the idea of being encircled within the arm of a king, that it required no common exertion, paralyzed and motionless as they were, to turn and twist about a heavy machine of that description."

In fact Mr. Hervé gives a very forbidding picture of the Greeks in general, even morally speaking; nor do the Bavarian followers of the King stand high in the writer's estimation. In the first place they are exceedingly ugly. They are also mean adventurers, endeavouring to Germanize everything that is Greek. But to keep by the latter people, we gather a few more traits that are amusingly described.

"Many foreigners imagine that the Greeks are deficient in personal courage, because they will take a blow from those whom they consider as

Europeans without resenting it; but they have an idea of the superiority of those who come from civilised countries, and regard them almost in the same light as the horse does his rider, and never would dream of exerting their physical strength against beings they regard as of a more elevated species than themselves. From any one that they conceive an equal, they would not endure for an instant what they considered an insult. Although the Greeks are so totally destitute of any idea of the art of painting, they are very fond of displaying their graphic powers on their houses, by adorning them with borders formed by designs of landscapes, of houses, trees, and figures, which rival each other in stiffness. I was much amused by the manner in which the Greeks handle a picture. When you present them a miniature, or portrait of any one, instead of holding it as we should with the head upwards, they always turn it with the side of the picture so placed as to form the base, and sometimes they will twist it upside down altogether, but never by any chance do they hold it in that direction that a rational being would. The ex-monarch (late governor) of Napoli had his son's likeness taken in profile; and the grandmother of the child, when shown the picture, was very indignant at there being but one eye. I endeavoured to make her understand, through the medium of an interpreter, that the other eye was on the other side, meaning of course the other side of the head; but the old lady mistaking what was meant, turned the paper round, expecting to find the other eye on the other side of the paper. But in this idea she was not alone, as I once saw a miniature painted in Russia, which in front represented a reasonable looking being. I was told to turn it round, when I found the back of the head and shoulders painted so as to correspond with the front; and I found that the original had given regular sittings for both sides of the picture, so that they had a sort of double likeness, and I was assured that the one side was as striking as the other; and nothing could convince the parties to whom this curiosity belonged, but that if I would introduce that style of portrait, (that is, back and front on the same picture,) in civilized Europe, I should make my fortune. One art there is in which the Greeks excel, and that is embroidery, in which they display the greatest taste, and by its aid so considerably add to the beauty of their costumes. * * *

" The Greeks of the present day are perhaps as mixed a race as any in Europe; and the major part of them would be very much puzzled to trace their ancestry to very remote antiquity. Certainly there are the Canteuzenos and the Pallialogos, who undoubtedly are amongst the most ancient families in Europe. Greece has had many masters; and each appears to have left some specimens of their breed. Migrations from Asia have also often added to the population of Greece; hence must have arisen that Jewish style of countenance so frequent amongst many of the handsomest Greeks. In fact, their features have a more eastern cast than might be expected of Europeans; and every vestige we have in sculpture of the ancient Greeks, presents quite a different style of physiognomy from the present race. The outline of the face was much straighter, and the features smaller; and even in the representation of their most sturdy heroes, no resemblance can be traced of the enormous noses, so prevalent in modern Greece, and which I suspect are of south-eastern origin. In passing through the country, I have sometimes seen that beautiful line of feature

so constantly found in the antique; but I doubt not but that I should have found as many in other countries, had I sought them as much as I did in Greece. The men from Hydra I remarked as being particularly good looking; a fair middle height, remarkably strong made, very fresh coloured, and fine open countenances; as opposite as possible to the green-yellow-looking Moreotes, who have mostly a sinister expression. The Hydryotes almost all look alike. I remember a stranger, observing a group of these islanders together, declared that such was the resemblance they bore to each other, that it might be imagined they were all brothers." * * *

It is also stated that the Greeks in any trifling quarrel, instead of attempting to strike each other, "immediately stoop and pick up a stone to fling at their opponent;" and from constant practice from childhood, their aim is so unerring, says Mr. Hervé, that he has never seen them miss their mark.

The dishonesty of the nation has often been the subject of complaint, but a species of stealing is described by our author as having been practised in some instances, which we imagine never existed anywhere else. "A family who had lost one of its members had ordered the grave to be dug and prepared for the funeral, which was to take place the following morning; but another family having a similar misfortune, in the course of the night, availed themselves of the grave that was ready, thereby saving the expense of having one dug; clapped in their coffin, with its contents, and covered it up; and, as it is not permitted to disinter a body without great difficulties, they kept possession, retaining the full benefit of the theft they had made."

The Greeks are not the only people in the East that are sharply characterized by our author. If we follow him to Smyrna, we shall find some home-thrusts.

"Respecting the Frank inhabitants, it has been observed that it matters little what nation a man comes from, as a few years' residence in Smyrna will make any one a regular Levanter. Perhaps the term may not be perfectly comprehended by all my readers; I will therefore endeavour to give some idea of it, although it is very difficult to render it in all its meanings, as understood by those who have travelled or sojourned much in the Levant. A regular Levanter is supposed to speak several languages badly, and none well. The Greek spoken at Smyrna is execrable; and the little that a foreigner there acquires is a grade worse. The Levanter is ever considered so quickly alive to his interest, that, if he can take you in, he never will resist the opportunity, either in making a bargain, getting off from it, or taking advantage of the difference of the value of money, which often will vary several times in the course of the day. His answers are generally evasive: he fears to give you a direct one, lest he might in any shape compromise his interest; yet he is indolent, compared with European merchants,—which arises from his adopting Eastern habits, which, after a time, he finds infectious; and as he becomes ostentatious, he spends much and saves little. Hence so few large fortunes amongst the foreign commercial

men in this part of the world ; but it heeds little what strangers say of the Smyrniots, when they are so severe upon themselves that it would not be easy for travellers to exceed the condemnation they pronounce on their fellow townsmen.

" I have often observed, that, as so many persons are totally ruined by the frequent fires at Smyrna, I wondered that they had not any fire-insurance offices, as they had three for losses in shipping. They invariably made me the same answer—that, if there were any means of insuring against fire at Smyrna, every man would set his house on fire."

Who can have an appetite for *figs* or *raisins* after reading the account that follows ?

" I verily believe, if persons could see the operation of arranging the figs, they never would eat another. There are the filthiest set of old women that can be raked together, who are ranged in the merchant's long yards for the purpose of squeezing them and packing them in the little round boxes in which they are sent to Europe. Most of these women have young children, as dirty as they can be ; and one moment they are washing their babies, &c., and then again pawing the figs, which alone make their hands in such a filthy mess, and the sight is so disgusting, that whilst this work was going forward, when I had occasion to pass the merchants' yards, I used to run through as fast as I could tear, without looking either right or left. The sight is not more gratifying of the preparation of the raisins : men are employed, after they have been dried to a certain degree, to tread them down, with their feet and legs bare, until they become in such a nasty condition, from the oozing out of the yellow brown juices from the fruit, which has always a considerable portion of dirt with it, that I always turned away from them with complete nausea."

There is such an aspect of reality belonging to these sketches as confers a value upon them, which those who write merely for producing a fine effect cannot command. We suspect that the author's fidelity is equally apparent in the account he gives of the conduct of certain newspaper correspondents ; and if so, how monstrously is John Bull gulled at the very moment that he fancies himself to be the best informed personage on earth ! The editors of the London Journals should be prepared to offer some explanation to weaken the effect of the following charge preferred against their well-paid servants.

" I met in the east," Mr. Hervé tells us, " with several correspondents of the London papers, gentlemen receiving high salaries, and generally well-informed men ; but I was much surprised at the light manner in which they gathered their intelligence, the little trouble they were at to ascertain whether it was correct or otherwise. In one instance, where I convinced one of them who read me the article he was about to send to England, that part of what he asserted was the direct opposite to the fact,—' Oh, never mind, it will suit my purpose just as well ; so it shall go as it is, and will be more amusing than if I were to send them the real truth.' One of these gentry went to Egypt, and received an introduction to a certain consul at

Alexandria, a complete creature of Mehemet Ali ; and, as the literary gentleman met with much hospitality from the said consul, whilst he ate his dinners and drank his wine, he listened to his tales, representing the pacha all that was immaculate, and his dominions, with regard to population, finance, army, navy, agriculture, and other resources, most prosperous and flourishing. The hired scribe then framed his article for his London employer accordingly ; in short, as much the opposite of the real fact as Mehemet Ali himself could desire, as a description of himself and his government, to figure away in the English papers ; and a most brilliant gem of statistical information was drawn up, in very pretty language, and most highly edifying for those who might never have an opportunity of knowing better. However behind us in civilization they may be in the east, with respect to the manœuvres and trickery incidental to the manufacture of newspapers they already rival us."

Whether it be natives or settlers, scenery or costume, our author thus deals freely with them, dispelling many vague or false impressions which flatterers have created. He sometimes reasons also, though description is his *forte*, and on an occasion speaks like an original thinker. The pipe as used in Turkey affords an opportunity for one of these displays.

"The great pastime in Turkey is the pipe : but it appears singular that people who have no education, and consequently can have no resources in their own minds, should be less subject to *ennui* than those who are more refined, and whose accomplishments, one would imagine, would always prove a source of amusement ; but so it is, and experience has often afforded me the proof. I can only account for it in imagining that when any person's education has been wrought to the highest degree, they become fastidious, and few things can yield them delight. If they be perfect musicians, the hearing of music gives them no enjoyment, unless the theme and the performers both approach perfection ; and how seldom does that occur ? If they be excellent draftsmen, how few pictures can afford them pleasure ? If their taste for literature be exquisitely refined, even the happiness to be derived from books becomes limited. Such beings I have met with, and have been out of all patience with them, because they were incapable of enjoying any thing ; even they would carry their fastidiousness so far as to behold with indifference the expanse of a beautiful country, because they had seen a finer.

"The exact opposite to these tiresome personages are children. They seldom are conscious of *ennui*, because they can always find amusement ; a trifle will afford it : *occupation* with them, if their own seeking, is a pleasure. In some respects the natives of the East resemble the child. Indifferent music will please them, so will any daub of a painting ; and if it have a little gilt stuck in, they will be quite delighted ; and so will they be with the relation of a tale, no matter how extravagant or improbable. But here the similarity with children ceases, as *its* pleasures are all active, whilst those of the Orientals are entirely passive."

After all these little intimations of opinion and copious extracts

from our author, considering the ground we have traversed, there is a temptation for us to proceed with him, were it for nothing more than the portraits which he throws off in relation to personages that have often been described and delineated. Take, for example, that of the Sultan, while our friend was in Constantinople.

"I had (says the artist) a good view of him as he rode there and back. His countenance is not so fine as many of the aristocratic Turks; his nose is straight to the tip, then it swells out, and has a coarse red appearance, seeming to tell a Bacchanalian tale; his beard is black; his eyes are not fine, and have a sort of dizzy look; his stature is about the middle height, and he is not so corpulent as most of his ministers. He has much personal vanity. An Armenian, who has taken many miniatures of him, showed me one which I did not find like him, observing, that he had given him a regularly straight nose, quite in the Grecian style. The artist replied, that he was conscious of that; but that the sultan wished it so, as he did not like the knubble at the tip, which totally spoiled the symmetry of that prominent feature. The painter also informed me that the extreme blackness of the grand signior's beard proceeded from his dyeing it; and he would not permit sundry red spots in the miniature, which in his own face were rather conspicuous. He was born in July 1784, but certainly has not the appearance of being near so old as he really is. His mother was French, and celebrated for her extreme beauty; she was taken, when very young, on her passage from one of the French colonies, by an Algerine corsair, and ultimately sold to the father of Mahmoud; she took great pains with his education, and succeeded, in some degree, in softening the natural ferocity of his temper; hence he is generally admitted to be less cruel than his predecessors. He is well known for having departed from many of the prejudices attached to the Mahomedan religion, and in none more conspicuously than his extreme devotion to the juice of the grape. At present, he interferes but little with the affairs of state, being rather of an indolent habit. Most of those European ameliorations, attributed to his suggestions, which have been recently introduced into his dominions, having been principally effected by the seraskier, whilst those which regard the navy have been chiefly at the instigation of Tahir Pacha, the present captain pacha, or high admiral. Mahmoud the second has been accused of many of those enormities which mostly deform the biography of sultans, as having his brother murdered, as also two of his females who were pregnant, in order to prevent any possibility of future aspirants to his throne. Some have even stated that he caused the death of his eldest son, with a variety of other crimes; but his partisans (even amongst the Franks) deny the truth of these accusations; moderate men doubt them; whilst his enemies confidently proclaim them; and an author is too apt to take the report of that coterie into which his introductions have mostly thrown him. When I saw the sultan, he was accompanied by his ministers and principal officers of his household. They were some of them very good looking as to features, but were mostly fat and short; the best-looking amongst them was his son-in-law; but from their having adopted the European costume, they have no longer that dignified appearance which they once had when clad in that garb which was so thoroughly in keeping with the peculiar cast of their countenances. There

were some men who walked in the procession whose feathers were as high nearly as the first floor windows. I never could have imagined any thing so tremendous in the shape of a plume. The most interesting objects of the whole concern were the horses, twelve of which were led, being the choicest specimens of the sultan's stud. They were so richly caparisoned, that it was impossible to conceive anything more splendid; the housings of the saddle had on each side an ornamental trophy, entirely composed of diamonds and precious stones. As the spaces occupied by these decorations are larger than a man's hand the value must be immense. The borderings are also formed of jewels, worked in various patterns. The animals were Arabians, of the finest race, and as perfect in their symmetry and proportions as if they had been selected as models of their species; I therefore must say that the quadrupeds, in their exterior, had much the advantage over the bipeds."

We have now allowed Mr. Hervé to show himself exactly in his own colours. He has given the portraits of two monarchs, very dissimilar, and yet truthfully, we verily believe; and were it not for little blemishes, in point of taste, in vain attempts at wit, which terminate in coarseness, vulgarity, and sometimes in indecency (they are not numerous), we should say to Mr. Hervé, you are a spirited and unsycophantish writer; careless, yet characteristic; free, yet neither offensively personal nor misanthropical. We should, in short, like to have the pleasure of listening to such a man's off-hand, unprovided stores of anecdote; along with which, no doubt, there is an ample fund of hitherto unobtruded, unexplored, and excellent common sense to be observed in its fullest, ripest displays.

ART. III.—*Chelsea Hospital, and its Traditions.* By the Author of "The Country Curate," &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1837.

MR. GLEIG has by his various writings, especially in his sketches of military life, which "The Subaltern," and other stories contain, acquired considerable fame. With ease and neatness, rather than remarkable power, he paints the scenes he has witnessed or heard described. He places distinctly before the reader the particulars that are put into his hands; but we have never felt that he could make such use of a few prominent points as to render them the observatories of all around, thereby enabling the eye to take up according to a due subordination everything that is needful to complete a most effective picture. The reverend gentleman also appears to us to belong to that class of minor writers, that is exhausted by one or two efforts; that is to say, his original stock is so contracted, that it cannot be spread out over many pieces of canvas without becoming excessively attenuated and diluted. When, therefore, we learned that he was about to come once more forward upon a scale of no less extent than *three volumes*, our immediate conclusion was, that it

would be a failure, the very circumstance of three volumes suggesting certain presumptions, which might not have been presented had the moderate and modest shape of a single *duodecimo* been announced by him. Our anticipations have been more than realized ; for while we are at a loss to discover anything approaching to excellence in the whole, whether taken as fiction or fact, we perceive a continual striving after strong effect, which is wofully at variance with the manner of any one who is conscious of a definite aim, or of a capacity to do justice to his intent. Whether as a novel or a historical record, these Traditions are marvellously lame, unillustrative, and trashy.

Let any one who reads the few extracts we are about to introduce, and they contain some of the best portions of the work, put it to himself after a careful and candid consideration of them, what is the object contemplated by the narration ? Is it amusement, information, or such picturesque passages in military life as convey vivid illustrations of war and the circumstances of war ? Mr. Gleig cannot, according to his own showing, complain of a paucity in respect of the sources whence he gathered his traditions and narrations. He is not confined to one century, much less to one campaign. Marlborough and Wellington may be said to have catered immensely for him. And what is the offspring to which these mighty and many heroes have given birth ? Why, scraps of stories, which, in spite of every gloss which the author's fancy has been able to lend, are the reverse of what can exalt the reader's esteem or admiration of the British soldiery. The army has good cause to take offence at the exercise to which Mr. Gleig has put his discretion in regard to selection, and of his taste in point of embellishment and romance, when he says these volumes are illustrative of the army and of the inmates of Chelsea Hospital. But is this what he has said or professed to furnish ? An advertisement to the work in his own words will afford the most satisfactory answer. He says,

"Whoever may expect to derive from the following pages the excitement which it is the purpose of a work of fiction to produce, will inevitably be disappointed. The traditions which I have endeavoured to embody are not the offspring of my own brain, but such passages in the military annals of England as seemed to me best calculated to make my civilian readers aware of the claims which old and maimed soldiers have upon their country's gratitude. Wherever, indeed, I have been so fortunate as to acquire any degree of acquaintance with the personal history of a pensioner, I have gladly turned my knowledge to account ; where such happens not to have been the case, I have been content to narrate, at length, the particulars of the service during which he received his wound, or otherwise established his right for admission into the hospital. It will be seen, too, that I have taken advantage, as often as I could, of such official sources of intelligence as were, by the liberality of Lord John Russell, thrown open to me ; and it is

just possible that some of my critics may complain that my extracts from state papers are too numerous. But on that head I myself entertain no misgivings, being fully assured that tales of old battles are never so well, because so appropriately told, as in the words of those who witnessed the battles themselves.

"I have divided my work into books—partly because it embraces certain subjects which are quite distinct from one another—partly because such division holds out some promise of falling in with every variety of taste among those who may honour it with a perusal."

This is all very promising; but will not very readily suggest long dry dissertations about hospital and war, or supernatural stories, which plentifully load the work. Biographical sketches, tragical passages, valorous achievements, of course, very naturally occur; but these for the most part, as already stated, shrink down into some common-place affair or anecdote, something excessively vulgar, unpleasant, or the reverse of what the fancy regards as soldier-like; and what is worse, the everlasting effort to be melodramatic becomes more tawdry than the threadbare scarlet that adorns the Chelsea heroes. Here is a specimen of the latter kind of boarding-school finery; whether it is in good keeping with the times of the Cavaliers, let our readers say. An old man speaks; he is an alderman; and Joe Savine is a hero, beloved.

"'Woe worth these evil and unhappy times, and woe to the restless and ambitious spirits whom they have produced! Hew are domestic quiet, and rational liberty, and freedom of conscience sacrificed, that the beggar may rise from the dunghill, where he was born, and take his place among princes. Oh unhappy and misguided monarch! much evil have thy mistaken views of prerogative and kingly right brought upon thyself and upon thy people. From the pinnacle to the foundation the great building of the state is ruined; and what right have we, poor citizens of a mean city, to expect that we shall go without our troubles? Yet I reared this orphan lad tenderly; I regarded him as the last of his race; and I hoped to perpetuate mine own name, and that of my beloved brother, by giving this my sole and darling child to be his wife. And now all these dreams are ended; and he goeth forth like a doomed man to the battle, fighting for a cause which shall not prosper; for the Lord hath pronounced judgment against it.'

"'It's no use grieving, uncle,' replied the young man. 'What must be must. The dice are cast, and we can but abide the issue of the throw; and as to complaining of the times, and denouncing those who mould them to their own purposes, credit me, there is no more profitless employment, nor any that brings with it less satisfaction. Give me thy blessing, dear uncle, and accept all that I have to offer in return; my best and warmest thanks for that unvarying kindness which has treated me, a portionless child, thrown wholly on thy bounty, as if I had been thine own. Give me thy blessing, dear uncle, and let me go. And you, Harriet, one kiss.—If we meet again, and meet in peace—Nay, do not weep, dear girl. Not in tears ought these last and precious moments to be spent, but in considering that in God's hands are the issues of the future; and that though appear-

ances be against us now, He who ever upholds the right, may, even in despite of our own follies and imprudences, give prosperity to the cause in which we are embarked. One kiss, Harriet, here in thy father's presence, and then farewell.'

" 'Oh! not yet, not yet,' cried the poor girl, dissolved into tears; my father has much to say to you, and I too would fain try the force of a last appeal, even though I may hope little from thy obstinacy. Joe, thou hast thyself admitted that the cause is ruined; thou hast said that all chance of success is taken away—why then go farther in this business—why not withdraw even now, ere a blow has been struck, while my father may have it in his power to ensure thy freedom. Joe, do not leave us!'

" 'Harriet,' replied the young man in a deep but settled tone, 'thou knowest that when I pass beyond these gates, all that I love on earth will have been left behind. But not even for thy sake would I now refuse to share my comrades' fate, be it for good or for evil. Rashly we may have heretofore acted—without counsel we may still act, and over our heads certain destruction may be hanging; but we have taken our ground, and we must keep it till the last shot has been fired, and the last blow has fallen. No, Harriet, I should be contemptible in mine own eyes, and utterly unworthy of thy esteem, were I to listen to the entreaties which come not, I am sure, from the heart, but originate in a disordered fancy, and the feeling of the moment.'

The story of the virago Kate Welch, which belongs to the times of King William, though it might have figured boldly in Mr. Gleig's pages, is really a heavy affair. We cannot find room for the whole of it; and even the part quoted is unreasonably long. But it affords a specimen of the author's feeble efforts, and cannot but cause the reader to ejaculate, how would such an Amazon have come from the hands of Scott or Bulwer!

"In the list of old admissions into Chelsea Hospital there is one entry which I am bound to transcribe, in defiance of the shock which its peculiar phraseology may give to minds as sensitive as my own. It runs thus:—'19th Nov. 1717. Stair's Dragoons: Catherine Welch, a *fatt* jolly breast woman, received several wounds in the service, in the habit of a man;—from the 19th July, 1717.' The reader will easily believe that the perusal of this legend excited in me no common desire to discover something of the history of the individual to whom it referred. I take it for granted that a similar feeling is at this moment operating with him; and it is therefore very satisfactory to me that I am in a condition to gratify his curiosity. Catherine Cavanaugh, otherwise Catherine Davis, otherwise Mother Ross, was born in Dublin, some time in the year 1667. She was the daughter of an honest and industrious couple, who earned their livelihood,—the husband by managing a malthouse and brewery, the wife out of the proceeds of a farm, which in her own name she seems to have rented. They do not appear to have had any other child than Catherine,—at least my authorities make no mention of such; and Catherine became, in consequence, a prodigious favourite with them. It was the height of their ambition to render her an accomplished woman, for which purpose they sent her to one of the best schools in the city. But Kate's views were in these respects

at variance with those of her parents. She learned to read and write, and to use her needle; but in scholastic lore she never advanced further. On the contrary, having a strong passion for out-of-doors occupations, she insisted on residing at the farm, where she handled the flail and guided the plough with as much dexterity as the best of her mother's labourers. Several instances are recorded of her juvenile habits, of which it is unnecessary to say more than that they entirely acquit her of all undue leaning to the weaknesses, bodily and mental, of a woman's nature. I find, for example, that at eighteen she would mount astride upon the wildest horse, and leap him, without saddle or bridle, over hedge and ditch. She had a passion, likewise, for the refined amusement which is still, I believe, prosecuted at Greenwich Fair, namely, rolling down hill in company with a whole troop of persons of like tastes and habits. And, as to her personal strength and agility, take this as a specimen:—When the ceremony of proclaiming James the Second was in progress, in 1685, Kate happened to be perched on the top of a haystack. She was determined to witness the whole affair; so, making but a single step to the ground, she vaulted over a five-bar gate, and jostled her way through the crowd, till she reached the heralds themselves. I am afraid that there is in all this very little that appertains to the romantic or the tender; yet was Catherine not without her amiable points, too, as will be discovered in the sequel. Whether Catherine's father was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, I have not been able to discover; but in politics he was a sturdy Jacobite; for, when James came to Ireland, after his expulsion from the English throne, our brewer, among others, took up arms in his defence. 'He sold all his standing corn and other valuable effects,' says my authority; and with that money, and what he had by him, he raised a troop of horse, and set out at the head of it to join the king's army.' And here again his daughter, while the process of enlistment was going on, exhibited unquestionable symptoms of that firmness and intrepidity which were in due time to win for her an exalted niche in the temple of Fame. Mr. Cavenaugh, more learned in the qualities of malt than of horseflesh, bought a charger, which neither he or the boldest of his troop could ride. Kate took him in hand, and soon gave him to the captain as pliable and gentle as need be. Nor was this all. One day a riot took place at the door of a church within which Kate's mother was engaged in her devotions; and a party of Jacobite soldiers were marched thither, to make prisoners of the congregation. Kate swore to deliver her mother at all events; for which purpose she armed herself with a spit, and used it so effectually that, after running the sergeant through the calf of the leg, she burst the cordon, and brought off her mother in triumph. She had well-nigh been brought into trouble by this exploit,—indeed she was some time in confinement; but the father's zeal in the exiled monarch's cause being weighed against the daughter's indiscriminating violence, Kate was set at liberty. The author to whom I am mainly indebted for these facts has judged it expedient to mix up his sketch of Catherine's life with an outline of the military operations that took place in Ireland during the eventful years that immediately succeeded the Revolution. It is not my purpose to follow his example in these respects; for I do not find that Catherine took any part in the struggle. On the contrary, she appears to have lived quietly with her mother at the farm in the coun-

try ; whence she removed, at the termination of the war to Dublin, and became the companion and assistant, and eventually the successor, of an aunt who kept a public-house not far from College Green. Here, then, we find her established in a line of life which may be supposed to have accorded well with her singular temperament and disposition. Yet it must not be imagined that Catherine, either as inn-keeper or a breaker-in of fierce horses, was wholly insensible to the tender passion. Long before her settlement on College Green, she had given her heart to a cousin of her own, who behaved ill to her. She, accordingly, renounced his society, and, with her usual firmness, resisted all his endeavours to reinstate himself in her favour ; but she did not, on that account, look up for ever the kindly feelings of her heart. There was in her own employment an insinuating tapper, Richard Welch by name, who found in his mistress's eyes especial favour, and who was brought to comprehend and take advantage of the good fortune that had befallen him, by means illustrative of the delicacy of sentiment which formed a striking trait in Catherine's character. Kate sighed in private for her amiable drawer, but could not, of course, make the first advances. She, therefore, commissioned an intimate friend to acquaint him with the real nature of his position ; not abruptly or by positive assertion, but quietly, by hints, and insinuations, and all those unostentatious but efficient means of proceeding in which, I am sure most unjustly, women are said to be versed. Now honest Welch was slow of comprehension. He could not believe at first that ' the lot had fallen to him on such pleasant ground ; ' indeed, it was not till the kind confidante assured him, ' she knew almost enough of the matter to promise him success, ' that he could be induced to move. But he did move at last : and having been abruptly rejected, and told ' to mind the business of the house, and not her, which would better become him ; ' lo ! his mistress softened in her ire. In one word, before the week was out, Catherine Cavanaugh had become Mrs. Welch, and Mr. Welch landlord of the ' Pig and Bagpipes.' "

Mrs. Welch's subsequent career offers a great deal to the eye of a dramatic sketcher, but we have been so expectant of something that is coming in every new paragraph of her story, that on arriving at its conclusion without having found the thing looked for, has had the effect of making us wish that it had entirely escaped our reading. We feel inclined to say to the author, " you had no right to meddle with Catherine Welch."

Some of the sketches are much more lively and picturesque, and especially, would we say, when Mr. Gleig has to deal with scenes or events similar to those which must have come under his notice in the course of his military life ; the thing described is far more illustrative and tasteful, than when he keeps by traditions or long bygone periods. We find an example of his better success in the case of a military execution for disobedience in the following extract :

" As soon as the fact was communicated to him, Jem shut himself up in his cell, and spent the whole of that day, and a large portion of the night, at his devotions. The only person, indeed, whom he would see, was the chaplain ; and of food he scarcely partook at all. But when he came forth

next morning, so far was he from being weakened by his fast that I never saw him march more firmly, or look round with a more undaunted countenance. Jem was an excellent singer; and ever since his trial had taken especial delight in church music. He now sang, as he proceeded to the place of execution, the 104th Psalm; and so clear and full, and unbroken was his voice, that we heard it distinctly over all the instruments in the band. At last we reached the fatal spot, an empty space in the gorge of a bastion, the inner face in the parapet of which had been newly plastered and fronted with a sort of stucco. With his back to this wall, he was directed to kneel down: and he agreed to do so as soon as he should have shaken hands with the men of his company, and bid them farewell. I have witnessed many affecting scenes, as you may imagine, but I never saw anything like that. He was permitted to go through the ranks, and each man, as he gave him his hand, burst into tears. He was turning away when he observed, resting with his face on the rampart, the officer for mutinous conduct towards whom his life was forfeited.

"'Mr.——,' said he, 'I hope you, too, will shake hands with me. I bear you no ill-will—I hope that you bear me none. I deserve my fate, and I pray God that my blood may not lie heavy on your conscience.'

"The officer gave him his hand, but shed no tears, though his face was deadly pale; and he immediately afterwards staggered from the parade in a fainting condition. Meanwhile Jem took his station. He besought the commanding officer to exempt him from the humiliation of having the night-cap drawn over his eyes, and assured him in the most pathetic terms that he would not flinch. But the colonel could not consent. He judged, and with great reason, that the sight of their comrade's features would probably render the firing party unsteady, and he would not run the risk of that, merely to indulge in a fancy in itself so little reasonable.

"'Well! comrades,' cried Jem, as he knelt down and permitted his face to be covered, 'I will obey my commanding officer to the last. And mark me—Don't be afraid. Take good aim, fire steady, and let every ball hit me. See, I turn to you a good front.'

"He faced full towards them; and the few words which he spoke were as clear and as firm as if he had been giving orders to a platoon to fire with blank cartridge; neither was his manner without its effect on the party. They became quite cool and collected; and on the signal being given, they fired with such accuracy that not a ball missed its mark."

The superstitions and the imaginary encounters described by our author as coming from the lips of pensioners, have upon the whole disappointed us as much as anything in the work. They are often ridiculous instead of being impressive, and far less imaginative than what might be gathered from credulous persons, or moulded into startling shapes by a happy invention on the part of the writer; and then with few exceptions, a doubt ever arises regarding the share which the writer's fancy has had in the concoction. We can present one example, however, where no interference or embellishment of this kind can have taken place; but whether the document itself was worthy of being thought so highly of by the author as it appears

to have been, admits of a doubt. It is a letter which follows the narration of certain forewarnings to which soldiers on the eve of battle are well known to be subject.

" Copy of a Letter from Serjeant Thomas Davis, 76th Regiment, to his Wife.

" April, 15, 1811, Dublin.

" My dear dear wife,

" I received your loving letter in Fermoy. I am very happy to hear that you are in good health, and my family. Dear Mrs. Davis, I have rote these three lines on the 15th instant, but I stopped my hand until the 24th of April, 1811, untill I should see how I would pass the bord. I remain in Fermoy hospital for a long time. They turn me out uncured. I came on the coach to Dublin, having got a very good pass. I thought to remain in Dublin untill I would pass the bord, untill I would get some money to bring me home to my dear family. But when I came to Dublin I got worse. There is some prize-money coming to me I hope that you will get for my family. Dear wife, I was going to rite to you for some money to bring me home, but now it is all over. Lord have mercy on me! I departed this life on Sunday, about two o'clock. I had not one shilling to bury me in a strange place. You may come to see where I am buried, if you chuse. I hope you will pray for me. Dear wife, I am no more in this world. If you come to Dublin, come to No. 11, Duke Street, Dublin. I have got a young man to rite for me, by the name of John Garland, I being so bad that I could not rite it myself. I was in hope of getting my half-year's salary on the 24th of this month, and twenty pounds prize-money. No more at present from Thomas Davis, sergeant of 76th regiment of foot, Ireland. I remain for ever."

" 'Is this really a genuine letter?' ask we. 'As genuine as the Bible!' answers our gallant friend, with imperturbable gravity; 'and for my part, I think it a great deal more wonderful that a man should write to his wife after he is dead, than that a dead wife should appear to her husband, and tell him that his days are numbered. Don't you think so too, sir?' 'It would be hard to decide between them,' is our reply: 'but this last has the merit of being more uncommon, at all events.'"

The specimens now quoted are amongst the most interesting that these three volumes offer; and we ask, do they in any one case come up to that which might be fairly anticipated from such a writer as our author, having such materials and sources before him as garrulous old men and official documents might have furnished? Is it not evident that a book upon a smaller and less ambitious scale, if made to contain a well-selected series of plain sketches and striking narratives, drawn from such treasures as have been opened to Mr. Gleig, wherein little more than arrangement and characteristic framework were superadded, together with the other dressings required at the hands of a learned and expert clerk; or that one in which the imagination of a novel writer had been chiefly employed, working upon materials of the same kind as here introduced—might have led to a satisfactory production. But as it is,

" Chelsea Hospital and its Traditions " have failed to entertain us as a fiction, and still more to illustrate and enforce the points aimed at by the author.

ART. IV.—*Nouveau Système de Chimie Organique, fondé sur des Methodes nouvelles d'Observation.* Par F. V. RASPAIL. Edition Nouvelle. Paris. 1837.

THE close and intimate connexion existing between the sciences and their dependence on each other for an explanation of the phenomena peculiar to each, becomes more and more evident as we advance in knowledge. Even chemistry, whose limits were formerly considered as perfectly defined, has within a few years assumed an entirely new aspect, and her votaries, instead of relying exclusively on crucibles and re-agents as the only legitimate instruments of research, have called to their aid the apparatus and laws of other departments of learning, and have thus been enabled to extend the domain of their art in a wonderful and unexpected manner.

This union of means has been strikingly successful in our researches into the ultimate composition of bodies, and has afforded results whose truths can be verified by the strictest rules of mathematical calculation. By the theory of atoms and that of definite proportions, we are enabled to ascertain with certainty the primary constituents of inorganic substances, and the rules which govern and modify their combinations, so as to be able in a vast number of instances to imitate nature, by forming these combinations at will. But when we attempt to apply these rules to the explanation of the phenomena of organized beings, we find our resources fail, and are obliged to confess the futility of our means. For although animal and vegetable substances are composed of a very small number of simple bodies, these are combined in so great a variety of forms, and their union is regulated by a power or powers so widely different from those which act on inorganic matter, that the usual means of explanation totally fail. In inorganic substances, all the phenomena may be referred to action of external agents, the operation of purely physical forces, and the simple and well-ascertained laws of affinity. In organic substances, on the contrary, we are compelled to acknowledge the influence of something, which, whilst it regulates and controuls all the processes and phenomena that occur, is at the same time only known to us by its results. It is not therefore surprising that our knowledge of the ultimate structure of organic substances should be so imperfect, and more especially when the modes, in which all investigations respecting them have been conducted, are so defective. These methods have universally consisted in subjecting the substances alluded to, to trials which destroyed their distinctive character, and reduced them to the rank of inert bodies, a plan of proceeding which

has necessarily resulted in an infinity of errors and the creation of a multitude of artificial difficulties.

The author of the work now before us appears to have been fully impressed with the uselessness of attempting to investigate the mysterious operations of nature by following the beaten track of mere chemical analysis, and has taken a far wider field of observation, by invoking the assistance of all the demonstrative sciences. His plan is thus stated :—

“ Nature having deposited certain substances in certain organs, I shall demand of anatomy the means of recognizing these organs, and as soon as I shall have learned to distinguish them in all their varieties of form, I shall call on chemistry to aid me with her processes and re-agents. If these organs are too small to be properly studied with the naked eye, I shall invoke the assistance of the microscope. Optics will teach me to follow the course of luminous rays, and enable me to appreciate the effects of reflected or refracted light, and in fact I shall transport my chemical laboratory to the object-glass of my microscope.”

This is in truth the only method from which we are to expect advantageous results, and although its full development will demand the most assiduous attention and the lapse of many years, no step that is gained will have to be retraced, and the labours of each successive inquirer will not be spent in overturning those of his predecessors, as is too often the case under the present defective systems of observation, which, however plausible they may appear, have the radical defect of leading only to the study of the isolated properties of a substance, and can never enable us to judge of them as they are combined and distributed by the hand of nature.

M. Raspail has been known to the scientific world for a few years only, as his first publication was in 1825; since which time, however, no writer has given evidence of greater zeal or more untiring industry in various departments of the natural sciences; for it is not as a chemist alone that M. Raspail is advantageously known—his botanical acquirements entitle him to a high rank, as is evinced in his essay on a general classification of the graminæ in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, and his numerous botanical observations in the *Bulletin des Sciences et de l'Industrie*. The present work is founded on the numerous memoirs he has already published, and may therefore rather be considered as a condensation and arrangement of former materials than as matter entirely new: we mention this, as in any questions of priority that may be discussed, we shall consider the date of the original memoir, in preference to that of the present work.

But whilst thus allowing the fullest credit to M. Raspail, and in appreciating his labours as of the greatest benefit to science, we cannot avoid protesting in the strongest terms against the angry spirit which pervades the present work, for however he may conceive him-

self neglected or oppressed, he should have recollected that personal abuse and political accusations against his competitors in the field of science are sadly out of place in a work like the present ; and we are even tempted to believe from his own confessions, that he owes many of the evils of which he complains to the unsparing manner in which he has attacked others. This observation is not applicable to our author alone, and we are glad of an opportunity of making a few observations upon it. The squabbles and petty disputes of the learned have done more to degrade science in the eyes of the ignorant than anything else, and from their frequency and acrimony of late years, many injurious consequences have arisen, which it will take years of concord to remedy.

There is one other point to object to in the present publication, and unfortunately it holds good with almost all the other writings of our author that we have met with ; this is his silence respecting the labours and discoveries of those engaged in the same pursuits ; they are seldom or ever alluded to except in terms of reprehension, without any allowance being made for the possibility of error on the part of M. Raspail himself. In fact, a student who had not an opportunity of following the progress of chemistry and vegetable physiology, would be very apt, from a perusal of the present work, to imbibe the idea that the whole merit of the discovery of the facts detailed in it was attributable to the author alone, and that all others who have treated on similar subjects have only involved them in error and obscurity.

M. Raspail commences with a long but important introduction, which requires a more extended notice than is generally awarded to such preliminary matter.

" This new mode of observation," says he, " applied to the study of organized bodies, is based on a certain number of generalities, and requires for its exposition a certain number of operations, which I shall proceed to explain, and shall afterwards devote separate chapters to the method of operating on a small scale, and that of proving the truth of the results obtained by investigations on a more extended one, with the theory which appears to me most naturally to arise from the alliance of these two modes ; and finally, I will give the classification adopted."

Our limits will, however, prevent our entering on his account of the apparatus made use of, and we must refer such of our readers as wish to pursue similar researches to the work itself, which gives some admirable rules for the use of the microscope, and describes a very simple but effective mode of carrying on chemical operations within the sphere of action of that instrument. M. Raspail very properly is not content with these minute processes, but repeats them on a larger scale with the aid of the usual chemical instruments and reagents, and thus is enabled to verify or correct one series of experiments by another conducted in a different manner. To use his own words—

"The first rule, or rather the fundamental principle of this method, is, in the study of a substance, to interrogate all the laws under whose influence this substance is developed and exists."

To accomplish such a plan, it is evident that the observer must not rely on the resources of one science alone, but must call to his aid all the lights afforded by others which have any bearing on the subject of his investigations.

M. Raspail's exposition of the theory on which all his work is based, requires a more extended notice, and we shall attempt to give an abstract of it here in as few words as possible, as we shall have occasion to refer to its details more at length in the progress of our remarks. He totally and very justly denies that the atomic theory which has shed so much light on the constitution of inorganic bodies is applicable to those possessed of vitality, for although the organic molecule is the result of a chemical combination of known inorganic elements, they are combined in such a manner as, by this very combination, to give rise to a new class of phenomena wholly differing from those inorganic bodies; we must therefore refer to the very organization of these bodies for an explanation of these phenomena. This organic molecule in its simplest form is considered by M. Raspail as an imperforate vesicle, endowed with the faculty of inspiring gaseous and liquid substances, and of expiring again such of their decomposed elements as it could not assimilate; these vesicles, he thinks, are themselves formed of an aggregation of smaller ones performing the same functions, and that we may suppose them to be composed of water, carbon and a base, which crystallize in the vesicular form, and become endowed with properties widely different from those appertaining to any other combination of inorganic substances, being under the influence of a different law, that of vitality.

The author does not attempt to define the character or nature of this governing principle of organization, as it is only appreciable by its phenomena. He is of opinion, nevertheless, that all the effects of the organization and formation of organs are ultimately referrible to the property with which the organic vesicle is endowed, of inspiring gases and liquids, of condensing the former, of assimilating the products by attraction, and of rejecting or expiring by repulsion its unassimilated contents. This double function, attributed by M. Raspail to the organic vesicle, is identical in its results with the endosmose and exosmose of Dutrochet, which, however, our author asserts, are nothing more than the result of imbibition: without entering into a discussion of this interesting subject, on which some highly interesting memoirs have been published by several learned physicians, we may be permitted to remark, that the difference between the inspiration and expiration of M. Raspail, and the endosmose and exosmose of Dutrochet, is in reality only in the terms

used, the deductions of each author being nearly similar, more especially as the former writer states that the power of the vesicles to thus inspire and expire gases and fluids may depend on electricity, which is the very agent assumed, incorrectly, however, by Dutrochet, as producing endosmose and exosmose in living structures.

M. Raspail next proceeds to develop his system, which he avers is not founded on a previously conceived theory, but has been the natural result of the investigations which form the basis of his work. This system, if we understand his explanation, of which we are by no means certain, may be thus explained. The object of all organic re-actions being the development of organic tissues, he commences by the study of those organic and compound bodies which chemists heretofore considered as simple substances. But as these substances only become organic by insensible gradations, and not by instantaneous combination, as takes place in the formation of inorganic bodies, we may conceive of an epoch when they only had a tendency of organization. In this state he terms them organizing (*organisatrices*) bodies. These, as before mentioned, are the result of the elaboration to which oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon have been subjected in the organic vesicle, for he does not think that azote plays any part, except in sometimes combining with hydrogen, thus forming ammonia, and then entering as a base into certain tissues. The three other gases, however, under the influence of the vesicle, gradually become elaborated in such a manner as to at last assume all the characters of organizing elements of the vesicle. He terms them, therefore, organizing (*organisantes*) substances.

All other bodies he classes under the head of *organic* substances. These may be considered, says he—

“As natural and artificial products of the disorganization of tissues, or of a deviation of the organizing combination. These latter are nothing more than substances which have been excreted or thrown off as useless. They serve to saturate the bases, to prepare double decompositions, and in this way to assist in the combination of earthy bases, and organizing substances. Others again are mere errors of analysis, whose true nature and uses it remains to point out.”

It will be seen from the preceding analysis of M. Raspail's system, that he adopts the now generally-received opinion, that the ultimate structure of all organic structures is vesicular; we say adopts, for although no other conclusion can be drawn from his text, than that he has deduced this fact from his own experiments alone, it is by no means a novel one, as it is noticed by Haller, and was most ably and satisfactorily developed by Milne Edwards, before the appearance of any memoir of M. Raspail's on the subject; nor can we perceive that the latter has thrown any additional light on the subject: the mystery of the conversion of inorganic principles into organic structure is still as far from being solved as before, for it is

still referred to the agency of a certain unknown power, of whose essence we are as perfectly ignorant as ever, and which will always continue an enigma to us. Researches on this point, nevertheless, like those of the alchemists for the universal solvent, have always been attended with beneficial results, by the discovery of some new and unexpected property or combination of matter, however egregiously they have failed in the development of the great arcanum. That electricity may hereafter be found to be the great and pervading agent of mobility in the ultimate structure, we are willing to admit; but this will not remove the veil in the slightest degree, nor explain in what manner the ultimate particles of matter become fitted to receive its influence.

We shall pass over M. Raspail's first division on organized vegetable substances, as it would extend this article beyond all reasonable limits to attempt an analysis of his valuable observations on these bodies, and shall confine ourselves to a notice of such parts of his work as have a more practical bearing on animal physiology; at the same time, we cannot thus pass over this portion of his labours without expressing our accordance with most of his views. It is true, there are many points on which he dwells at some length in support of his peculiar views, where his enthusiasm and desire of generalization has led him too far, but taken as a whole, it is by far the most satisfactory account of the ultimate structure of vegetable bodies that has been presented to the world.

The second division of his work includes organized animal substances, and presents some new views of so highly interesting a character, as to induce us to insert them in a condensed form.

In treating of the adipose tissue, the author states that the analogy which exists between the adipose glands in animals, and the fecula in vegetables, must strike every observer. As in fecula, each adipose granule is composed of an integument and an included substance, and both serve for the nutrition of the organs of development, and both are constituted in the same manner. Thus, if a fragment of fat be examined, it will be seen that it is composed of an external vesicle having firm membranous parietes, enveloping small masses, which are readily separable from each other, and each invested with a vesicular membrane; this formation may be further traced in like manner and with the same results, until the vesicles become too small to admit of accurate observation. Each of these masses adheres by some part of its surface to the internal face of the vesicle in which it is contained, by a *hilum*. All these vesicles, and more especially the largest and most external, are covered with a net-work of vessels, which increase in calibre as they approach the hilum, where they are inserted into one of the vessels of the larger vesicle which includes them.

The observations of M. Raspail on the membranous substance of

animal organs, show that those membranes which are considered by anatomists as the simplest, are, in fact, complicated tissues, evidently composed of several distinct layers. Thus, the epidermis is formed of a collection of vesicles deprived of their contents, and closely applied together. The truly simple animal membrane is the parietes of a vesicle; in this state of simplicity it is so transparent that it is only perceptible by the plaits or folds it forms on being moved; if on the contrary it were a compound membrane, the rays of light would be reflected. On this ground M. Raspail disputes the correctness of the observations of Home, Bauer, Prevost and Edwards; and we think that he has gone far to show that the pretended globules seen and figured by them, were merely optical illusions, produced by the play of light on the different folds of the membrane. As regards the intimate structure of the muscular tissue, our author considers that when this is in its simplest state, it consists of a bundle of cylinders intimately agglutinated together, and disposed in a very loose spiral form round the ideal axis of the group. These tubes are filled with a substance which is not wholly miscible with water, but they may be considered as elongated vesicles, which are united at each end to other vesicles of the same character.

M. Raspail denies *in toto* the explanation given by Prevost and Dumas of the mechanism of muscular contraction, that they contract in a zig-zag form, thus describing angles, the summit of each of which is furnished with a nervous fibre. In the first place, he states that it is impossible to distinguish, by the best microscope, the ultimate muscular fibre from the small nervous fibrillæ, and in the second place that this form is necessarily the result of the mode in which these gentlemen pursued their experiments, and is produced by the adhesion of the muscular fibre to the glass on which it is placed. His own idea, grounded on numerous observations, is, that the contraction of the fibre in length is always occasioned by its extension in breadth, under the influence of the vital principle.

M. Raspail next treats of the nervous system. This he considers as a central mass, giving off branches which are divided into an infinity of bifurcations, and thus by innumerable ramifications are distributed to all points where there is a sensation to be felt or an organ to be excited: after this definition, to which there is nothing to be objected, he advances the following most extraordinary hypothesis:—

"The nervous centre elaborates thought (*pensée*), as the liver elaborates bile, as the male organs elaborate the principle of fecundation; and this elaboration is effected at the *expense of the substance of the brain*, for meditation over-exercises and exhausts it, as an excess of activity exhausts the other glands."

As we shall shortly have occasion to notice some other equal

startling assertions of our author as respects the human mind, we shall at present make no comment on the above.

From a series of carefully conducted experiments on the intimate structure of the nerves, M. Raspail has been led to the conclusion that the opinion of Bogros and others, of the nerves being hollow and conveying a fluid, is not supported by facts; for although he does not deny that this anatomist succeeded in injecting the nerves with mercury, he considers the passage of this metal through the nerve to have been owing to its having forced its way by the mere effect of gravity. Under the microscope, our author has found that the nerves presented a perfectly homogeneous structure, with not the slightest trace of a solution of continuity.

M. Raspail's ideas on the organization of the cerebral mass are so peculiar that we shall give his views in his own words.

"The convolutions which are observed on the surface of the cerebral lobes, indicate the salient portion of so many cells, which in turn may be composed of other cells, which themselves contain others. These great cerebral cells are arranged round a common centre, but cannot like the nerves be considered as branches derived from a main trunk. For none of them are destined to receive impressions from without, like the sentient extremities of the nerves, they are merely employed in elaborating these impressions."

The author then states that he adopts the theory of Gall, that the brain is a re-union of organs, each of which is endowed with its own peculiar functions; but he wholly denies that any deductions as to the predominance of one of these over the others can be obtained from the protuberances of the cranium. Nor does he think that the greater volume of the brain indicates greater powers of intellect.

After speaking at some length on the chemical composition of the brain, on which he has offered nothing that requires notice, M. Raspail enters into a consideration of the functions of the brain. This portion of his work is a mere tissue of wild hypotheses, wholly unworthy of the author, and strongly tinctured with the visionary theories of the school to which he belongs. To enable our readers to judge for themselves, we will subjoin a few extracts.

"The will," says he, "is a result of an atomic combination between two subtle and imponderable elements, impressions, and instincts. Instinct is the product of the elaboration of one of the cellular organs of the brain. Impressions are the product of an external excitation. An affinity or attraction exists between impressions and instincts, which varies greatly in its degree as regards the latter."

And he thus proceeds, making out the brain to be nothing more than a mere chemical laboratory in which ideas and passions are concocted as in a retort. We return with pleasure to the more sane portions of M. Raspail's work, and passing over his observations on the structure of bones, cartilage, &c., in which he has very ingeni-

ously and perhaps justly pursued his vesicular theory, we shall proceed to what we think he has elucidated in an admirable manner—the embryonic tissues, and more especially the placenta.

The ovulum, says he, is a vesicle of the ovary which is filled with organizing (*organisatrices*) substances, and remains stationary, until by contact with the fecundating fluid of the male, its contents being disposed to become organized, it detaches itself from its attachments. This ovulum, when not fecundated, is composed of a vesicle of firm but transparent texture, which is filled with an albumino-saccharine fluid in which no trace of organization is perceptible. M. Raspail, however, once met with an ovulum still attached to the ovary which contained an embryo. After fecundation, as is well known, the ovum is composed of an external vesicle, the chorion, and an internal, the amnios. The chorion, says our author, is first smooth, but afterwards becomes covered with arborescent fibrillæ; at this time no appearance of vascularity is perceptible in it; but in a short time a certain number of these fibres are attracted by the surface of the uterus, when a change takes place in their structure, and they become vascular, whilst those which have no communication with the uterus disappear. The vascular fibres ramify and extend themselves till at last they form a large mass, which is the foetal placenta. On the other hand, that part of the uterus which has attracted the fibrillæ of the chorion, also undergoes modifications; by degrees this surface loses its smoothness, and at last receives each of the fibrillæ into depressions which form in it; this perforated surface is the uterine placenta. M. Raspail appeals in proof of the correctness of his views to the following experiment. If, says he, we attempt to separate the two placentas from each other in a careful manner, each bundle of the fibrillæ may be separated from the funnel-like cavity of the uterine placenta. This cavity is perfectly smooth, and does not present the slightest appearance of any intimate attachment having existed between it and the fibrillæ.

These fibrillæ of the placenta perform the same function as the vascular papillæ in the intestines, that of inspiring nutritive fluids. At this time the lungs and stomach of the fœtus are in a state of inaction; the nutritive matters taken up by the fibrillæ arrive by means of the umbilical cord at the liver, which acts as a digestive organ, and pours out its elaborated contents into the intestinal canal, whose papillæ in turn inspire the nutritive fluid, whence it is conveyed to all parts of the body.

M. Raspail's views respecting the *membrana decidua* are based on the following proposition:—

“That all surfaces of an organ, whether internal or external, having once fulfilled their appropriate functions, become detached, are disintegrated, and expose the layer which they had hitherto covered.”

Now, the uterus, during gestation, surpassing all the other organs in development and vitality, must, according to the above axiom, throw off numerous layers, which layers M. Raspail considers as the *membrana decidua* of authors. This is certainly an extremely ingenious theory, but is not we think borne out by facts; if it were correct, we ought to meet with these deciduous membranes in numbers corresponding to the term of utero-gestation, which is by no means the case; it would lead us too far, however, to attempt any observations on our author's theoretical opinions; we have therefore preferred presenting our readers with an abstract of them without comment.

Under the title of French tissues, M. Raspail next gives an account of those abnormal yet organized productions so often met with in the different organs of the body, as hydatids, &c. These, from an examination he made of a cyst from the wrist, he considers as the eggs of some undescribed species of animals. This terminates the first group of organized substances; the second or organizing substances, includes those natural bodies which are the product of the elaboration to which the contents of the organic vesicle have been subjected under the influence of the vital principle; these the author divides, as in the last group, into vegetable and animal. The vegetable are gum, sugar, and sap, which we regret that we shall be obliged to pass over without further notice than to recommend to the vegetable physiologist an attentive study of the observations on the cellular and vascular circulation in plants, as being decidedly the best account of this mysterious process that has hitherto appeared.

The animal organizing substances are more numerous, but our limits will only permit us to notice what the author says on the blood; this is an extremely interesting portion of the work, and we have been tempted to examine it at some length. After giving the various analyses of this fluid, M. Raspail proceeds to the mechanism of the circulation, which, as might be expected from what we said when giving an abstract of his general theory, he attributes to the expiration and inspiration of the parietes of the vessels.

"As the blood is designed to convey life to all parts of the system, and for the nourishment and reparation of the organs, it is necessary that a part of it should be absorbed by the surfaces which it bathes; these surfaces must have the power of abstracting its nutritive portions, and they must also be enabled to return to it what they cannot elaborate, or in other terms, they must inspire and expire. Now, this double function cannot take place without producing a motion in the fluid, and this must be constant and uniform, from this double function being inherent to every molecule of the surface of the vessels.

"Every surface which aspires, if it be flexible, must in turn be attracted towards the substance aspired, it is therefore evident that this process

alone will explain the movements of the systole and diastole of the heart and arteries. The heart, in fact, being free as regards the greater part of its surface, therefore offers the least resistance to this action, and hence its motion is the most marked. When its internal parietes aspire, or in other words, assimilate the contained fluid, it contracts, when on the contrary, its internal surface expires, being repelled by the fluid it repels, the heart dilates. But as the play of this organ is energetic on account of its size, its movements also add to the rapidity of the circulation in the arterial system, which therefore, besides their own proper actions of aspiration and expiration, present pulsations isochronous with those of the heart."

Such is M. Raspail's theory of the circulation, and it certainly has the merit of being extremely ingenious and plausible; it however requires more proof than he has adduced in its favour, and in its present form is liable to many objections, as for instance, if the pulsations of the heart and arteries were thus the result of a mere assimilating or reparatory process, why should mental emotions exercise so instantaneous and marked an influence on them?

A great diversity of opinions have existed among physiologists and anatomists as to the form and composition of the globules of the blood, and notwithstanding the apparent accuracy of our author's observations on them, the question still remains in an unsettled state. Thus, he asserts that the globules are entirely soluble in pure water, whilst MM. Donne and Boudet, who have repeated his experiments, positively declare that they are wholly insoluble, and still more recently M. Müller has confirmed this fact. All that can with absolute certainty be said is, that the globules of the blood are formed of a colourless substance, enveloped in a red-colouring matter. As respects the coagulation of this vital fluid, the explanation given by M. Raspail is clear, and merits attention. After stating that blood freshly drawn is always alkaline, he goes on to say—

"The carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and that which is formed in the blood itself, from its avidity for oxygen, saturates this alkaline menstruum of the albumen, which is then precipitated in the form of a coagulum. The escape of the ammonia (one of the alkalies present), and above all the evaporation of the water of the blood, also set free an additional quantity of albumen."

Our author has subjoined to this account of the blood some observations on the modes proposed by Orfila for the verification of spots of blood. This discovery was considered of the utmost importance in a medico-legal point of view, and remained undisputed for a long time. M. Raspail, however, has most incontestably shown that neither the method of Orfila or the still later one proposed by Barruel can be depended upon, as they may lead to the most unfortunate results if adduced as evidence in cases of suspected murder.

We shall not pursue our examination of M. Raspail's work any

further, for, as we have already stated, to enter on its contents fully would require as many pages as are contained in the treatise itself. The work taken as a whole appears to our minds made up of unsubstantiated theories and the wildest flights of fancies that have ever obtained a place in a scientific work ; besides containing much other matter of a political and personal nature, which certainly had better been omitted.

ART. V.—*Du Choléra-Morbus en Russie, en Prussie et en Autriche, pendant les Années 1831 et 1832.* Par MM. AUGUSTE GERARDIN et PAUL GAIMARD, Membres et Commissaires de l'Académie Royal de Médecine, envoyées en Russie par le Gouvernement Français pour étudier le Choléra. Nouvelle Edition. Avec des Planches coloriées, &c. &c. Paris. 1837.

THE character of this singular and fatal malady having again been canvassed warmly both here and on the continent, has induced us to put upon record a few slight observations, which we have by professional experience been enabled to make as to the nature of this intricate disease.

In admitting the central point of cholera to be in the abdomen, there are three leading theories which profess to explain the character of the lesion. One of them is the nervous theory ; the second that of the passive vascular congestion ; and the third that of acute inflammation.

The supporters of the first theory express the opinion, that there is a sedation of organic life in the alimentary canal ; especially, that there is a diminution of capillary excitement throughout the whole extent of the mucous membrane, from the mouth to the rectum in all cases of a simple uncomplicated character ; and that in cholera maligna there is a *universal sedation of organic life*, manifested primarily in the capillary tissue, then in the larger vessels and heart, with a consequent passive congestion of an impure blood in the internal tissues, aggravating the sedation, and resisting the natural disposition to re-action ; and that there is also a peculiar and morbid irritability of the cerebro-spinal nervous system, the apparatus of animal life.

Among the supporters of this theory is Mr. Annesley, who says, " I regard epidemic cholera therefore as essentially an affection of the nervous system, and consider the diminution of the nervous power to be the proximate effect of the efficient cause of the disease—that cause being the electrical condition of the air, arising from or accompanied by terrestrial exhalations of a kind unfavourable to animal life."

Another advocate of the nervous doctrine of cholera is Mr. J. Delpech, who gives the following summary of his observations :—

"The common and ordinary result has been a remarkable alteration, principally of the semilunar ganglions. Those organs more voluminous, and of a texture less dense than the nerves of the adjoining plexuses, have probably retained better the traces of the physiological alterations which they had experienced; they have often shown themselves swollen, red, more or less strongly injected, and sometimes softened to a very remarkable degree. The injection which penetrates them, colours them red, when in all the remainder of the body the capillary system is injected black. This very remarkable phenomenon cannot fail to recall the painful sensation which occurs so constantly in the prodromes, and in the beginning of cholera, and the precise seat which it occupies.

"The solar plexus is likewise in an unnatural state, which is more or less obvious, but always perceptible by the size of the nerves which compose it, often by the red injection of their neurilema, and sometimes even by the softening of the nerves which form it, which are then ruptured by the slightest effort, or the lightest pressure. This plexus is then formed by broad red bands, and not by filaments of a grayish white as in the natural state.

"The renal plexuses have presented sometimes alterations of the same kind, but they have not showed themselves so frequently, and never with the same intensity. The affection appears to have been a simple extension of that of the adjoining nerves.

"The same appears to have been the case with the pneumogastric; its inferior part has been seen by us swollen and coloured red, and only by an extension of the alteration of adjoining nerves; this point alone has seemed to have preserved the material traces of an affection which probably had extended further in the length of this nerve. In one case alone the pneumo-cardiac plexus has exhibited itself likewise composed of nerves more voluminous than common"

The preceding extracts from M. Delpsch may be considered as exhibiting the very incarnation of the nervous theory, which has likewise its advocates to some extent in Germany. In opposition to this it may be remarked, that the general testimony of anatomists, so far from concurring in it, is adverse; and that in admitting the observations of M. Delpsch to be correct to the extent of the cases to which they are applied, they do not harmonize with the generality; and must therefore be left with their appropriate weight to some future day, when their value may be better understood.

Of the advocates of congestion, M. Magendie holds a most conspicuous rank, and has sustained his views with a degree of strength and ingenuity, in harmony with his eminent talents as a physiologist and practitioner. Having, however, taken a wrong point of departure, he has as might be expected from a logical and well-disciplined mind, by keeping up its inferences gone remarkably astray from the truth, and from the host of able men by whom he is surrounded. According to him, the fundamental phenomenon of cholera is a suspension of circulation, which arises principally from a debi-

litated contraction of the ventricles of the heart. "Behold, says he, "the character, and principal and general fact of the blue cholera. The ventricles of the heart being debilitated, there results cold, discoloration of the face; and as the feebleness of the contractions proceeds incessantly, the result is the very remarkable fact of the stagnation of the blood in the veins, and the blue colour of the skin." In support of this hypothesis, M. M. brings forward the evidence of a similar colour produced by an experiment, where, by a mechanical impediment to the arterial circulation in the leg of a dog, he has found the stagnation of blood to occur in the veins.

In opposition to this, it may be stated that in fainting there can be no doubt of the action of the ventricles of the heart being weakened; and yet, instead of its giving rise to a blue colour from the stagnation of blood, pallidness and recession of blood from the capillaries is its invariable character. The general capillaries unquestionably execute languidly in cholera their office of forwarding the blood, and we may hence rationally infer that they are affected with atony; but does it not appear more probable that the latter is a sympathetic condition produced by the extreme pathological actions of the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, the sympathies being conveyed either by the great sympathetic nerve, or by that more refined innervation of parts of which anatomy knows so little, but which unquestionably exists.

Another fundamental proposition of M. Magendie is, that the first effect of inflammation is to obliterate the capillary vessels by which the arterial system communicates with the venous. But he finds that in cholera an injection of water passes easily from the arteries into the veins of the intestines, and in doing so the stagnated blood of the latter is removed; therefore the capillaries are not obstructed, and consequently there is no inflammation.

This proposition, like the first, has certainly notable exceptions; no one can doubt that a blister is attended with inflammation, and yet we find in many cases of recent vesication the redness to disappear on death. Most cutaneous eruptions, which are unquestionably an inflammation, as measles and erysipelas, disappear on death; and yet, by a minute red injection, they can be brought out again, showing that though the blood has been removed from the part, yet its channels still retain the type of inflammation.

M. M. avoids the consequences of the inflammatory lining and deposits found in the alimentary canal, by considering them to be intestinal mucus mixed with serosity, and by the declaration that he has seen the same on the alimentary canal of executed criminals, and that he has even found the lining to reform itself three or four times on being cleared away. In opposition to this we may state, that if there be any criterion whatever, whereby coagulating lymph may be proved not to be mucus, that criterion judges clearly the

case of cholera. Of the several tests, spirit of wine is one of the most accurate, by its coagulating fibrine firmly, while its action is comparatively inefficient on mucus. By the application of such a test to the fibrinous secretion of cholera, the merriment of M. M.'s class at the idea of a violent inflammation producing a fluid like rice-water, would probably have been converted into an admission of the fact.

M. Magendie, to get rid still more of the obligation to consider cholera as an inflammatory affection, simulates its discharges by injecting water into the artery of an intestine, which, as every anatomist knows, exudes into the cavity of the intestine; and then he says—

“Behold an intestinal liquor formed after death, here is an anatomical fact. We have often seen the discharges of cholera which had entirely the aspect of this liquor. If it had been taken from a close stool, it would have passed for the secretion of cholera.”

He finds the same phenomenon still better by injecting a vein. He has, however, no small difficulty in reconciling his idea of a stagnation of blood in the intestines with so large a discharge from them; his hypothesis is, that it may be supposed that the blood concentrated in the venous system, and pushed back towards the intestines by the efforts to vomit, is diffused upon the intestinal canal, and there effused; but the value of his theory is immediately lost, by a declaration that it is only the most probable conjecture adapted to the case, and that whoever affirms positively the mode of this phenomenon, either abuses himself or abuses others. This paragraph is so remarkable that it is worth while to give the whole.

“There is not, I think, any data within the knowledge of physiologists of which I am completely ignorant. I then affirm that one cannot explain entirely the secretion which occurs in the intestinal canal; and still less would I look for an explanation of this secretion in the follicles which exist in the intestinal canal. When we have studied with attention the mode of this secretion, it is known that the greatest part of this secretion is not made by the follicles, because they are in too small a number to discharge so great a quantity of liquid. They concur, I admit, to the intestinal secretion, but they cannot be regarded as its only source. In fact, when you take a living animal, and cut open its intestine and expose its mucous membrane, you will scarcely have wiped it dry before a new layer of mucus appears. It is not by the follicles, but by the mucous membrane itself, that the intestinal secretion is made; this point of physiology is beyond any kind of difficulty.”

This passage may be considered as proof positive, that M. Magendie has yet to be informed that the whole amount of follicles in the alimentary canal is not far from fifty millions, though the fact may be still unsettled whether they absorb as well as secrete, by inverting their action according to circumstances, as we see in serous membranes.

In the midst of the obscurity and entanglement of these and other speculations of the celebrated professor, there are traits of light of much value. Thus he considers that so long as the intestinal circulation proceeds, there is an absorption by its veins, for he repudiates wholly the idea of liquids being taken up by the chyliferous vessels. The rapidity of this absorption will consequently depend on that of the circulation; the latter being retarded in the cold stage, absorption is slow; thus commonly it requires five minutes in a cholera patient for an enema of camphor to be perceived in the breath; while one minute only is requisite in other cases of sickness.

M. Magendie having once determined his fundamental point, of a weakness of the ventricles of the heart, and a consequent torpor of the circulation, producing the appearances of the alimentary canal, subsequently applies this principle to every other organ of consequence, and finds a complete solution of its state through this master key of theory; it will be unnecessary, however, to trace him through the whole problem, as its primary defects are sufficiently obvious.

The third class of pathologists are those we have said who consider the local phenomena of cholera on the alimentary canal as inflammatory. Should a question of such obscurity arrive at a determination by mere numbers, the verdict would certainly be in their favour.

The concurrence of the surgeons of India in this opinion is remarkable. Their observations show that the internal organs, generally, were in a state of high venous congestion, with inflammation of the alimentary canal. Dr. De Gravier, the chief French physician at Pondicherry, saw the inflammation of the stomach and intestines so well marked that he considered it to give rise to all the other symptoms by means of irritation, and went so far as to call the disease gastro-enteritis. Mr. Corbyn details such appearances of inflammation in the stomach and bowels as should leave no doubt of the fact, and, among other indications of it, the inner surface of the stomach was frequently seen lined with *coagulating lymph*.

The general concurrence of the French pathologists in regard to the inflammatory nature of the lesions of the alimentary canal in cholera, is also opposed by as few dissentients as that of the surgeons in India; and if anything could have been previously wanting in the force of this testimony, it would appear to be now complete, by the highly finished plates on the subject of M. Cruveilhier, in his *Anatomie Pathologique*, Liv. XIV. Some of the more distinguished names on this side are Gendrin, Bouillaud, F. J. V. Broussais, Gerardin, and Gaimard.

The idea of inflammation in the first state has been rejected by

some, especially by M. Gendrin, who defines it as a phlegmorrhagia, meaning thereby simply a secretory irritation. The act of the cholera secretion he considers to be accomplished by the numerous follicles of the digestive tube. These follicles, according to him, dilate progressively, and augment in volume, which is announced by the precursory diarrhœa in the greater number of cases. But whenever the secretion becomes so abundant as to detract rapidly from the blood a large quantity of its elements, the cholera symptoms explode. One who has had the serous diarrhœa mildly for some days, finds the waste supplied by the circulation of the blood; his system is therefore much less disturbed than it is in another who has lost much less, but in whom the discharge has supervened suddenly, and consequently where the power of repair from the circulation does not go on with equal rapidity. The remark is almost universal, that the cases of cholera terminating most rapidly in death are those where there has been little or no serous discharge externally, for it is accumulated in such a flood almost at once in the alimentary canal, that the muscular energy of the latter, like that of every other part, is too much prostrated to perform its peristaltic movements; it is hence not uncommon to see the digestive canal in a state of relaxation, which bears an analogy to no other disease scarcely, except cases of protracted and extreme ascites.

The following, from M. Gendrin, will probably explain more satisfactorily his ideas of the early pathological condition of the alimentary tube. "The intestinal secretion of the follicles being augmented, is necessarily attended by an active fluxion towards them, which may either precede or follow their excitement. This fluxion is necessarily accompanied with turgescence of the secretory organs, as in other cases of augmented secretion. From this turgescence or orgasm to inflammation, there is but little distance. The secretory orgasm is a minor inflammation, which explains the facility with which intestinal inflammations, and especially the follicular, are developed in the re-action of cholera, when the circulation being augmented, it becomes a general excitant for all the parts." From this it will be seen, that though M. Gendrin disavows inflammation, except in the stage of re-action, yet he admits a condition closely allied to it. For our own part, considering the rapid secretion from the alimentary canal of serum and of fibrin, and knowing that this act itself is calculated, as in pleuritis, to relieve the inflammatory congestion of the vessels, we have but little difficulty in viewing cholera as a decided inflammation from the beginning. How often is it in recent peritonitis or pericarditis, or in fact any other serous inflammation, that the serous tissue itself scarcely presents in its texture, or by the accumulation of blood in it, any trace of inflammatory action, so that if the fibrinous layer formed upon it is removed,

the membrane appears healthy, and yet the plainest possible evidence exists of inflammation by the tenor of the symptoms preceding death and by the accumulation of fibrin and serum in the cavity. By parity of reasoning and of observation, the inflammatory action disappears, on death, from the digestive mucous membrane, though we see its unequivocal evidence in large collections of serum, and in a fibrinous lining adhering to its surface, with a tenacity quite equal to that with which a similar lining adheres in croup or pleuritis. If the digestive canal could be kept stationary, so as to allow the factitious membrane the same chances of adhesion, and of increasing its thickness, which exist in fixed cavities, it would probably exceed what is known in any other disease; but the peristaltic motion being violent, the membrane is detached almost as soon as formed, and being broken up in the long route that it has to traverse, its membranous character is destroyed; it is ground into fine pieces, the mixture of which with serum constitutes the cholera fluid.

In regard to the existence of a layer of coagulated lymph on the surface of the digestive canal, we have the testimony of Corbyu for its being found in the disease as it appeared in India, and of Gerardin and Gaimard in a similar occurrence in that of Russia. The latter indeed states that the sanguineous afflux, or the active congestion directed upon the intestinal tube, appears to be concentrated chiefly upon the mucous coat of the small intestine. This membrane is swollen, spongy, impregnated with a white fluid; the exudation of which it is the seat, at first clear and aqueous, takes a more consistent aspect, and forms a lining to it of a flocculent or gelatinous layer sufficiently like a *pseudo-membrane*. They add, indeed, that this layer is sometimes traversed by very fine capillary vessels, which are remarked principally at the points which adhere the most strongly to the membrane of the intestine. There could not be a better evidence than this of the analogy of this layer of fibrine with that of pleurisy or pericarditis, the uniform tendency of which is to become organized by vessels shooting into it. Many of the writers on cholera speak of an inspissated layer on the surface of the digestive tube, but it appears most commonly to have been mistaken for mucus, while unfortunately such as have had a distinct comprehension of its character have not brought it forward with that force which so main a feature of disease merits. A feature which, when once recognised, would settle determinately the grade of this malady.

Another character which has been attributed to Asiatic cholera is a *copious vesicular eruption*, entirely distinct from the tumefaction of villi, muciparous glands or follicles, and pervading the whole canal. This eruption has been seen by us in four cases, and we would suggest might possibly have been seen in others had our familiarity with its appearance and means of detection been accurate

from the beginning. The form of this eruption is that of a spherical vesicle, commonly from one-eightieth to one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, with parietes transparent and empty in the dried state, in which alone we have seen it, for the reason that when its parietes are impregnated with a liquid, as water, alcohol, turpentine, or varnish, they are so transparent that they cease to reflect light in an appreciable manner. This vesicle lies upon the surface of the superficial venous layer of the digestive canal, perfectly distinct from the follicles, that is to say, having for its base the venous partition between the follicles. In the colon, where the edges of the latter are on the same plane, the vesicles repose as distinctly on the surface of the mucous membrane as marbles would on a table, and very much after the same manner, one point alone of their circumference resting on the mucous membrane. If it should be permitted us to form a conjecture of the nature of their parietes, we would say that they consisted of the cuticle of the digestive canal. They no doubt contain a fluid in the recent state; but what its character is we have yet to learn, from the difficulty of distinguishing the vesicles themselves at that period.

These vesicles in some parts of the jejunum are as thick as they can possibly stand, which, according to the estimate of their size just given, would be at the rate of some thousands to an inch square, actually six thousand four hundred; but as we have never seen an entire inch square covered in this way, an erroneous impression might be conveyed by stating it as the rule. These vesicles exhibit a decided preference to the roots of the *valvulæ conniventes*, and are there closely disseminated with scarcely an interval between them; but they decrease in frequency towards the summits of the *valvulæ*. Their entire number and frequency decline greatly in the ileum and colon, the individual vesicles being much insulated, so as to leave wide spaces between them and others.

It remains for further researches to determine the uniformity of the vesicular eruption of cholera, as we have described it; and also to ascertain whether this is the specific disease which gives rise to so terrible a train of symptoms; whether cholera is in fact a sort of inverted small-pox, the location of which makes its ravages so fatal; and which, like the genuine variola, may be divided into the discreet and confluent kind, and has its symptoms always modified by the extent of the surface attacked. The epidemic character of cholera, its independence of all meteorological conditions of the atmosphere, and moreover its subjecting an entire community to its influence under some symptom or other, wherever it appears for the first time, show analogies with exanthematous diseases, which go far in our mind to establish the opinion that cholera is really what those vesicles tend to show, an internal exanthema itself.

The work placed at the head of this article comprises ten letters

addressed to Count D'Argout, Minister of Commerce and Public Works of France, by the commissioners sent to Russia to study the cholera; with an appendix, consisting of an account of the plague of Moscow in 1771, compared with the cholera which prevailed in the same city in 1830 and 1831, together with various official documents relative to the progress of cholera, sanitary cordons, &c. &c.

The first nine letters are principally devoted to an account of the progress of cholera in the north of Europe, and of the means taken to arrest its march by sanitary cordons, with abundant illustrations of the futility of these measures, and even of their absolutely injurious tendency. The tenth letter in the work before us is devoted to the consideration of the symptoms, anatomical lesions, and treatment of cholera.

The symptoms of this disease are unfortunately too familiar for it to be necessary to repeat what is said by our authors on this subject; but we must not pass by in silence the interesting clinical experiments of Dr. Czermak, Professor of Physiology in the University of Vienna, respecting the low temperature of the body, a *constant attendant* on this disease. From the experiments alluded to, it results—1st. That the feet are constantly found to have the lowest temperature, next the hands and the tongue, then the body, neck, *scrobiculis cordis*, &c. (MM. Gerardin and Gaimard state that in the experiments made by themselves, the tip of the nose was found to be colder than the feet, whilst the region of the heart and the arm-pit was always the warmest). 2nd. That the temperature of the feet was as low as 14° R., and that of the tongue 15° R. Consequently there is no disease in which the temperature of several parts of the body descends so low as in cholera. In fainting, lypothymia, and the chill of intermittent fevers, the temperature of the body is never lower than 22° R. 3rd. That the temperature may be of great importance in aiding our prognosis. In fact, no example of cure has been cited in which the temperature was below 19° R. and the higher the temperature was above this, the more favourable, *cæteris paribus*, is the prognosis.

We must also quote the following experiments of the same learned professor, relative to the temperature of the blood, compared with that of the other parts of the body. These experiments were made in a room, the temperature of which was from 15° to 16° R., and the blood examined was always drawn from the arm.

1st. Woman, æt. 27. Cured.	{	Tongue	-	-	-	-	-	$23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ R.
		Hands	-	-	-	-	-	$21\frac{1}{2}$
		Feet	-	-	-	-	-	$19\frac{1}{2}$
		Blood	-	-	-	-	-	$24\frac{1}{2}$
2nd. Woman, æt. 39. Died.	{	Tongue	-	-	-	-	-	$19\frac{1}{2}$
		Hands	-	-	-	-	-	$19\frac{1}{2}$
		Blood	-	-	-	-	-	$20\frac{1}{2}$

3rd. Woman, æt. 54. Cured.	Tongue	-	-	-	-	24½
	Hands	-	-	-	-	25½
	Feet	-	-	-	-	23
	Scrobiculis cordis	-	-	-	-	25 1-16
	Blood	-	-	-	-	26 1-6
4th. Woman, æt. 21. Died.	Tongue	-	-	-	-	19
	Hands	-	-	-	-	18
	Blood	-	-	-	-	21½
5th. Woman, æt. 62. Cured.	Tongue and air expired	-	-	-	-	20½
	Hands	-	-	-	-	22½
	Blood	-	-	-	-	22½
6th. Man, æt. 48. Died.	Tongue	-	-	-	-	23
	Hands	-	-	-	-	22½
	Blood	-	-	-	-	26
7th. Man, æt. 60. Cured.	Tongue	-	-	-	-	25½
	Hands	-	-	-	-	23½
	Blood	-	-	-	-	27
8th. Man, æt. 32. Died.	Tongue	-	-	-	-	21
	Hands	-	-	-	-	20½
	Blood	-	-	-	-	21½

One of the most interesting points in the history of cholera is the changes in the composition of the blood; and our authors have collected some valuable information on this subject. M. Hermann, professor of chemistry at Moscow, found the blood of a young man in good health to contain 43 parts of coagulium, and 57 parts serum, the latter having a specific gravity of 1.027. In persons labouring under cholera, the normal proportion of these constituents of the blood are always different; the quantity of the first being always increased, and that of the latter diminished. Moreover, what is very remarkable, and this observation has been amply confirmed by subsequent analysis, the proportion of coagulium increases with the violence of the disease, so that it attains its maximum just before the death of the patient. When the patient recovers, there is observed an alteration in the composition of the blood, progressively diminishing. The proportion of the constituents of the blood, according to the intensity of the disease, was in 100 parts—

Coagulium,	50	55	60	60.3	62.5
Serum,	50	45	40	39.7	37.5
	100	100	100	100	100

The blood of a patient who had had cholera, and who was afterwards attacked with a febrile paroxysm, presented the following proportions. Coagulium, 44.25; Serum, 55.75=100. The proportion of albumen in the serum also augments in proportion to the intensity of the disease, and attains its maximum just before death, as is proved by the following experiments of Professor H. The specific gravity of the blood of a person attacked with cholera at the

onset of the disease, before he had had any watery evacuations, . 1.027, the specific gravity of the blood of a healthy person as just stated. But as soon as this crisis occurred, the quantity of water in the serum commenced to diminish, the specific gravity of the blood increased to 1.028, subsequently to 1.032, and blood drawn from a patient four hours before his death was found to be 1.036.

These observations on the alterations in the proportion of the constituents of the blood, are confirmed by the experiments of M. Wittstock of Berlin. He has found, that when the blood taken from the right ventricle of persons who had died of cholera was carefully dried, 30 per cent. of solid matter was always obtained, whilst in health blood only yields 21 per cent. This skilful experimenter also found the serum of the blood of a man aged twenty years, who died of intense cholera, to have the specific gravity of 1.0447, and to yield on evaporation $16\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of solid matter. The blood was drawn by bleeding some hours before death. In a young woman in good health, M. W. found the specific gravity of the serum to be 1.028, and this liquid to yield $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of solid matter. The serum of a cholera patient who was cured, yielded $14\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of solid matter, and its specific gravity was 1.061.

The following is a summary of the lesions observed in cholera, as given by our authors :—

“ The more rapidly fatal the disease proves, the less constant, marked and identical are the cadaveric lesions; sometimes even there is no appreciable disorder. This absence of all lesion, however, is an evident proof, that the derangement of the system of innervation ought to be considered the first and most important.

“ The afflux of blood to, or the active congestion of the internal canal, appears to be especially concentrated upon the mucous membrane of the small intestines. This membrane is tumefied, spongy, impregnated with a whitish fluid: the exudation of which it is the seat, at first clear and watery, becomes more consistent, and lines the internal surface of the mucous membrane with a flocculent or gelatinous substance, very similar to a pseudo-membrane. This exudation is sometimes traversed by very fine capillary vessels, which are particularly observed at those points which adhere most firmly to the intestine.

“ To this series of phenomena there is joined, the suppression of the urinary secretion, and doubtless also that of the pancreatic liquor; the bile retained in the gall-bladder, no longer flows into the alimentary canal: then, either the plasticity of the secretions increase, and the alvine discharges are moderated; or, what is frequently the case, the albuminous lymph secreted remains suspended in the intestinal fluid, in the form of white flocculi.

“ In consequence of this intestinal exhalation, the mucous membrane swells, and resembles a very fine porous sieve: its valves, especially those in the jejunum, become flaccid and floating, and of from two to three lines in size. The tissue of the intestine is of a rose colour; glandular, tubercular bodies of various sizes are developed, especially in the lower convolutions of the ileum. We will presently describe the structure of these recently-formed bodies.

“ The dejections composed of a bloody water, mixed with brown or reddish flocculi, indicate in general the approach of death. In this case there is found a considerable softening of the mucous membrane, especially of the middle and lower portion of the small intestines: this membrane is of a grayish-red, and appears infiltrated with water and bloody mucus; moreover, we find that the extremities of the vascular ramifications are free and as if open on the surface of the intestine; by slight friction small cylinders of coagulated blood may be pressed out of them. If the disease has been very violent and promptly fatal, there is often observed ecchymoses and even very extensive sanguineous effusions, which extend over entire convolutions of the intestine.

“ These alterations progressively diminish in the mucous membrane of the cœcum and colon, so that this membrane is found only relaxed, coloured in many places of a bluish-red, and covered in places with small tubercles which more rarely unite, forming plates.”

These different alterations have been observed by the German physicians, and particularly by the learned professor of pathological anatomy at Vienna, Dr. Wagner. The granulations and plates, our authors think, should not be considered as causes, but as accidental effects of the disease, since they are not constantly found in cholera patients, and analogous though less marked alterations had been observed at Vienna several months before the appearance of cholera. The granulations and plates just noticed do not consist, it appears, of enlarged glands of Brunner and Peyer. In fact, this kind of tuberculiform eruption exists not only at the lower part of the small intestines and commencement of the cœcum, but is met with in the stomach, œsophagus, and even in the tongue.

Professor Czermak, and his adjunct, M. Hyrtz, have made some minute injections and microscopical observations in order to discover the nature of these lesions, and the results of their investigations show, according to our authors, that the alterations in question are not erosions, for there was no extravasation of the matter of the injection. This matter passes easily into the follicles of Brunner and Peyer, but not into the tuberculiform bodies; but the intestinal villi are more readily injected than in other bodies: these injections are also made as readily, and even more easily by the veins than by the arteries, in cholera patients. But if the lymphatic vessels are injected, the tubercles and plates regarded as erosions are equally filled; whence it results that these tubercles and plates result from the development of the lymphatic vessels, so well described by Hedwig, Rudolphi, &c.

Our authors state that they saw in Russia and in Prussia in many post-mortem examinations, and at Vienna in numerous preparations preserved in spirit of wine, at the lower portion of the small intestine, elliptic or spherical plates of the diameter of from half an inch to even two inches, the surrounding villi being normal, whilst those at the circumference of the plates were more developed, showing

the size of these plates. Sometimes the development of these villi, as they changed to form the plates, could be distinctly observed. A beautiful coloured plate illustrative of the lesions we have noticed is given.

Much interesting information has likewise been collected by our authors relative to the remedial powers of various measures proposed for the cure of the disease in question. When the disease first invaded Europe many physicians thought that the disease was a form of malignant intermittent fever, and that it might be cured by bark. Unfortunately, experience has not justified this hope, and after the numerous trials that have been made with this remedy without success, our authors think themselves justified in confidently advancing it as an axiom, that—

“Bark and its preparations administered with the view of treating algid cholera as a malignant intermittent have not produced the beneficial effects which were expected.”

Other practitioners, with the view of arresting the evacuations, resorted to opium and its preparations as the basis of their treatment; but these were found according to our authors to increase cerebral venous congestion, and they were finally proscribed in Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

The physicians of the north of Europe believed that they could arrest the afflux to the digestive organs, by exciting an active derivation to the external surface. With this view they resorted to vapour baths and frictions. The patients surrounded with vessels filled with hot water, parched oats, hot sand, &c. ; and hot drinks were administered. The result of these measures, for the most part, was to precipitate the progress of the disease. Hot drinks increased the changes, rendered the thirst inextinguishable, and produced renewed evacuations; the different articles and numerous coverings with which the patients were overburdened, were so insupportable, from the uneasiness, anguish, and inexpressible anxiety which they determined, that the dying summoned all their strength to relieve themselves from them. These measures in all instances exhausted the strength of the patients, and destroyed the little vital energy which lead to or induce, the period of reaction. Vapour baths were particularly employed in Russia, but their utility was considered so doubtful that their use was abandoned in Prussia and Austria. In France, and in this country, where these measures have been employed, their inefficacy and even injurious tendency have been fully recognised. Had the practitioners in these latter countries taken proper measures to ascertain the results of experience elsewhere, much suffering might have been spared to cholera patients.

As to the various stimulants, our authors state, that—

“All practitioners agreed in regarding them as often inefficacious, and

still more frequently as aggravating the symptoms they were given to relieve."

The mode of treatment which seems to have united in its favour the most eminent practitioners of the north of Europe is that by *emetics* and *cold*. The following was the method of treatment pursued at the temporary hospital of Aboukoff at St. Petersburg, and by means of which cures were effected which often struck our authors with astonishment.

"As soon as the patient entered the hospital he was placed in a bath of from 28° to 30° R. (95° to 190° Fah.) and retained in it for half an hour or an hour; he was then placed in a warm bed and rubbed all over with ammonia, whatever might be the intensity of the disease. A draught, containing four or five grains of emetic, was immediately administered in divided doses, and at shorter or longer intervals. As soon as the action of the medicine became manifest, the nature of the matters vomited changed; they became better, and presented a bilious and poraceous aspect. From this moment the cholera vomiting ceased and rarely returned; the diarrhoea was arrested, or much diminished; finally, after some hours the symptoms of reaction were progressively manifested; in a word, the algid cholera was changed to febrile or inflammatory cholera."

Our authors have presented in much too favourable a light the results of the above treatment. Thus they state that of 313 patients treated by the above method, 231 were cured, or 74 per cent. which is extraordinary success in cholera. But it appears from a table joined to the work that the whole number of patients received into the hospital of Aboukoff was 626, of which number 122 were received dead, leaving 504 actually received alive into the hospital, of which number 106 died in twelve hours, 85 in twenty-four hours, 55 in three days, 14 in six days, 13 in ten days and after; making the whole number of deaths 273, and cures 231, which shows the mortality to have been upwards of one-half. To make out the favourable result of treatment as given by our authors, all those who died within twenty-four hours after admission are considered as received in the state of agony, and are excluded, and those only who lived beyond the period just mentioned are considered as having been treated. Now if those patients alone who are received before collapse, or who live upwards of twenty-four hours after being taken under treatment, are to be considered, there are few hospitals or modes of treatment which cannot boast of great success. We do not think then that any evidence has been furnished of great success having attended the method adopted in the hospital of Aboukoff, and certainly subsequent experience has not induced practitioners to repose any confidence in this method of treatment; indeed, both the warm bath and tartar emetic appear to have been pretty generally abandoned.

At Vienna, our authors state, that the ipecacuanha was adminis-

tered with positive success in the different forms of the disease, and at different periods of the epidemic. The employment of this substance was not limited to a particular establishment; its use was general in the civil and military hospitals of Austria, and everywhere it is said to have justified the confidence of practitioners.

"The ipecacuanha was commonly administered in the dose of from 10 to 15 or 20 grains, at once or in divided doses, according to the age and constitution of the individuals. If in an half hour or hour, this remedy did not operate, it was repeated a second or third time; its action being favoured by warming the patient and exciting perspiration, (unless it rendered him uncomfortable,) by means of dry heat. The limbs were surrounded with flannel or warm cloths, and repose and even immobility of the body was recommended. The horizontal position was preferable to every other. Attentive nurses watched the motions and administered to the wants of the patients, who were strictly forbid not to rise or leave their beds, for when they did so, as soon as they returned to them they fainted and speedily died. Cold drinks, often slightly acidulated, replaced with great advantage the hot and aromatic infusions, to which the patients exhibited a great aversion; finally, cauterizing sinapisms over the abdomen, over the chest and even upon the neck; frictions with camphorated, volatile linament, combated with much success the spasms and cramps in different parts of the body. By the combined employment of these means, algid cholera speedily terminated in a return to health, or assumed a second form, or that of reaction."

The evident success obtained by the use of cold drinks, soon gave rise to the treatment of algid cholera by cold. The following is the account of this method as employed by Dr. Günthner, at the great general hospital of Vienna.

"Cold was employed *internally* and *externally*, in the form of water and ice.

"Internally, according as a greater or less degree of cold was desired, recourse was had to spring water, ice water, and even small pieces of ice. Spring water was given by mouthfuls, every two or three minutes. Ice was administered in pieces of the size of a hazel-nut, every five or ten minutes. In mild cases the degree of cold was gradually augmented, but when the disease was violent and urgent, the highest degree of cold was immediately used; it was continued even during the increase of diarrhoea and vomiting, and when these symptoms had ceased or subsided in an evident manner, the intensity of the cold was by degrees lessened, until it was at the temperature of water which had remained some minutes in a room at the temperature of 12 or 15° Reaumur.

"When the diarrhoea did not yield to the use of ice internally, it was stopped by one or two injections of cold ice or water. Externally, cold was employed in the form of lotions of cold or ice water, and frictions on the surface of the body with pieces of ice. The lotions were applied with sponges or towels. The limbs and sometimes the whole body were rubbed with ice until they began to grow warm, which most usually occurred in five or six minutes. Then the patient was rapidly dried with towels moderately warm in which he was enveloped. Soon and gradually

the surface of the body increased in temperature; vital turgescence insensibly developed itself, the choleric appearance of the face and the spasmodic pains of the inferior limbs was dissipated, perspiration more or less free announced that imminent danger no longer existed.

"In the most violent cases, the more the features of the face were distorted, the smaller and more insensible the pulse, the colder and more livid the surface of the body, the more violent the cramps of the limbs—the more necessary was it to persevere in the internal and external use of cold. In these cases frictions with ice were preferable to lotions with cold water.

"An important remark, which we must not pass over in silence, is, that the external employment of ice was always preceded by its internal administration; the former was never used alone; moreover, when the lotions or frictions were discontinued before the body had become warm, precious time had been lost, and it was necessary to recommence their employment.

"A phenomenon of much interest is the agreeable sensations experienced by the patients after this treatment; they ask for and insist on the repetition of the lotions and frictions, they drink the cold water, and suck the pieces of ice with inexpressible delight; they reject with a kind of horror all medicaments. Certainly, if nature has given to suffering man an instinctive faculty to discover remedies appropriate to the nature of his disease, it can be affirmed that the action of cold is the only one that will always be agreeable to cholera patients, and which will invariably be sought by these unfortunate beings even in their last moments. Even when the termination of the disease was unfortunate, it was still easy to recognise the energetic influence of this method, by the various modifications it exercised on the circulation, the colour and heat of the skin, the quantity and nature of the excretions, &c.

"From the middle of September to the end of October a hundred patients were treated by this method, of which number sixty-five recovered, and thirty-five died. From the last of October to the 12th of December forty-two patients received this treatment, of this number thirty-four were cured, and eight died.

"It appears from these authentic documents, that of all the curative methods that by cold has proved most efficacious, since nearly two-thirds of the patients were cured by it, a proportion of cures not yet obtained in any other country.

"The employment of cold has also other advantages. Whilst hot drinks excite only disgust, increase the thirst, and in place of relieving it produce anguish and agitation; cold drinks, on the contrary, gratify the wishes of the patients, render them calmer and more docile. These drinks also supply rapidly to the system the losses caused by the excessive evacuations."

Under this treatment a prompt cure is often obtained; but in violent cases, an inflammatory state supervenes, most frequently congestion of the brain and chest. These congestions and local inflammations cannot be ascribed, however, to the action of cold, as they supervene after every method of treatment. They demand for their cure antiphlogistic remedies.

The details of six cases treated according to the above method have been given by our authors.

In desperate cases an attempt was made in Vienna to cure the disease by the conjoined employment of cold and stimulants ; but of fifty-eight cases, nineteen only were cured.

From the space we have devoted to this work, it will be readily concluded that we estimate highly its merits. Indeed, notwithstanding the many works which have since appeared on the subject, and the enlarged experience the profession has had in the disease of which it treats, this volume may be consulted with much advantage; and may be ranked among the most valuable contributions to our knowledge of the terrible scourge which has swept over the greater portion of our globe, and which has recently and is at the present moment committing its ravages in various parts of Europe.

ART. VI.—*A Home Tour through various Parts of the United Kingdom; being a Continuation of the "Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts." Also Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-General.* By SIR GEORGE HEAD, Author of "Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America." London: Murray. 1837.

SIR GEORGE HEAD is a capital sketcher. But this is not all. He delights to sketch what most tourists overlook, or think too commonplace to deserve notice. And yet he never throws off a picture that is not striking, or from which a pointed moral may not be derived. His sentiments have a freshness about them, a raciness that speaks the man, at the same time that it invests the object described with individuality and arresting effect. He is the farthest possible from pretending to be an antiquarian, or caring about what has acquired fame on account of its age. He seems recklessly to bid defiance to everything in the shape of romance. But give him the inside of a steam-boat, or the outside of a coach ; plant him in a hedge-inn, or place him on the bleak and lonely shore, and if he does not give you things that you are forced to call new and good, that come upon you unawares and render it painful not to desire more, he will be another sort of person than he is in his Home Tours. Not that there is any connection between the parts, or any preconceived plan entertained by Sir George. Quite the reverse ; and, in fact, were he obliged to keep by any defined arrangement, the beauty and excellence of the whole would be spoilt and lost. It is when he talks of having had nothing to do, or when, by mere chance, something has attracted his notice, which, by people who are familiar with it, is thought most unimportant, that we find him most entertaining. On account of the miscellaneous nature of the work however, and its singularly plain characteristics, to be perceived in every

description which he presents, as well as on account of the abundance of its exceedingly entertaining matter, there is no occasion for us to deal longer in preliminary observations ; nor, indeed, would our readers forgive us, after having once tasted of the dish which Sir George has served up, were we to do any thing else than pick out as much as can be stowed into the space allotted us.

In the earlier half of the volume we have sketches of the Islands of Man, Guernsey, Iona, Staffa, and parts of the mainland of Scotland, as well as of Ireland ; in the latter half, the author introduces some of his reminiscences of the War in the Peninsula, when he served under Wellington, and belonged to Sir Thomas Picton's division. We begin with one or two specimens, which we pick out at random, just to give a taste of Sir George's pictures, wherein be they merry, coarse, or pathetic, uncommon truth and force must at once be perceived. "The diversity of scenery within the small periphery of the Isle of Man is really extraordinary, whether one proceed along the line of coast, or travel inland. The attention of the traveller is by turns allured to the bluff-rock, the shingled or the sandy beach, the black, angry, wave-beaten shoal, or the wide-spreading hospitable bay. Already I had traversed mountain and moor, together with extensive tracts of rich arable and pasture; and, lastly, I encountered some thousands of acres of deep and spongy morass, as pure bog land as is to be met with in any part of the kingdom." Now for a touch of pathos, as unpremeditated, we dare to say, as the foregoing description is distinct and graphic. It belongs to the same island.

"We walked to the churchyard, where inscriptions proclaim the welcome of many a drowned mariner to his last home; and here, among strangers and his own parishioners, a late clergyman of the village takes everlasting repose. He was, long before his death, my companion informed me, a suffering, infirm man; but being stout at heart, and devoted to his calling, the more helpless, the more militant he grew, against increasing age and infirmities. In sickness and in sorrow he was always at his post, even to leave his bed to go to the pulpit; and when no longer able to walk, so long as he could read the liturgy, rather than be absent on the Sunday, was wheeled to church in a common barrow. Like a hero in battle, the poor minister of Jurby, to the last hour of his life, did his Christian duty; like a hero, while living, when assailed by mortal troubles, he vigorously repelled the assault; and like a hero, now dead, he lies buried on a spot where the four winds of heaven dash fiercely upon his unsheltered sepulchre."

We once had occasion to experience a similar trial of patience and strength to that described in the next three or four sentences, and can speak to the fidelity of the account. In our case, a woman, not possessed of half our strength, performed triple the amount of duty, without seeming to think of it as burdensome. Sir George says,

"I attached my fortunes on the way to a married couple, travelling *en suite* with all their incumbrances, that is to say, two nursery-maids, and four or five young children. Of these I carried one, a little creature of two years old, in my arms; a short period of time and distance one would think hardly worthy of being considered. Nevertheless during the aforesaid space of a mile and a half, I found my right arm, from the want of usage in the office, ache most grievously. Meanwhile the infant, lost in the placid intensity of sleep, appeared to me to gain every five minutes successively a year's growth in weight." Now for some longer specimens, in which vivacity, vigour, and fidelity are remarkable qualities, with every now and then such natural and simple touches as to produce the happiest and most desired effect. A hotel at Ramsey furnished the following life-looking portraits. A bridegroom with his charmer, and a bridesmaid, form the group.

"While their equipage, a kind of two-horse vehicle, was preparing, I had frequent opportunities, being pro tempore in an outer room, as persons passed backwards and forwards, of observing the young people within, and upon these occasions remarked that the young ladies were always simpering and silent, while the gentleman sustained the brunt of the conversation. The two former had apparently some time since finished eating, while the latter was completing his repast alone. To this end, a silk handkerchief to serve as a napkin was spread on his knees, and with fingers laden with a profusion of broad gold rings he was mercilessly sucking the bones of a roast duck, and dragging them between his teeth. Notwithstanding an operation so derogatory to effect, he was still comfortably satisfied with his own grace and eloquence, as extending a pair of extremely long arms towards the ladies, who kindly condescended to titter at every word he uttered, he invariably returned suitable tokens of obeisance, every action being accompanied with redundancy of motion, and straight lines being made curves on each trifling occasion, were it only to reach across the table for a spoonful of salt. Both arms he frequently crossed upon his bosom, and then spreading them abroad with Romeo-like gesticulation and force sufficient to stem the waves of the Hellespont, he would spout appropriate scraps of poetry, and afterwards gloat amorously upon the bride. In personal appearance he was not prepossessing, for he had remarkably thick blubber lips, a mouth of enormous calibre, full, prominent, light grey eyes, the right one veering full two points from its neighbour, eyebrows and eyelashes nearly white, and hair of the lightest flaxen. And as if to give his countenance, when he talked, the expression that nature denied, he had a facetious manner of causing the twisted eye to vibrate and roll on its swivel. At last he led his fair companions down stairs to the carriage, in front of which were collected some half-dozen acquaintance, formed by reason of his easy sociable manners even during his short matrimonial visit to Ramsey; and while, as the open vehicle departed, he replied with significant nods and winks to the congratulations of his male friends, the ladies, radiant in blushes and bloom, smiled graciously to all, kissed their hands to the maid servants of the inn, and bowed to the landlady."

The tombs of the Norwegian kings and the other monuments of the olden time that give celebrity to Iona, have been too often described to expect anything new on the subject. But our author has a manner of his own that is unhackneyed, as may easily be discovered, even as regards the island in question.

"It is impossible to approach these venerable ruins without a sensation of respect and awe, on contrasting sublime designs of architecture, and grand monumental reliques, with the humility of the remote spot whereon they have been placed—a spot which, to former generations, and before the invention and aid of steam might be considered by the inhabitants of the south nearly as inaccessible as Iceland. It is extraordinary to witness a display of ornamental sepulchres here in this land of mist and storm, apart until recently from the civilized world, yet calculated, in regard to workmanship and design, to do honour to the most celebrated of our ecclesiastical edifices, whether of York, Canterbury, Wells, Westminster Abbey, or elsewhere. Some are within the cathedral, the greater part in the burying ground outside: however, the outer walls of the former building alone remain, so that these receive no manner of shelter. The ruins of durable red granite are in excellent preservation, together with various arches within, fretted work, and columns exquisitely chiselled: a forbearance, whether on the part of time or of the marauder, rather to be attributed to the hardness of the material, than the protection of the constituted authorities. Although not versed, even to a limited extent, in antiquarian lore, I could not divest myself of a feeling of sincere regret, on witnessing the more than apathetic neglect of this magnificent cemetery, wherein the tombs are exposed at present to absolute degradation. Here, in a country where want of respect to ancestry is by no means a national failing, the reliques of the mighty dead, of the dignified priesthood of former days, and of Norwegian kings, are actually lying unprotected from the wind and rain, unhallowed from desecration by the boisterous intruder, and deserted by the lords of the soil, their natural protectors. Surely, even were it considered objectionable to remove these monuments to a secure though distant spot, it were incumbent on somebody or some persons to gird the whole precincts with a fence or wall, and throw a roof above those tombs deposited in the cathedral. The latter expedient, since the walls are yet sound, even though slightly performed, would answer good purpose, and be effectual at small expense."

There is a very clear description of a singular manner of preserving salmon, so as to keep fresh, for long voyages, which the people of Mull practise, and which, says Sir George, he should not, probably, have observed at all, "but for the loads of fish on men's shoulders, then on their way from the boats, and the abundance of refuse and offal that lay on the shore." The circumstances mentioned led him to the building in which the operations detailed were witnessed by him. The account we are not going to extract, lest our space should be exhausted before we have got over some other passages which to us are more interesting; but we have a sentence in continuation of the one last quoted, which serves to introduce something that must not be passed over, were it but for the benefit

of our metropolitan readers. He says, "And thus, frequently, the identical cause that renders a spectacle interesting to a stranger, becomes the very reason that prevents him from seeing it, since people are wont to imagine things necessarily unimportant to others, merely because the same have long ceased to be regarded as novel by themselves."

The description we are about to quote concerns geese-slaughtering in Lincolnshire, near to Boston, the subject having been suggested by the story about salmon preserving. After alluding to the number of her Majesty's subjects who on Michaelmas-day partake of the fat and fragrant bipeds mentioned, and to the happy ignorance that prevails upon the mode in which they are slain, he proceeds to inform the public on this very curious business, having declared that at one place "from a thousand to sixteen hundred a week die regularly by the hands of the executioner."

"At ten o'clock, when I arrived on the premises, two hundred and sixty geese had been already barbarously assassinated out of six hundred, the number on that day doomed to die. The dead birds were all plucked, trussed, and laid in order, neatly ranged on shelves, wherewith this, the first and outward apartment, was surrounded. The said apartment communicated by an outer door through the back yard of the premises by a series of wicket gates, to the plot of ground already referred to, and also by partitions with two other chambers, in one of which the geese were killed, and in the other stripped of their feathers. In the first of the two latter chambers, three boys were employed. The first boy, by virtue of his office, drove the geese a dozen at a time from the grand dépôt into a pen parted off into one corner of the apartment, and these, batch by batch, where usually disposed of as quickly as he could go to the dépôt and return. The second boy, though in point of fact he acted the part of a hangman, did nothing more than, taking each goose one by one out of the aforesaid pen, prepare it for execution. To this end, by a dexterous twist, he entangled together the pinions of the bird behind its back, and inserted its legs in one of eight nooses that hung suspended five feet from the ground against the wall, over a long trough which rested on the floor to catch the blood. The third boy's business was simple and sanguinary,—merely that of cutting throats. Of this young matador, though scarcely twelve years old, the trenchant blade had not only passed across the weasands of all those geese that had already given up the ghost, but ere the sun had passed his meridian, the death cackle of the whole devoted six hundred had sounded in his ears. His whole care and attention was necessarily occupied with the dying; though frequently unawares and in despite of his best efforts, he received a flapping from a gory neck, or a tingling stream of blood spirted in his eye; whereat his countenance would gleam with a ludicrous expression, alacrity and surprise; he would then compose the limbs of his victims in death with double diligence, yet only precisely so long as they showed by fluttering, in their last moments, a disinclination to behave decently. Afterwards, he allowed every goose to go out of the world in the best manner it could.

"So soon as a goose appeared thoroughly dead, its legs were disengaged from the noose to make room for another, when the defunct bird was tossed out of the chamber of death, through a small square window or aperture that communicated with the plucking-room. Here, behind a large table or dresser sat seven men and one woman, upon low seats, enveloped in a cloud of dust and down, and up to their hips in feathers; wherewith altogether they were covered with such profusion, that among the eight individuals, it was difficult at first sight to point out which was the woman. These people were paid for their labour, as I was told, at the rate of a shilling a score, whereat such is their dexterity and strength of thumb, that some are able at the aforesaid price, provided they have geese to pluck, to earn ten or twelve shillings a day. As near as I could judge, a goose was plucked naked as a needle in about six minutes; a plump fat bird at all events every forty or fifty seconds from either one or the other of the operators, was pitched heavily on the dresser. Thus, the artist, without favour or delay, vigorously pursued their work, while the noise of quills relentlessly ripped from their sockets, sounded like the crackling of a faggot in a baker's oven, or twigs snapped in twain by a lusty donkey, as he bursts through a thicket. Each goose, so soon as plucked, was pitched by the plucker, as I have before observed, upon the dresser. Hence it was removed by the man presiding over the first outer apartment already mentioned, and then immediately scientifically trussed and deposited on the shelves."

Before leaving Scotland, we must accompany Sir George in part of his journey to Inverness,

"A capacious omnibus was here awaiting our arrival to convey us to the end of our journey, into which carriage, persons recklessly crowded, to the imminent danger of its upsetting; for since it was incapable of containing more than half the present party, personal safety, owing to the lateness of the hour, was sacrificed for the sake of expedition.

"Having fortunately or unfortunately obtained an outside seat among the first detachment, I am precluded from the necessity of relating the further adventures of the rest of the travellers, who remained pacing backwards and forwards on the towing-path of the canal, like ghosts on the banks of the Cocytus, till the return of the vehicle. But I may observe, as relates to myself on the present occasion, that notwithstanding we arrived without the slightest accident at the point of our destination, and even before the Inverness clock struck eleven were received by the sleek, rosy landlord of the Caledonian Hotel, I never remember in any other wheel carriage, and within equally short space of time and distance, to have encountered more peril.

"An infernal machine it might really and truly be called; like Charon's leaky boat, groaning under surplusage of substantial perishable lumber, and like Charon's boat particularly, inasmuch as it was laden indiscriminately, in total disregard and disrespect of persons. Literally speaking, among auld wives, Highland swains of every degree, wearers of the kelt and fillibeg, especially one ambulating performer on the bagpipes, or doodlesack, as the instrument is provincially termed in this part of the country, no less than a royal personage, such is the uncertain will of fate, sat inside, crammed and

squeezed promiscuously with all the rest among the heterogeneous group. Prince Adalbert, brother to his Majesty the King of Prussia, then travelling incognito in the guise of a private English gentleman, was among the passengers brought by the Maid of Morven from Glasgow to Oban, and submitted without murmur to all those miseries of peregrination which, in the detail of the present voyage, I have laid before the reader. And I recall to mind with feelings of pleasure, that in numerous instances on the way, without knowledge of the Prince's high rank and station, I witnessed his affability and benefited by his conversation. At the period I am relating, while sitting on the box of our ponderous and preponderating vehicle, whose weak springs were well nigh weighed down by gravity and oscillation, and whose still weaker horses were driven helplessly scudding on their haunches down a steep descent; while I looked at our coachman, a small Scots boy, not exceeding in weight a good-sized Norfolk turkey; and finally, while I cast a glance on the Prince's tall aide-de-camp, sitting in the middle between us, enveloped in an ample blue cloak, his mustachios curling towards the moon; while I regarded all these sights, I say, and thought of difficulties and discomfitures from which not even royalty itself is free, my imagination for a moment wandered towards the many-tinted allegorical picture of the ancients, that symbol of mortality and immortality, the stagnant lake—

“ ‘ Scilicet omnibus
Enaviganda, sive reges
Sive mopes, erimus coloni.’ ”

“ ‘ Princes and farmers squeezed together, glide in
A ‘ bus,’ fit coach to t’other world to ride in.’ ”

One extract must suffice for Ireland. The author is in Galway, and calls on Mick, the waiter, about eight in the morning, after a ball.

“ ‘ Mick,’ said I, ‘ pray give me my bill;’ whereat Mick yawned drowsily, and uttering a sound between a sigh and a groan, with either hand rubbed mercilessly both his eyes, and yawned again. Again he essayed to speak and failed, made another effort, was still silent; till finding it as indispensable to stimulate the organs of speech as to resin a fiddle, he set matters to rights by taking a dram. A full hour elapsed before I procured my bill; in the meantime Mick was sufficiently recovered to unravel the mystery of the last night's proceedings. I asked him the meaning of the terrible noise. ‘ Noise!’ said he, ‘ sure and ‘twas an illigant ball.’ ‘ Ball!’ said I, ‘ and the ladies, whence came they?’ ‘ We had no ladies at all at all, divil the one,’ said Mick. ‘ No ladies, and a ball, a ball without ladies; impossible,’ said I, in an incredulous tone. ‘ Ah now!’ said Mick, ‘ sure and we had the cook and the howl of the maids, and the boys sint for the piper, and all got partners apace.’ ”

We had thought it nearly impossible to invest the wars in the Peninsula with novelty. But we were wrong; for while Sir George's anecdotes and sketches are original, they are given with admirable effect. Take a view of Sir Thomas Picton in one of his outrageous moods.

"Over passion he occasionally exercised rigid controul, even glancing with surprising avidity to opposite extremes; and I have more than once witnessed, within the lapse of a few seconds, a total change from fury to good humour. An instance of this peculiar trait of disposition occurred, I remember, at one of those periods when under, as at times he was wont to be, the galling influence of an atrabilious temperament, and when, like a famished lion, he was angry and vexed with every thing about him. I was one day struggling hard against appalling difficulties in the way of procuring supplies, which were after all only obtained, to use a common phrase, from hand to mouth, when unfortunately I was driven to the extremely disagreeable necessity of seeking an interview with the General. The troops were at the same time on their daily march across the broad fertile plains of Spain, where, on both sides as far as the eye could reach, an ocean of wheat waved its ripening ears in the wind, as the sweeping breeze caused the vast expanse extending all round in a continuous unbroken circle, without the intervention of a single tree or shrub in any direction, even to the verge of the horizon, to undulate like the waves of the sea. Although the present was an irksome effort of duty, namely, to approach the General in one of his furious moods, I nevertheless pursued my course as fast as I could to the front, sometimes threading my way slowly through the troops, and then breaking off occasionally to ride on one side for an hundred yards together through the standing corn. The General, as usual, was riding at the head of the column, when just as I approached, progress, which had some time since been impeded very considerably, now, by collision with the baggage of another division that pointedly interfered with our line of march, was blocked up altogether. Such an event of all others always put Picton in a fury, and when, on the present occasion, I first descried him, whether or not now as usual attended by the Provost-Marshal, he was at any rate gratuitously exerting his utmost strength in the performance of that officer's duty, and vigorously inflicting chastisement on an offending soldier. Whether the man disregarding his orders, had uttered an insolent reply, or whatever was his dereliction of duty, Picton lashed him violently across head and shoulders, bringing his horse on his haunches, wheeling round, flogging and cutting without a moment's intermission, as the man meanwhile dodged, held down his head, and defended his face by his elbows. When sheer want of breath at last obliged him to desist, I thought I had never seen a fellow get a severer horsewhipping. So soon as I saw the precise nature of the General's occupation, I would readily have turned my horse round unperceived and ridden to the rear; however, the crowd was too great to move one way or other. I therefore necessarily remained where I was to the close of the ceremony.

"At last Picton having thrown himself, puffing and blowing, back in his saddle, turned round suddenly, and saw me sitting steadily on horseback awaiting his pleasure. In an instant, notwithstanding that his deportment had been for several previous days invariably austere, and that at the present moment he was pale and foaming at both corners of his mouth from fury, the moral sense effected a sudden and wonderful metamorphosis; insomuch that, in accosting me, he assumed a tone and gesture actually of overwrought-civility, accompanied even with a profuse display of low bows and smiles."

But it is probable that this fierce and vehement man had to submit to the rebuke, on, at least, one occasion, of a greater hero than he. The following occurred, according to the author's best recollection, not long after the battle of Orthez, while the third division were treading on the heels of Soult. Certain obstacles and embarrassments occurring, at last

"Picton, leaving Sir John Keane in his place at the head of the troops, rode forwards impatiently to reconnoitre the enemy, and remained so long absent that matters seemed approaching a serious dilemma. Anxious expectation was entertained, if not of an order to halt, at least to be led at once into action, while Sir John Keane, as regarded progress, as Picton had done before, merely kept the troops in motion, and that was all.

"The Duke of Wellington, without an aide-de-camp, unattended by any individual of his staff, now came galloping at utmost speed to the head of the division, and as if eagerly in quest of the General, looked hastily around, and then impatiently accosted Sir John Keane. 'Where is Sir Thomas Picton?' exclaimed the Duke. 'I don't exactly know—somewhere in front, my Lord,' replied Sir John, elevating on his saddle a soldier-like figure, and speaking rather through his teeth, in his peculiar way. The Duke repeated the question with more earnest emphasis, 'Where is General Picton?' Sir John Keane remained silent. 'I want to know?' said the Duke, in a loud voice, 'I want to know, why is not the General at the head of his division?' 'Halt!' at the same time he cried with vehement action. 'Halt!' steadily and obediently repeated Sir John Keane; and nothing but 'halt!' was heard in many and various distant spots, as the word travelled to the rear of the division. Not another syllable was uttered by either party before a trooper of the corps of guides rode clattering to the front in a hurry, and touching his helmet with his hand, addressed the Duke in the French language in a tone of interrogation. Although not far from the parties, I did not hear the question, but I plainly heard the reply, accompanied with violent and eager gesture. 'Ici, ici, ici!' repeated the Duke loudly half-a-dozen times over, striking the air violently in the direction of the ground with his clenched right hand, and then he set spurs to his thorough-bred red chestnut charger. The latter tossed up its head with a snort, impetuously sprang forward at full speed, and in a few minutes, *ventre à terre*, transported its gallant rider, his white cloak streaming in the breeze, to the identical copse, distant about half a mile, from whence the firing of the skirmishers proceeded. As horse and rider furiously careered towards the spot, I fancied I perceived by the motion of the animal's tail, a type, through the medium of the spur, of the quickened energies of the noble commander, on the moment when, for the first time, he caught view of Picton. The latter was then earnestly at work; and whether merely watching the proceedings of the skirmishers or directing their movements, at any rate threading the mazes in and out, backwards and forwards, through the copse, like a beagle on the foot of a rabbit.

"I saw the Duke accost Picton; I saw both draw up their horses alongside the hedge; I saw both there hold a lengthened conference; and the firing on the Duke's arrival having immediately ceased, I saw Picton, looking gloomily on his return, dismiss straight to their day's quarters the whole division."

Battle-fields, even on paper, always arrest our eye ; but there are special attractions when we read of such contrasts as our only remaining extract presents.

" After the work of the morning was over, I had the satisfaction of meeting all the officers of the artillery brigade unhurt, and moreover of congratulating them the same day in person when assembled at dinner. It was a hasty repast, consisting of cold fare spread on the ground, and since the place was a very little way removed from the field of battle, the less was my surprise on lifting a large stone which I had chosen for the purpose of a seat, from a heap a few yards distant, when I uncovered the foot and leg of an officer that, amputated in the morning during the action, there lay buried. The discovery produced not the slightest bad effect upon any body's appetite.

" The whole of the next morning, as it seemed doubtful whether or not the French would recommence the attack, our troops remained steadily on their posts, and as I walked over the bed of the slain, though the dead were for the most part removed, I here remarked, for the first time in my life, in several instances that peculiarly charred and scared appearance observable on the lacerated remains of limbs when severed by cannon-shot. Rough as are the means whereby the cannon ball performs its works, even though it tear away legs, arms, or thighs, yet it draws no blood ; a paralysis of the heart succeeds the mighty shock, and causes the divided muscles to remain as dry as if the body were dead a week.

" French cavalry horses lay dead on the ground in considerable numbers, and already numerous shoals of blue hawks, the colour of wood-pigeons, were collected in the vicinity, hovering high in the air, in eager expectation of the moment when the troops on the ground having quitted their post they might pounce upon their prey. Numerous *trous de loups*, or small round holes arranged in rows diamond pattern on the plain, each hole about the size of the outer rim of a broad hat, and deep enough to render the ground impassable to horses at speed without their falling, were here prepared by the British army for the protection of the infantry from the charge of French cavalry. The Duke of Wellington in person and on the alert, was on the field a great part of the morning. For a long time he lay supported by his elbow on the ground, surrounded by all his staff. When I approached the spot where the party reclined in a group, the Duke would now and then, raising his head, laugh and chat lively with the rest, and again resuming his occupation, gravely read the *Gazeta de Lisboa*."

We wish that Sir George Head would give us a Tour every year, or a volume of some sort.

ART. VII.—*Rudiments of a Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics.* By SAMUEL SHARPE. London : Moxon. 1837.

MR. SHARPE is already well known among those who make Egyptian antiquities their study, as the author of certain learned works that have contributed to the extension of knowledge on this obscure and intricate subject. He has not only made himself master of the

discoveries of such investigators as Dr. Young, M. Champollion, and Mr. Wilkinson, but his own ingenuity and researches have added to an acquaintance with the early history of Egypt, and to fuller and more accurate decipherings of the ancient inscriptions to be found in that land than previously existed. By the present effort, we feel satisfied that he evinces the results of continuous and more mature research in reference to the same departments of inquiry, and anticipates that his name will be handed down to posterity chiefly in connection with his "*Rudiments of a Vocabulary*" belonging to Hieroglyphical writing. Still from what we have here seen, it does not appear that the real advantages to be derived from the study of the subject of which the volume treats are ever to be exceedingly precious. It affords, no doubt, an excellent opportunity for the exercise of ingenuity, and serves to excite great curiosity, as well as much expectation on the part of some sanguine investigators. But as is justly observed by our author, the knowledge that has already been reaped from the study in question, has only added contributions to the two sciences of History and Language, while, though the discovery and deciphering of other inscriptions beyond those that have been laid before the public may increase our knowledge in relation to the above-mentioned sciences, it seems probable that as respects purely philosophical departments Hieroglyphical writing will ever continue a barren record.

Hieroglyphics have led, in regard to History, to something that approaches accuracy as to the names for instance of ancient Egyptian kings; but when disjoined from architectural evidences, even this knowledge would have been comparatively small. To a sound theory concerning the structure of certain languages, and valuable lights in the department of Universal Grammar, the aids derived from words and sentences in which the pictures of real objects appear have been important, and must become more extensive by every discovery that is made as to the meaning of any new sign or its adjuncts.

The progress that has already been made in the knowledge of Hieroglyphics, and the difficulties that beset its farther pursuit, are pointed out by Mr. Sharpe with singular clearness and succinctness, considering the nature of the theme; and to some of his statements and views we crave the attention of those of our readers who may be curious about the subject, or who are fond of tracing the working of the human mind in relation to the artificial means that our race has from time to time adopted for the transmission of thoughts and sounds.

The most ancient inscriptions that have been found in Egypt, some of them being held to be anterior to the time of Moses, all contain many words spelt with letters, besides demonstrative symbols; and the farther we come down the words written by means of

letters, as also the number of letters used to form a word, are increased. Symbols, therefore, to remedy the obscurity of a writing, as well as representations according to a system of words communicating abstract ideas, seem to have obtained at a very remote date in Egypt, for the purposes which a civilized people must often have contemplated. On the other hand, the ancient Mexican system of writing is said to have consisted entirely of pictures, the agent and the object having no verb to express an action, which had to be gathered from the relative position of the two former symbols.

In Hieroglyphical inscriptions, however, such as were made on architectural erections, or had funereal tablets for their materials on which to write, did not require the introduction of many copulative words, because little more had to be recorded than names and titles, or such simple and well-known circumstances as could more easily, than in cases of reasoning, be understood in an abbreviated style.

Many circumstances have to be borne in mind to assist the deciphering of Hieroglyphical writing, and which must add greatly to the obscurity of the signs. Sometimes a letter of the alphabet is represented by an object of which the name began with that letter; and from certain evidences Mr. Sharpe thinks it probable that the Hebrew alphabet was so formed. Thus he supposes that *aleph*, which means an ox, *beth*, a house, and *gimel*, a camel, are the objects which *A*, *B*, and *G* originally represented; and hence he suggests the presumption in favour of the conjecture, that we have in this sort of Hieroglyphical writing the original formation of letters and alphabets laid before us. The change from symbolic to alphabetic writing, it is natural to suppose, would be gradual.

Mr. Sharpe's explanation of the different sets of characters which the ancient Egyptians have left us, and which were used, it is supposed, to express three distinct dialects, is as follows—

“ 1st. Hieroglyphics; which, as the name implies, are sacred sculptures, or inscriptions carved on stone, in the sacred characters or relating to sacred subjects: their use may be traced from before the time of Moses till after the reign of Commodus.

“ 2nd. Hieratic or sacred writing; which differs from the former only as much as writing differs from carving—as much as letters rapidly formed with a brush or pen, and employed in long manuscripts on papyrus or linen cloth, must differ from those carved with a chisel, and used as part of the architectural ornaments of a building. Hieratic writing is not met with of so early a date as some hieroglyphical inscriptions, possibly from the greater frailty of the materials on which it was written, but it continued in use till about the same time; they both ceased to exist with the extinction of the ancient Egyptian religion, on the spread of Christianity and the Greek language.

“ 3rd. The Enchorial or vulgar writing; which was probably the same as those called the demotic and epistolographic writing: the language written in this character seems to have differed considerably from that

written by means of the sacred character ; it flourished principally in Lower Egypt, and after the seat of empire had been removed to that region.

" 4th. In the second century after Christ, the Bible was translated into the Coptic language, with an alphabet, probably then first formed, upon the model of the Greek, with about six letters peculiar to itself. The Coptic Bible is still extant, and presents us with a language which is found to be of considerable use in hieroglyphical inquiries : for, though it is evidently a dialect differing so much from the Coptic of the hieroglyphics that we should be led into mistakes by assuming that it was the language of the unknown characters which are to be deciphered, yet when, by other rigid modes of investigation, we have learned both the meaning and the sound of an hieroglyphical word, it is no small confirmation to find that it is also in the Coptic language."

It has been a subject of surprise that the Greeks of Alexandria, who, one should imagine, must have entertained a curiosity regarding the light which the history of Hieroglyphics threw, in their time, upon the origin of writing, and even the earliest form of language, have not, in their numerous works that have come down to us shown that they had inquired into the subject. Some have argued that the Egyptian priests carefully concealed from the vulgar all such knowledge ; and these sacred persons were the possessors of their national learning. But our author is of opinion that the ignorance of the learned Greeks of Alexandria as to this interesting matter, must have been owing to a fashionable contempt for the language of barbarians. Yet even this attempt at explanation seems to us lame, and little in accordance with the fact that to the Egyptians the ancient Greeks were greatly indebted for their philosophy, mythology, and knowledge in the arts. It is possible that the sacerdotal order referred to, had at the time that the learned Greeks flourished in Alexandria, whose writings have descended to posterity, become themselves ignorant of the steps of the progress that had many centuries before been made in the history of writing and of language.

Clemens Alexandrinus has indeed left some notices regarding Hieroglyphical writing, but nothing that seems to go deeper than a classification of its different styles as taught at the time he flourished. He speaks, for instance, of the Imitative, which are merely pictorial representations ; of the Figurative, as where a sceptre stands for power ; and the Allegorical, which, of course, would be to a considerable extent upon a similar system of associations with what occurred in the Figurative. Our author quotes, however, an example in the Allegorical class, as given by Clemens, when a *beetle* represents the *sun*.

It affords a striking example of the ingenuity and perseverance of inquirers into the meaning of ancient Egyptian inscriptions, when we follow in outline the progress of modern discovery on the subject.

This progress is succinctly traced by Mr. Sharpe in the following manner :—

"Several modern authors, whose works are now very justly neglected, have attempted, by force of reasoning and by internal evidence alone, to determine the sense of the hieroglyphical inscriptions; we may thus state this difficult, and perhaps indeterminate,

" PROBLEM.

"Granted, 1st. that an inscription has a consistent though unknown meaning; 2nd. that the characters are used upon one consistent though unknown principle; required the meaning of each character and of the whole inscription.

"But upon the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, containing an hieroglyphical inscription with a Greek translation, the question assumed the form of the following determinate

" PROBLEM I.

"Granted, 1st. that the meaning of the whole inscription is known; 2nd. that each character has the same meaning throughout; required the meaning of each character, or at least of each group of characters.

"This problem Dr. Young successfully solved, and thereby learned not only the meaning of numerous hieroglyphical characters, but also the distinctive appearance of a king's name, and that it was spelt by letters, if not alphabetically at least phonetically; and hence arose the following

" PROBLEM II.

"Granted, that a number of groups of characters are so many kings' names, and most probably many of them those of the Ptolemies and Roman emperors who reigned over Egypt; required the alphabet, or rather alphabets, by which they are spelt.

"In answering this, Dr. Young made some progress, though it is to M. Champollion that we owe the complete solution of this second problem.

"In his endeavour to add to the small number of words hitherto known, M. Champollion seems to have proposed to himself the following

" PROBLEM III.

"Granted, 1st. that the alphabet and several words are known; 2nd. that the language is so far known, as that it is a dialect of Coptic, not too far differing from that which we now possess in the Coptic version of the Bible; required the meaning of the several words of an inscription.

"Finally, the manner in which I have chosen to proceed may be described in the following

PROBLEM IV.

"Granted; a sentence, in which most of the words are already known; required the meaning of the others.

"This problem is not always applicable; and when it is, it only admits of a solution, more or less exact, according to the nature of the sentence; at any rate it has the advantage of being free from hypothesis, and, when the number of published inscriptions shall be increased, the student may be able to find a succession of sentences, in each of which a new word occurs in connection with several known ones."

But without the Rosetta Stone or some such key to the interpretation of Hieroglyphics, it cannot well be seen how even the small progress that has hitherto been made could have had a commencement. This celebrated monument which is now in the British Museum contains three inscriptions, one in Hieroglyphics, another in the Enchorial writing, and a third in Greek, all three being of one decree of the priests. Hence about two hundred words have been deciphered, which form the groundwork of Mr. Sharpe's "Vocabulary." A large number of words consists of the names and titles of gods, and which have been learned by finding them in connexion with the gods themselves. Some other guides to interpretation are thus explained, as well as some hints stated respecting our author's method,—

"Dr. Young had been able to prove that a king's name was known by its being contained in an oval or ring, and a private person's by its being followed by the sitting figure of a man or woman; and hence we obtain numerous names of kings and private persons, and consequently the titles which more frequently accompany them.

"After having observed the means by which the feminine gender and plural number are distinguished, we can always recognise a noun, if it be either in the plural or in the feminine, and this is a very important step in determining the construction, and afterwards the meaning, of numerous sentences.

"From a knowledge of the form of the terminations of some substantives, we add a few words to the Vocabulary; thus, the known word 'give,' with a substantive termination, is of course 'gifts;' 'offer,' with the same termination, is 'offerings,' and so with others. From a comparison of numerous sentences, we learn that some words are interchangeable with one another, and hence that they are of the same part of speech, and in some cases that they have the same meaning, if not exactly at least approximately—that they are both, for instance, adjectives of praise; or again, both some kind of offering to the priests. On every step that we advance in the inquiry we are enabled to determine more exactly the meaning of groups which were before only approximately known; thus, having learned the names of the gods, we find that, in the group 'beloved by Pthah,' in the Rosetta Stone, the words are reversed, and that it is literally 'Pthah-beloved,' and that Dr. Young had misappropriated each word: in the same way we find that the word 'sacred' is 'for priests;' 'immortal' is found to be 'living ever;' and one word for 'queen' is 'royal wife.'

"The student will do well to compare the Rosetta Stone in Dr. Young's *Hieroglyphics* with that above referred to, which comparison will explain, in several instances, how, by an acquaintance with a larger number of inscriptions, sentences which were at first translated approximately have since been divided into words.

"It has been thought better to insert in the Vocabulary many groups, of which the meaning there assigned rests only on a slight probability, and which may be confirmed or corrected when they have been compared with other inscriptions: it would have been easy, by the rejection of about one

hundred groups, to have confined the Vocabulary to those which are strictly proved; but then the work would have been less useful to the student.

"It has been my endeavour, in all cases, that the quotations which are offered as proofs of the meanings should be so chosen, that, should they fail to convince the reader that a correct meaning has been assigned to the groups, they should at least assist him in his researches, and help him to arrive at a more correct result."

In his observations on the Grammar of Hieroglyphical writing, Mr. Sharpe necessarily finds himself much restricted, on account of the limited knowledge that exists in reference to the subject. What he has noted, however, proves his industry, and goes a certain length into this curious department. He says, for example, that nouns have no inflected cases, but are supplied as in English, by the use of prepositions, giving instances in his "Vocabulary," which occupy *fifteen* quarto plates, each containing a great number of, to us, the most unintelligible figures that can be conceived. Another plate containing letters of the alphabet is not less unreadable, the force attributed to each letter resting on the names of Greek and Roman Sovereigns of Egypt, or on those Hieroglyphical groups of which the meaning has been ascertained, and which are found to be Coptic words.

When treating of the Hieroglyphical grammar, Mr. Sharpe refers to certain anomalies in its system of writing, which ought to enter into our estimate of the difficulties which beset the study of the language.

"Words are abbreviated in numerous instances by the omission of letters; and in many cases one letter, generally the first, represents the word: this arose naturally from the very opiose manner of forming the individual letters, and we may safely assume that in every instance the greater the number of letters in a group the more nearly it represented the word as pronounced; as we find in all languages that those letters which grammarians say are inserted for the sake of euphony were originally essential parts of the word.

"The sentences are written indifferently either from the right or from the left, though, like other eastern languages, the former is more usual in the more ancient inscriptions: the lines are sometimes so short and disposed in vertical columns that they may be said, though not in strictness correctly, to be written from top to bottom, like the Chinese. In all the early and classical inscriptions, the reader, in following the order of the words, meets the faces of the animals, and the same occurs in following the order of the vertical columns, but in some of the more modern inscriptions this rule is neglected. In the numerous inscriptions which are immediately connected with large pictorial figures of men and women, the direction of the writing and of the animals forming the words is, in the same way, regulated by reading towards the faces of those men and women.

"In the horizontal lines the characters are frequently arranged in small vertical groups, in which the upper characters are generally to be read first,

though to this rule there are exceptions on the Rosetta Stone. The usual construction of the sentences must not be judged of from the Decree upon the Rosetta Stone, which is evidently in most of its sentences a translation from the Greek original, and in which an exactness of expression was attempted which would be quite unnecessary in the more usual funeral or ornamental inscriptions: we must study it in those original sentences which are equally well understood; thus in the prenomens of Ptolemy Epiphanes, which is translated into Greek in the beginning of the Rosetta Stone (*Egypt. Inscript.*, plate 49), '*Sen of the gods Philopatores, whom Pthah approved, to whom Ra gave victory, of Amun a living image,*' all the words here printed in italics are omitted, to be supplied by the help of the context. This baldness of expression, while it teaches us what proportion of words are to be inserted in a sentence, proves how liable we are to err in inserting them incorrectly, and how ill suited this mode of writing was to express any philosophical idea with logical accuracy."

When these and many other circumstances are taken into account, and the very moderate-sized volume before us is examined, it is impossible for even a stranger to the subject of which it treats to think otherwise than that it contains the results of a vast quantity of antiquarian erudition, on one of the most obscure subjects ever discussed, or to doubt of its becoming a rudimental guide to all future explorers in the same field.

ART. VIII.—*Rise and Progress of the British Power in India.* By

PETER AUBER, M.R.A.S., late Secretary to the Honourable the Court of Directors of the East-India Company. Vol. 2. London: Allen. 1837.

THIS second volume of Mr. Auber's work begins with the history of British Power in India, as it was affected by some most important measures passed about the year 1784, which introduced what is generally understood by the India system. At this period the Board of Control became an efficient responsible authority, the supreme Government was remodelled, the new governments of Madras and Bombay were formed, and other great arrangements gone into, which have had a manifest influence on the prodigious progress of the eastern empire to its present magnitude. Previous to the year 1784, the system which was adapted to the infant condition and prospects of the merchant-colony had become inadequate to its wonderful increase, and the unanticipated developments that were gradually exhibiting themselves; and the Company evinced their wisdom by yielding a timely acquiescence to the repairing of defects, to use our author's liberal language, occasioned by the inroads of age on institutions originally judicious, and in remedying the evils which experience had pointed out to be inherent in the establishment. Such is the period and features that mark the

commencement of the present portion of the work ; and as it completes the author's plan in regard to tracing the rise and progress of the Company's sway in the East, it properly concludes with an account of the passing of the act in 1833, when their monopoly in point of trade was abolished, and other agreements entered into between the legislature and the traders, to which we need not more explicitly allude. A separate volume is promised by the author which is to contain a review of the existing systems in connexion with the internal administration of the eastern empire, and which is certainly required to complete the history hitherto so creditably conducted, both in respect of the industry and talents of the writer.

In our notice of the first volume, we had an opportunity to mention the advantages which Mr. Auber, as secretary of the Court of Directors, necessarily possessed for obtaining access to the most abundant and authentic documents belonging to the subject. The very office that he filled must have rendered the points of which he treats, in a great measure, familiar to him, as daily topics of consideration and discussion. It is conceivable, that undue biasses may thus have been originated, and perversions unwittingly indulged ; but certainly, in so far as we have been able to discover, no party feeling has been evinced by the author in regard to political differences ; and if he has kept himself aloof from this field of prejudice and contention, it may fairly be presumed that matters of fact as to mercantile arrangements, financial expedients, and general government, obtain from him such a description as the dignity and welfare of the empire, both at home and abroad, claim in a paramount degree. Fidelity, accuracy, and minuteness of narrative, are our author's characteristics ; so that his work will be exceedingly serviceable to him who undertakes a philosophical and highly sustained history of India, which remains still to be written. In the portion of the work before us, we think that we perceive greater ease and freedom in the style than marked the former volume, which was somewhat bald and level. The truth is, that Mr. Auber would not sacrifice an iota of truth for the sake of the loftiest flourish of rhetoric, and therefore has, we have no doubt, completed the work to his own satisfaction, and what ought to be the satisfaction of all readers who appreciate his motives and design in its execution.

A volume of the present description, which contains nothing but that with which the public have from time to time been made more or less acquainted, of course does not require from us anything like a complete analysis. It will be sufficient for the purposes of showing the author's manner, that we quote a few passages which bear reference either to well-known events, or celebrated characters ; for of the latter class, in the history of India, there is no lack, some of the most eminent statesmen and soldiers, as the author esti-

mates in his dedication to the Queen, having assisted to acquire and consolidate an empire which forms one of the "brightest jewels in the British crown."

Our first extract belongs to a period when one of the greatest generals and statesmen that ever governed in British India conferred vast benefits on the empire. It describes Lord Cornwallis's second advance against Seringapatam.

"In February 1792, Lord Cornwallis arrived before Seringapatam for the second time. Tippoo was with his army in a fortified camp on the river Cauvery. His lordship determined to dislodge him the following night: after detailing the plan of attack, his lordship commanding the centre, General Medows the right, and Colonel Maxwell the left, the army moved forward: the enemy were driven across the Cauvery, which river surrounds Seringapatam, their redoubts taken, and a lodgment made in the island by a detachment from the centre division. During the operations, Lord Cornwallis was in imminent danger, the greater part of his detachment being separated from him in the confusion of a nocturnal attack.

"The right column, by a concurrence of several of those untoward circumstances to which attacks in the night must ever be liable, was delayed, and disappointed in executing the part of the general arrangement that had been assigned to it.

"The route of its intended march was across a space of country which, though apparently open, was cut by several difficult ravines, with a deep watercourse running through it, the channel of which wound so much, that the column was obliged to pass it two or three times in endeavouring to march straight to the point of attack; and the guides who conducted it, having been instructed to avoid the great roads, lost the proper direction of the march, and unluckily carried the head of the column close to the east gate redoubt: before the mistake could be rectified, the ardour of those that led engaged them in the assault.

"Great pains had been taken in constructing the redoubt and in providing it with cannon; Tippoo had also entrusted the defence of it to a large body of the choicest of his infantry: the struggle was therefore violent, and for a short time almost doubtful, for the first efforts of our troops, though gallant to the utmost degree, were unsuccessful: it was not carried at last without much effusion of blood on both sides.

"General Medows immediately occupied the post with a strong detachment, and being within the bound hedge, moved toward the point of the enemy's position, at which it had been intended originally that he should penetrate. But the firing having long before ceased, at the attacks of the other two columns, he concluded that the defeat of the enemy had been completed, and finding great difficulty from swamps and ravines in marching within the bound hedge, he returned to the outside of it, and proceeded along its front to the Karigut Pagoda, where he expected to be in immediate communication with the other divisions of the army. In the meantime, however, part of the enemy's centre and left, having a little recovered from the panic with which they had been struck by our success against their right, made a disposition, and advanced

about an hour before the day began to break with a considerable degree of order and resolution, to attack the troops that occupied the ground at which we had first penetrated. Lord Cornwallis having luckily retained with himself near four battalions, for the security of that point, the enemy were beaten and driven back after a sharp conflict; day approaching fast, and the ground on which his lordship stood being commanded by the guns of the fort, it was necessary to move from thence soon after, leaving a detachment in possession of the redoubt on the enemy's right, which had been carried in the beginning of the action.

"Great and repeated exertions were made by Tippoo during the succeeding day to retake the redoubt, which the vicinity of the fort, and the excessive fatigue of the troops, rendered it difficult for us to succour: but his efforts proving fruitless, he desisted from the attempt in the afternoon. In the course of the following night he evacuated all the other redoubts in his possession on the north side of the river, and retired within Serinapatam."

The war with Tippoo was the cause of heavy complaints at home, being by many considered to be carried on without a just cause. Amongst the peers who supported a motion in parliament, that orders should be transmitted to India for the conclusion of peace, Lord Rawdon, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, figured. He considered, says our author, "our government there to be founded in injustice, and originally established by force, and that, erected by force, it could not stand on confidence;" therefore, though he reposed the utmost trust in Lord Cornwallis's talents and worth, he reprobated the war he waged in the strongest manner. This impugner, when governor of India himself, saw reason to alter his opinion, and to say, "it was by preponderance of power that those mines of wealth had been acquired by the Company's treasury, (referring to their sources of revenue,) and by preponderance of power alone could they be retained. The supposition, that the British power could discard the means of strength, and yet enjoy the fruits of it, was one that would certainly be speedily dissipated; in the state of India, were we to be feeble, our rule would be a dream, and a very short one." These remarks, from experience made in 1818, contrast strongly with those uttered in reference to the war with Tippoo in 1792, and uniformly find an acquiescence on the part of our author. His estimate of Lord Cornwallis's character and services is in these terms,—

"His unimpeachable honour and integrity secured to him the unlimited confidence of all parties, and the unanimous support that was so cordially extended to all his measures, presented a singular and beneficial contrast to the turmoil and opposition which had been encountered by Mr. Hastings. Another advantage was derived from his lordship's combining, in his own person, the two offices of governor-general and commander-in-chief; a measure which has much to recommend its adoption, where a fit instrument can be selected for so important, so delicate, and so responsible a trust.

"With the most anxious disposition to be governed by the Parliamentary declaration to avoid wars and conquests, his lordship still found that the character and bearing of the native states, and the Company's relations with them, compelled him to unsheath the sword; and although he successfully terminated the hostilities in which he became unavoidably involved, the result sowed the seeds of enmity and distrust, which, coupled with native duplicity and foreign intrigue, paved the way to those subsequent events, which are shortly to be recorded."

Few names in the history of British India can be compared with that of the Marquis of Wellesley; and when the early achievements of England's most illustrious Captain are regarded in connection with the same, a great accession of interest attaches to the subject.

The Marquis, while being educated at Eton, was watched over by Archbishop Cornwallis, we are told, with whom he constantly passed the holidays at Lambeth Palace from 1771 to 1779, thereby becoming intimately acquainted with Lord Cornwallis. He is said to have evinced a decided taste for the study of Indian history, which may be presumed to have gathered vigour after his friend proceeded to the governorship of that empire; and therefore our author repudiates the idea that was afterwards entertained by some that his lordship possessed but little acquaintance with the complicated affairs of India, when he himself was called on to follow an illustrious friend in the same field of foreign rule, and "to be the instrument of extending, by the wisdom of his councils, that empire, in the government of which so high an impression had been created in the minds of the natives by the benign and honourable administration of Lord Cornwallis." The following are some of Mr. Auber's concluding remarks on Marquis Wellesley's administration:—

"Prejudice, caused by party feeling or personal interest, must have ceased to bias the mind in passing judgment upon the Indian administration of Marquis Wellesley. His lordship's government may be characterised as the most brilliant instance of British rule in that quarter of the globe. The period when he entered upon the charge was most portentous. His comprehensive mind seized with discriminating promptitude, and pursued with unbated vigour, those measures which annihilated the influence of our powerful European rival, subjugated the most implacable but not unnatural enemy amongst the native chiefs to the British power, and brought under the Company's controul the princes on the coast, whose treachery had been so clearly established as to constrain the Governor-general to adopt the extreme course of depriving them of their territory.

"The impotent head of the Mahratta state, by his vacillating policy, defeated the measures which were calculated to maintain his supremacy, and promoted the further aggrandizement of his powerful feudatories. These chiefs had exercised the most extended sway by means of their predatory and undisciplined bands. Having incorporated French officers and troops amongst their forces, they manifested designs so hostile and

ambitious, as to leave but the choice between abject submission to their rule, or a decided opposition to its continuance. The Governor-general was too well aware of the strength which unopposed ambition gathers, to expect that peace would be secured by a temporizing concession to an insatiate thirst for rule. Lord Wellesley, although vexed and harassed by a series of occurrences that acquired weight from the circumstances under which they arose, and the manner in which they were pressed, happily pursued those political views which his foresight had prescribed. He repudiated that unhealthy course of political pusillanimity founded upon the erroneous application of the parliamentary declaration against Indian conquests; a declaration made under circumstances the exact opposite to what now existed, and which put forth a truism practically inapplicable and inconsistent with the safety of our Indian empire.

"By the measures of Lord Wellesley, that empire was placed upon a basis which short-sighted policy or positive imbecility could alone weaken or remove.

"As the measures of Lord Cornwallis in 1792 had not been free from censure in Parliament, it was not to be expected that the government of Marquis Wellesley would escape condemnation. We accordingly find that the Earl of Moira, who, as Lord Rawdon, had animadverted upon the war of 1792, again stood forward to arraign the acts of Lord Wellesley's administration, which had, as he conceived, led to the excessive increase and extension of the territorial possessions in opposition to the parliamentary declaration, which denounced as 'unjustifiable, measures of making war for conquest.' Lord Moira gave the best refutation of his own views, and of the arguments by which he supported them, in his subsequent conduct as governor-general; in which position he had an opportunity of learning, how far more valuable experience is than theory, in leading to a right judgment on measures, which it is easy to denounce when positive ignorance prevails regarding the circumstances that gave rise to them."

It is interesting to look back to 1805, and to some of the circumstances connected with the attacks that were made against the administration of the marquis while in India. One of his fiercest assailants was Mr. James Paull, who thus returned ingratitude and abuse for signal favours experienced at the hands of his lordship. The affairs of Oude, that fertile source of embarrassment and accusation, were the ground upon which Mr. Paull founded his principal charges. But soon after he had placed upon record in the capacity of a member of the House of Commons his design of "prosecuting to conviction, if possible, the Marquis Wellesley, to whom he imputed all the dangers that threatened our existence in India," Parliament was dissolved. Anxious again to obtain a seat, he came forward as a candidate for Westminster, which led to a hostile encounter between him and Sir Francis Burdett, when both were wounded. These are matters which, of course, are fresh in the memory of many of our readers; but we have introduced them for the sake of having an opportunity to state, along with our author,

that Sir Francis has not, throughout an extraordinary stormy political course, ever shown himself prone to demand what is called personal satisfaction. It does not seem to have been wonderful, that such a man as sought the baronet's life, should in an infatuated mood put an end to his own, which was Mr. Paull's fate.

The charge against the marquis was taken up by another individual.

"At length, Sir John Anstruther moved a Resolution, "That the Marquis Wellesley, in his arrangements regarding Oude, had been actuated by an ardent zeal for the service of his country, and an ardent desire to promote the safety, interests, and prosperity of the British empire in India." It was carried by 189 to 29, and closed a proceeding which had been kept pending for a period of three years, during which time the character of that nobleman was held up to the public as stained with acts of the greatest atrocity, which, in a degree, gained belief, from the ignorance that pervaded the country on all subjects connected with the affairs of India, and from opinions expressed by members of the Direction who had seats in the House of Commons, which opinions were opposed to the general principles of policy adopted by Lord Wellesley in administering the affairs of the Company abroad.

"Such was the return which Marquis Wellesley met with on revisiting his native land, after rendering services which had called forth the repeated thanks of Parliament, and had added to the dominion of the British Crown vast and valuable territorial possessions, increasing its political influence, and opening extended fields of commercial enterprises to its subjects."

It is therefore with warm approbation that Mr. Auber and many others regard a late resolution of the Court of Directors granting to him the sum of twenty thousand pounds, on account of his eminent services while in India. In his lordship's reply to an address of the British inhabitants of Calcutta, in which were these words—"we are impressed with the firm persuasion that you have governed with a direct view to the glory of your country, and to the prosperity of its possessions, and with no other personal feeling than the honourable ambition of obtaining its applause as your reward,"—a passage occurs worthy of his exalted and deeply-cultured mind, and is as follows—"The welfare of these extensive dominions constitutes not only a principal object of the general policy of our country, but a solemn obligation of moral duty inseparably connected with the honour and reputation of the British name. It will be my duty to assert, in every situation, the principles by which I have regulated my conduct in the government of this empire, and to inculcate the necessity of maintaining the foundations of our ascendant power in Asia, upon the firm basis of justice, fortitude, and clemency."

The administration of a late governor, we mean that of Lord William Bentinck, if not distinguished by such dazzling deeds as those that belong to the career of the Marquis Wellesley, deserves everlasting commemoration for its calm perseverance amid great dif-

difficulties and misunderstandings, and for its benign influences and precedents. Long protracted wars had increased the debt of India to a great amount, which the acquisition of new territories, on account of the augmentations of the civil establishments, had not been able to neutralize. Lord William in the face of much opposition had to perform the ungracious task of discharging an important duty towards the Company and his country in the shape of enforcing great economy. He found, to use his own ideas, that the conviction that he had faithfully and strictly employed his high powers, was to be the consolation that would defy all contingencies, as "dreadfully dear-bought experience" informed him. It is his exertion, however, in behalf of the best interests of the native population on which the philanthropic eye particularly delights to repose; those, for example, that carried out the abolition of *Suttee*, which has not been attended by those superstitious discontents, or other injurious effects, that were by some contemplated. Was it not terrible to think, that within a British empire not less than 310 instances of women having burned themselves on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands occurred in 1815? Such is the fact as recorded by our author who quotes parliamentary papers for his authority. Though to some of our readers the following affecting narrative may not be new, we quote it as given by Sir John Malcolm, and as it is introduced by Mr. Auber:—

"An affecting instance of the repugnance of a female of high rank to the observance of the rite, is to be found in the conduct of Ahalya Bae, who has been already noticed as an extraordinary character, in ruling the Holkar possessions at Malwa.

"She had lost her only son. Her remaining child, a daughter, was married, and had one son, who died at Mhysir. His father died twelve months afterwards. His widow immediately declared her resolution to burn with the corpse of her husband. Her mother and her sovereign left no effort untried, short of coercion, to induce her to abandon her fatal resolution. She humbled herself to the dust before her, and entreated her, as she revered her God, not to leave her desolate and alone upon earth. Her daughter, although affectionate, was calm and decided. "You are old, mother," she said, "and a few years will end your pious life. My only child and husband are gone, and when you follow, life I feel will be insupportable; but the opportunity of terminating it with honour will then have passed by!" The mother, when she found all dissuasion unavailing, determined to witness the last dreadful scene. She walked in the procession, and stood near the pile, where she was supported by two Brahmins, who held her arms. Although obviously suffering great agony of mind, she remained tolerably firm till the first blaze of the flame made her lose all self-command; and while her shrieks increased the noise made by the exulting shouts of the immense multitude that stood around, she was seen to gnaw in anguish those hands she could not liberate from the persons by whom she was held. After some convulsive efforts, she so

far recovered as to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbuddah when the bodies were consumed. She then retired to her palace, where for three days, having taken hardly any sustenance, she remained so absorbed in grief that she never uttered a word. When recovered from this state, she seemed to find consolation in building a beautiful monument to the memory of those she lamented.

We conclude with a few sentences from the last chapter in the volume.

"A perusal of the first volume of this work must have gone far to satisfy the reader, that nothing could be more unjust than the charge brought against the Company, of

"Prosecuting extravagant projects and expensive wars, for the purpose of extending their dominions.

"The contents of the present volume will as clearly demonstrate that the parliamentary declaration, which was passed in order to effect ends which were supposed to have been defeated by want of power in the Company, proved utterly impotent and ineffectual, and it was not until more than seventy years had elapsed from our first contention for political supremacy, that the Home authorities were constrained to acknowledge themselves satisfied of the

"Irrepressible tendency of our Indian power to enlarge its bounds, and to augment its preponderance, in spite of the most peremptory injunctions of forbearance, and the most scrupulous obedience to them in the governments abroad.

"The fact is, that the British empire in India has been acquired in direct opposition to the views both of Parliament and of the Company; the conquest having been made by those eminent statesmen and warriors who were compelled to such a course of policy in order to maintain our position in that country.

"If the Company, in the discharge of what they honestly felt to be their duty, desired to check the advance of our armies, their management of the financial resources, and their conduct of the trade, contributed to supply the means which their extended operations demanded, as well as to defray the cost of the vast establishment, both in England and in India, without any direct charge on this country.

"It was the constitutional objection raised in 1784, which led to the Company being maintained as a political instrument in the India system. The same objection, strengthened by the extension both of territory and commerce, has been used as an argument on each subsequent renewal of the charter: whilst an attentive observer of passing events must have seen that the influence, which was guarded against with so much jealousy, has, in fact, been imperceptibly introduced in all the great and leading points, and that the last change has largely contributed to produce this result.

"There is no grounds for imputing to the Minister, at either of the periods when arrangements took place with the Company, any intention to bring about such a result: and, certainly, least of all can the Ministry of 1833 be charged with such intentions: although they had many supporters for otherwise appropriating the initiatory patronage, such supporters being found amongst those who differed politically with his Majesty's Government."

ART. IX.—*Tales about Wales, with a Catechism of Welsh History.* By A Lady of the Principality. Second Edition. Edited by Captain BASIL HALL. London: Whittaker. 1837.

Now here is a small volume which is intended for young readers, but from which persons of much more advanced years, if we are not greatly mistaken, will receive instruction and delight. It is quite worthy of Captain Basil Hall's revision and editorship; and it will not be for want of recommendations on our part, if the whole of our readers do not either purchase a copy of it, or earnestly advise those who welcome excellent efforts, especially when put forward in such an unpretending manner as in the present case, to make themselves acquainted with it.

It is not an easy thing for a person who is no longer a child or young to strike a happy medium when addressing instruction to such pupils. To render the mental food digestible, to confer upon it savoury and healthy qualities, so as to draw forth in the most rapid and abiding manner the best and highest energies and capacities of the understanding and moral sentiments, is a grand achievement. When performed, this causes the mind to keep pace in its growth with the body towards that full stature which both ought to attain by the time youth is spent, constituting a being whose existence contemplation loves to consider immortal. For one such being to be engaged in preparing the young to become similarly wise and good is a noble and beautiful occupation, the image of which has been forcibly suggested to us by the perusal of the present volume, in which there has appeared to us nothing that is trashy, nothing that is unsuitable, nay, nothing but what is calculated to produce that which has been intended by the work.

In a prefatory Letter to the Publisher, Captain Hall introduces some interesting notices concerning the work and its authoress, to which we must call attention. The writer, he informs us, is the widow of Captain Robert Campbell, of the navy, who was first cousin of the poet of that name. He was senior lieutenant of Sir Samuel Hood's flag-ship, while the editor was fifth lieutenant—a man of scientific and literary as well as professional attainments. As to the last-mentioned respect, he appears to have been a sailor in the highest and best meaning of the word; to have been humorous, conscientious, valiant, and daring—to have been one of those who did not welcome the period when the navy was “plunged in peace,”—a phrase of his own. Captain Hall relates an anecdote illustrative of the man, which is too good to be passed over. He says—

“When Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, it was thought prudent by the Government to occupy the island of Ascension, which lies also in the

S.E. trade wind, and might perhaps have been used by those persons who, it was well known, projected the escape of the Ex-Emperor. It was arranged that the island should be placed under a naval officer, with a proper crew of seamen and marines; and my friend, whose merits had been brought under the favourable notice of Lord Melville, then first Lord of the Admiralty, was selected for this command, and appointed to a ship, which was to carry out his crew and the necessary stores. Before hoisting his pendant, however, he obtained leave to run down to the country to make some domestic arrangements; but, when there, he received a kick from a horse, which broke his leg, and, of course, laid him on his beam ends. The fracture was so severe, that many officers would have considered such a mishap as a complete stopper to the voyage; but he, never dreaming of such a thing, wrote instantly to the Admiralty to mention the accident, and to request their Lordships to have the goodness to allow his brother, (an active and intelligent officer,) to fit out the ship,—in the hopes that, by the time the vessel was ready to sail, her commander would also be ready to get under weigh.

“ Their Lordships, anxious not to lose the services of the best possible person for the command in view, readily agreed to the proposal, and the ship was commissioned accordingly. But when the period arrived for despatching her, my poor friend’s leg, of which both bones were shattered, was nearly as ill as on the day of the accident; for the process of knitting, as it is called, had not advanced beyond the first stages.

“ Of course his friends, backed by the doctors, declared it to be impossible that he could move.

“ ‘Not move!’ he exclaimed, ‘do you think I have been lying on my back for five weeks without contriving something to meet this occasion? Pray send the Guard of the Tally Ho day-coach to me, and let us see if we cannot rig up an affair to take me to town!’

“ He had previously written to his brother to send him a sea cot, which, by the help of the guard, was placed inside the coach, and so suspended and guyed, that it stuck against neither the sides nor the ends. When all was ready, he made himself be laid on a plank, and lifted in at the coach window, and then, as he styled it, he was ‘slewed fore and aft,’ and placed in the cot!

“ On reaching London he was lifted out at the Salopian coffee-house, and having seen his brother, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the state and condition of his ship, he declared his intention of going to the Admiralty to receive his orders in person. Remonstrance was in vain, and the doctor having, by his directions, clapped an ‘extra fish on his broken spar,’ he was once more lifted out and carried to our great nautical head quarters. There he raised himself on crutches, and actually managed to find his way up stairs, and to have an interview with Sir George Cockburn, during which his leg literally dangled about, as he expressed it, like a half-second’s pendulum!

“ This degree of energy was not lost on the amiable and experienced officer, to see whom was the object he had in view in making this effort and, as I said before, had the war continued—or rather been renewed—a more extended field for the exercise of his talents and spirit would undoubtedly have been afforded him. As it was, he carried out his ship, took

command of his desert island, and some time after, when the bones were readjusted, he found leisure to make a geographical and geological survey of Ascension, an account of which appeared in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* for January 1826. The chart constructed at the same time by him is now issued by the Hydrographical Office to Her Majesty's ships on that station. He retained the command, with the entire satisfaction of his employers, till Bonaparte's death broke up, or rather changed, the nature of the establishment at Ascension."

We are also told that he contributed to the *United Service Journal* some admirable papers; but how much of the present work has been indebted to his companionship the editor does not exactly know, although he has recognised many of his late friend's opinions and sentiments. One thing is certain, that throughout the volume a generous, cheerful, manly, pious tone predominates, and which can shine nowhere more illustriously than in the life of a sailor.

As to the amount of Captain Hall's editorship and assistance, it does not appear to have been much more than certain verbal corrections, and certain suggestions which have led to the introduction of some portions of matter that now for the first time enriches the work. We shall soon see that the design and purport of the whole is not only to acquaint the mind with the history of Wales in particular, but to communicate in a most attractive, sensible, plain, and healthy manner, a great number of facts connected with other subjects of general interest and value. The first part of the volume consists of descriptive tales, which are carried out in the form of exceedingly natural dialogues, in which the authoress and her husband are for the most part the narrators and instructors, and their children, especially little Lewis, are the inquirers and the listeners. Every tale has for its theme, objects that are prominent in Wales, either natural or belonging to its records. The second part consists of a Catechism, and in that form, but in a more pointed, abrupt, and methodical manner, traverses pretty nearly the same ground that has previously been somewhat dramatically gone over, at least in the historical notices that are woven into the tales. The benefit to be derived on the part of persons who consider themselves well versed in general knowledge from these historical notices, may be presumed to be much greater than the size or pretensions of the work hold out, when we find Captain Hall stating, that "until I met with this little book of Mrs. Campbell's, I knew scarcely anything of the history of Wales:" not only the facts here communicated but the stimulus which their shape and selection produced, exciting, of course, a curiosity to pursue the study for himself. We cannot do better in the way of showing the style of the work, than to quote the major part of the first chapter of its *Tales*, which happens to be about "Yew Trees—Bows and Arrows."

"Well my boy, you remember being last summer in Wales. That is

my native country, and a fine country it is, with its woods of noble oak trees, its green valleys, winding rivers, bold rocks, and high mountains. Wales has always been famous for brave men.

“Oh, then, do tell me something about them. I remember the nice garden where dear grandpapa gathered ripe strawberries for me, and the pretty flower beds on the green lawn, and the bows and arrows that my aunts used to shoot with; but papa told me that bows and arrows were used in war in old times, and not merely at archery meetings by ladies and gentlemen.

“So they were, my dear, and they were much stronger and rougher looking than those your aunts shoot with: indeed the strongest of men of these days could hardly string or draw such bows as our ancestors, the ancient Britons, used in war. They were generally made of twigs of yew or of ash twisted together. The yew tree was preferred, because its branches were more springy or elastic than any other. It is supposed to be for this reason that we see old yew trees in country churchyards, where they were planted as a place of security, because a churchyard was sacred, and they could not be injured or destroyed while growing there. The Celts, who were the ancestors of the ancient Britons, made use of the wych elm for their bows.

“Do you think, Mamma, that the fine old yew trees in Guilsfield churchyard, in Montgomeryshire, were planted as long ago as the time of bows and arrows?

“I think it is possible to have been the case, as we know that bows and arrows, as well as stone cannon-bullets, were in use as late as the year 1640, in the reign of Charles the First. But the custom of placing yew trees in churchyards, was kept up long after the reason of its commencement was forgotten. Perhaps it was continued on account of the dark evergreen foliage of the yew being thought appropriate to the solemn sadness of the home of the dead. Beneath one of those trees at Guilsfield there is a curious epitaph which discovers its age. This tree, however, appears much younger than its companions:—

“Here lyeth y^e body of Rich^d. Jones, of Maysgwyn, Gent., who was interred December y^e 10th. 1707, aged 90.

Under this yew tree
buried he would bee,
for his father and he
planted this yew tree.

“Now, if we suppose this Richard Jones to have been fourteen years old when he assisted his father in planting the yew tree, it would thus have been done in the year 1631, before bows and arrows were disused. And if the yew tree was ten years old when it was put in the ground, and they grow so slowly that it would then have been but a very small tree, it must at this present time (1837) be two hundred and sixteen years old, yet it is not at all decayed,

“An arrow is a straight stick, with a barb at one end and a feather at the other. The feather is so placed as to balance the arrow in its flight through the air, and the steel barb is shaped like a fish hook, with this difference, that it has two of these backward points or barbs; so that if it enters the flesh, it cannot be pulled out without tearing it dreadfully.

To render it more deadly, the point was sometimes dipped in poison beforehand, and this usage is still practised among some of the wild Indian tribes.

“‘ I remember,” said Lewis, “the story of King Edward the First being struck by a poisoned arrow in the Crusades or Holy war, and his wife, Queen Eleanor, saved his life by sucking the poison from the wound.

“‘ You are a good boy to remember so well what you read. I believe that was quite true.’”

Then follows some notices of other instruments of war, of how William the Conqueror contrived to reach Harold and his men, when all means had failed of attacking them in their entrenchments, ramparts, &c. Lewis then asks—

“‘ What is the cross-bow ?

“‘ It is a short but strong bow, generally made of steel, having a stock attached to the middle of it; this stock has a groove in it for the arrow, and notches to receive and hold the string when it is drawn into its place by means of a winch and rack work, for the steel of which the cross-bow is made is much too strong to be bent by the unassisted strength of a man’s hand. When the arrow is to be shot, the string is slipped from its notch by a kind of button on the side of the stock.

“‘ I wish you would let me have a bow and arrow to shoot with, Papa.

“‘ Well, if you will promise not to aim at anything but birds as they fly, I will make you a bow and arrow as soon as you please. Come with me to my carpenter’s bench. When you are a little older you shall have a hammer and chisel of your own, and learn to drive a nail and use the glue-pot. All useful knowledge is advantageous, and no gentleman should be too proud to acquire it, or too lazy to practise it in case of necessity. I remember, at sea, being reduced to the expedient of washing and ironing my own shirt; and we had once a lady of quality on board, who, being the wife of a naval officer, and having experienced many rough chances and changes of fortune, obliged her daughters to starch and iron their own muslin trimmings, and to learn the art of getting up plain linen.

“‘ And, I will venture to say, added Lewis’s Mamma, ‘ that, although these ladies are now the grace and ornament of high life, they will always reflect upon those duties with satisfaction, and honour the parent who taught them that to be prepared against adversity, by exercising the meaner arts of life, is not incompatible with the acquirement of graceful accomplishments and elegant attainments.’”

There is nothing forced, pedantic, or trifling in all this—nothing which a child who is able to read and understand a story about *Cinderella* and *Goody Two-shoes* would not delight to know. But a vast number of other topics are handled with equal skill. Chapter second treats of the “Peopling of Britain and King Arthur,” in which discussions the condition of the ancient Britons and the invasions of the Romans fall to be described. Where Arthur, Romance, and Ghost-stories are handled, care is taken not to mislead the young listeners into a belief of fabulous or superstitious traditions.

“Rushes—Man-Of-War Bird — Missletoe—Pedigree” afford opportunities for stories which draw upon natural history, and antiquities. Here is a specimen—

“One fine evening in summer, Lewis and his Mamma took a walk in the fields. Lewis’s little basket was soon filled with butter-cups, daisies, quaking-grass, and the round feathery seed of the dandelion, which he blew off with the strongest breath he could muster, counting one, two, three, and so on, for the hour of the day; these he called clocks.

“‘Did you ever observe,’ said Mrs. Campbell, ‘how curiously the leaf of that plant is notched at the edges. The French call it *Dent-de-Lion*, or Lion’s Tooth, which we have but little corrupted into *Dandelion*. The leaves, when young, are greatly prized by the Swiss and also by the American, as a vegetable, and are cooked like spinach. Some persons, too, are fond of them in salad as a bitter. Here is a leaf which resembles the dock, but its taste is quite sour: this is sorrel, which is also used in salad. But come along, we shall find some wild strawberries in the wood.’

“As they walked along, Mamma pointed out several wild plants that were used by the Ancient Britons medicinally, before they were acquainted with drugs; and told him that others, such as the vervain, which generally grows on the hard ground of roadsides, were used as charms in their superstitious practices; that the earliest islanders who painted their skins to make them appear terrible in battle, extracted the blue dye for this purpose from the woad (*isatis tinctoria*), which bears a little yellow cruciform flower, and is sometimes found in cornfields and under hedges.

“They now followed a narrow path that led along the side of a wooded glen, through the bottom of which a clear brook murmured over a bed of rocks and pebbles. Amongst the green moss on the moist bank they met with a little clover-like leaf of a beautiful pale green, which is called wood-sorrel, or cuckoo’s bread and cheese: it has a pleasant acid flavour. Its delicate flowers had faded with the blue-bell and violet of the early spring; but Lewis remembered its thin white petals veined with purple. He now scrambled up a bank where his keen eye discerned some ripe red strawberries. The basket was soon emptied of its field flowers to make room for the fruit, and he did not forget to carry some home for his little brother, who was not old enough to walk so far himself. In a wet part of the dingle, where a water-spring oozed through the coarse turf, they cut down a bundle of rushes to weave into baskets when they reached home.

“‘How should you like to eat your meat off rush-plates instead of china ones?’ said Mamma as she bound the rushes together. ‘Before the introduction of earthenware into Britain, our ancestors had nothing better to serve their repasts upon than platters made of rushes or clean grass. At supper, broad thin cakes of bread were placed upon this rural equipage. The master and mistress did not sit down with their visitors, but stood near them to wait upon them and attend to their wants and wishes, while the harper, who was a poet also, amused the party with some favourite national melody, accompanied by his voice. The subject of his song was generally the glorious deeds of his countrymen in former days. The heroic lays kept up the spirit of enterprise and love of glory in the

hearts of the listeners, and fired many a youth with the desire of distinguishing himself in battle by heroic actions. Thus, when their country was threatened by the invader, these young heroes rushed fearlessly on the foe, for they cared not for life if it was sacrificed in defence of their native land, as it was considered an honour of the highest degree to fall in the field of battle.'

"How I should like to be a soldier, or a sailor like Papa, and to see all the countries and curious birds, and beasts, and fishes that he has seen, and that he often tells me about. I have heard him talk of a man-of-war bird. Oh! there he is coming to meet us. I must run and ask him to tell me again what sort of a bird it is. Now, dear Papa, sit down on this tuft of moss under this great sycamore tree, and let me climb upon your knee, and you shall relate to me all about the man-of-war bird, and where you have seen it.'

"I have seen it, my boy, in all the tropical or very hot countries that I have been in; and when I was stationed in the Isle of Ascension, which is a solitary rock in the South Atlantic Ocean, I had many opportunities of observing its habits. They never took the trouble of fishing for themselves, unless they found their prey near the surface of the water; but when other sea-fowl, such as boobies, gannets, and sea-gulls, were returning home, having their pouches loaded with fish, this majestic bird would watch his opportunity, dart upon them, make them disgorge all their plunder, and then feast upon the spoil himself, suffering these poor frightened animals to fly home with empty bellies, or to return to their fishing employment again. It is, probably, from the fine spread of its large wings and the easy-sailing motion of its flight, that the sailors have given it the name of *Man-of-war* bird.'

Weeds, Flowers, the Leek, national emblems, and customs receive due discussion. Let us see to what use the Microscope is turned in the case of Little Lewis.

"Next morning after breakfast our little friend took his parents into the garden to see how neatly he had weeded and raked it; for he had garden-tools of his own, and he knew weeds from flowers nearly as well as a grown person could do; indeed, he could distinguish many of the different plants by their leaves before they blossomed; and, before he was two years and a half old, there was scarcely a flower in the fields or hedges that he did not remember the name of; even at that early age, he would tell you the botanical term for every part of a flower. For instance, if you have plucked a brier-rose from the hedge, he knew that the pretty pink parts which formed the rose, were called *petals*, not *leaves*; for the leaves were green, and grew upon the stems below the flower. The cluster of little yellow seeds like substances in the middle of the rose he knew were not seeds, but were called *anthers*, and these anthers, together with the threads or *filaments* on which they grew, formed the *stamens*; he also knew that the yellow dust which he saw upon the anthers fell upon the pointals in the centre of the flower, and passed through them into the seed-vessel, where it helped to ripen the seeds that were within it. And why should not children be taught to know things by their right names at first? it is very unwise to put them off with an evasive answer to their questions. The *first* answer to their

early inquiries is seldom forgotten through life : care should be taken not only not to mislead or deceive a child, but not to decline answering its little inquiries. They are, in fact, capable of comprehending a great deal more than people in general imagine ; and as their perceptions are very acute, and their desire for knowledge more eager than in after years, when the novelty of discovery has been removed by experience, it is wise to take advantage of the moment.

“ ‘ Look, dear Lewis,’ said Mamma, ‘ at the yellow centre of this pretty daisy which is just opening. Do you think these little yellow knobs are stamens ? ’

“ ‘ I suppose so, Mamma.’

“ ‘ Now here is one which is more fully blown : take Papa’s pocket-microscope and examine it.’

“ Lewis was all delight at the new and surprising beauties which the microscope discovered, and exclaimed, ‘ Well, I never looked attentively at a daisy before. Pray look, Mamma, all these little yellow things which I took for stamens are so many beautiful tiny flowers. I think I never will pass over any thing so carelessly again. Ah ! now I can see them plainly without the glass.’

“ ‘ That,’ said his mother, ‘ is merely because you now know what to look for, you saw them as well before as now ; but “ seeing you did not perceive,” as many people do in more serious matters.’

“ ‘ Since you are determined to take a pleasure in these lovely works of the Creator, my dear boy you shall have a microscope for yourself. It will lead to many discoveries of the beauties and wonders of Nature, which your unassisted eye could not discover. You will find that the microscope exposes in a striking manner the inferiority of the most refined and laborious works of man to those of God. You have seen how much more highly finished and richly furnished the little daisy is than you took it to be ; and the more powerful the magnifier, the more numerous are the beauties disclosed by it. But now examine this fine cambric handkerchief, and you will observe how coarse and irregular its texture appears ; yet this is one of the most exquisitely delicate specimens of art.’

“ ‘ Dear me ! it looks like the coarse cloth that my pinbefores are made of. I shall never be tired of looking through this microscope. But pray see these lazy daisies that are sleeping in the shade, their eyes are not open yet ; still I think they are prettier when closed, as we see the rosy red colour on their petals, which we lose when they are open, the upper side being almost always white.’ ”

Animals abounding in Wales, anecdotes of their instincts, their susceptibility of pain, the ferocious creatures that have in the course of civilization been rooted out of the country, aptly suggest themselves to the colloquists. The father has a good deal to communicate about the migrations of birds ; for example—

“ ‘ But it is not birds only which migrate or change their residence. Fish and insects are observed to do so. Rats also migrate. The great Norway rats travel in astonishing multitudes. The land-crabs of the Bahamas and of most tropical countries march regularly about April or May to the sea-side, in a body of some millions at a time. Bees are some-

times found by sailors at a great distance from land, but they may be blown off in a storm.'

"'One day, when out at sea,' continued the captain, 'and many leagues from the land, I was surprised to see a bee fly into the midshipman's berth. Knowing that the poor wanderer must have been for a long time on the wing, and of course hungry and tired enough, I coaxed it to perch on my finger to eat a bit of sugar. The welcome appearance of food banished its natural fear, and the little creature devoured the sweets with such industry that I renewed the supply, and continued to feed it frequently from this time. It would come at my call, perch upon my finger, and clean itself like a bird, and it certainly gave me a decided preference among my messmates. I felt a sort of affection for my foundling, and when I left the ship, I took especial care to commit it to the charge of one who seemed to take an interest in the little adventurer.'

"'And pray, sir, what became of it?' said two or three voices at once.

"'I am sorry to say I never had an opportunity of hearing of it afterwards. New duties and important engagements left me no leisure to think of the bee. Were sailors to grieve after pets or even friends whom they may never see again, they would always be lamenting, and totally unfit to go through the rough work which is daily cut out for them. Indeed, my boys, when a sailor 'nails his colours to the mast,' that is, when he devotes himself resolutely to his profession, he must acquire more or less a recklessness of yesterday, and consent to subdue many of the domestic feelings and tender recollections of home, and devote almost all his thoughts with energetic application to the service of his country. If he does this in good faith, and with that entire cheerfulness and heartiness which alone can ensure success in a sea life, he may be sure that, even if he do not succeed in the precise object at which he aimed, he will in the end be a far happier man than if he had been born to wealth and indulged in idleness.'"

Is this in the ordinary style of books for children? Or is it unwholesome for them? We think not. But we must hasten to notice, that heroes, ancient kings, national disasters, and many things of historical note, call forth a corresponding warmth and elevation of description. There is a delightful chapter on "Welsh Harpers," which, we understand, did not appear in the first edition. Its introduction at the suggestion of the editor must convince the reader that the authoress has stores enough in reserve, and that it will be a subject of regret if she refrain from contributing more to the amusement and instruction of the young. The chapter last referred to, however, is too long to let it have justice in our pages. We, in its stead, quote some statements connected with Cairns, which being in Welsh, *Carnedd*, leads, as in other parts of the work, to clever little dissertations on the meaning and derivation of certain common and striking words or phrases. Thus the Mother says a Cairn is

"A heap of stones raised over the body of a warrior slain in battle, by each passer-by throwing a stone, as a tribute to the hero's memory, on the heap. They were also thrown together in this manner over the body of a

malefactor as a token of execration, and hence arise the two following proverbs so very different in their intention.

"A Highlander, wishing to pay the highest compliment to his benefactor, says, '*Curri my dooh er do charne*;' 'I will add a stone to your cairn;' meaning, I will do all possible honour to your memory.

"The Welsh proverb, on the other hand, says, '*Carn ar dy ben*;' 'A carn on your head;' or woe betide thee. From the word *cairn*, or *carn*, comes carnage, slaughter, literally for the cairn."

We have afterwards a curious account of the opening of a carnedd, by Dr. W. Owen Pughe, author of the Welsh and English Dictionary. The circumstances related, Mrs. Campbell informs the reader, were communicated to her by the venerable antiquarian in 1834, when he was in his 76th year. The letter evinces the ardour of the writer's mind, even at that age, and furnishes another instance of the attractions which the things which tell of olden times offer to our nature.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I have news for you which will make the ears of your friends the Modern Athenians tingle, because the discovery announced did not originate in the 'Land o' cakes.'

"About the beginning of November a field about half a mile from the town of Mold (in Flintshire), had a great carnedd upon it, which the occupier of the ground wanted to clear away.

"He did carry away about 400 cart-loads of stones, and the man found something which turned out to be a *lorica* or *corslet of gold*, of the purity of our present coin. It weighed sixty sovereigns, and therefore it could only be worn for a grand effect, as a dress for state occasions, unless it could have been lined with strong leather as a defence in combat. It was embossed of a simple pattern all over it, something like the work on a fire-fender, only not perforated. Only think! The Athenians, as well as our Saxon historians here, have considered us among the mountains as a pack of savages, and that a *golden corslet* would have ill become the chieftain of such a set.

"I shall now tell you of the value of such a corslet, which may be done by referring to the ancient laws of Wales, (now publishing under the Government commission.)

"In these laws the average price of a cow was five shillings, and allowing for the difference in the value of money, a cow would now cost about ten pounds. Then a pound at that time would buy four cows, and the ten pounds would buy forty cows, and sixty sovereigns would be the value of 240 cows, i. e. £2400! Why, William the IV. would envy such a waistcoat, would he not?

"I presume, dear Madam, that I can tell you the name of the proud chieftain that was the owner of this splendid memorial of British antiquity.

"So long as the Romans kept their sway over Britain, the Cymry burned their dead. As a proof in my own knowledge, we have the urn containing the ashes of Bronwen, (the aunt of the illustrious Caractacus,

taken out of a carnedd in 1813, on the side of the river Alaw in Anglesey), and now about to be deposited in the British Museum.'

"And when the Romans left us, we deposited the dead in a tumulus, being (where there were loose stones) a heap accumulated by the friends of the deceased each bringing a stone or stones, and throwing them into the heap.

"And again, on the spread of Christianity, that is, about the beginning of the sixth century, interments at the churches took place. So the middle of the era of carnedd interments was about A.D. 500.'

"In this period lived a renowned warrior called Benlli Gawr, and his domicile was about the present Mold, and his hill-fort was on the highest of the Clwydian range, nearly due west of Mold, and about half-way between Ruthin and Mold; and the hill on which the remains are, is called Moel Benlli, or the conical hill of Benlli. It is a conspicuous object from Mold, Ruthin, and Denbigh.

"Then Behlli being lord of that district, A.D. 500, I infer that he was owner of the corslet. Before I end, I must inform you of a very remarkable thing in respect to the carnedd where the corslet was found. There are ghost tales about the neighbourhood, as the people being frightened by a *celain aur*, (*golden corse*), in which the ghost appears often standing on the tumulus, and so they give it the name of *Tomen yr Elyllon*, (The Tumulus of the Goblins.)

"What renders this so remarkable is, that such a traditional memorial is positive proof that people present at the burial must have seen the golden corslet at the time, and thus the object must have been traditionally preserved for about 1400 years, though turned into a ghost story.'

"I remain, dear Madam, yours respectfully,

"W. OWEN PUGH."

The story of "Llewelyn and his Dog" was perhaps never more simply and pathetically told than by the father in these dialogues. We must quote it in more shapes than one, to show how fondly our authoress has dwelt upon the theme.

"You must first be told that there is in Carnarvonshire a pretty village situated in a secluded and romantic little valley, and is called *Beddgelert* or *Gelert's Grave*. There was no village there in the time of Llewelyn, but he had a house there, to which he brought his family in the hunting season.

"About the year 1205, Llewelyn had married the daughter of John king of England, who made him a present of a fine greyhound called Gelert; but one day, when the Welsh prince and his nobles were all mounted for the chase, and the pack were impatiently waiting to be led off, the dog could not be found; so they set off without him, and after a hard run returned home. The prince, as was his custom after an absence, however short, went immediately into his nursery to kiss his little baby; but imagine his horror on beholding the cradle overturned, the bed-clothes tossed about the floor and smeared with blood—but no child to be seen!

"His favourite Gelert, who, as I told you, had been missing from the field that day, now sprang forward to welcome his master; but as his jaws

were dripping with blood, the prince, naturally concluding, on seeing him in this condition, that the dog had killed his child, perhaps devoured him, drew his dagger from his side, and, in the heat of his rage, stabbed the poor animal to the heart !'

" 'Why should you say *poor dog*, Papa ? I think he deserved to be killed.'

" 'Stop a little, and you shall hear the rest of the story.'

" 'The noise of Gelert's cries brought the queen and her attendants into the room, and in the greatest anxiety and distress they turned over the confused heaps of bedding and bed-clothes that covered the floor, in the hopes of finding some remains of their lost infant. And what do you think they saw upon lifting up a light blanket ?'

" 'I am afraid of asking you, Papa, but I wonder you should look so merry, for I can hardly help crying to think of the dear little baby. Do pray tell me what they saw ?'

" 'Well, on raising this accidental covering, what should they see, but the pretty little child sleeping in safety, and looking, as it was wont, rosy, and innocent, and beautiful !'

" 'Here Lewis's tears, which had been ready to start for sorrow, now rolled down his cheek for joy : he brushed them off with his little hand, and turned away his head, as if ashamed of his Papa seeing them, who perceiving that the boy's heart was too full to permit to venture an observation, continued his story.

" 'On a further search, Llewelyn discovered amongst the clothes the dead body of a wolf all torn and bloody, but still warm. This horrid spectacle disclosed the truth of the whole story. The noble dog Gelert had probably been in chase of this frightful animal while the hunters were assembling for the field, and had seized him by the throat at the very moment when he was making a spring at the child, whose cradle was overturned in the contest ; and if the little thing slipped gently from it, it is not improbable that he was removed during a sound sleep without being awakened. Now, do you think, my boy, that the poor dog *deserved to be killed* ?'

" 'Oh no, Papa. How sorry Prince Llewelyn must have been for destroying such a faithful dog, when he found he had saved the life of his darling baby !'

" 'This story,' continued the father, 'should teach us never to give way to the impulse of rage and passion, but always to wait till we have inquired into the cause of evil appearances before we act upon them. Reason was given to man to controul his passions ; when, therefore, we allow our passion to subdue our reason, we abandon our character of sensible beings, and act like real madmen, only without their excuse.'

" 'Llewelyn did bewail most sincerely this rash destruction of his faithful companion and favourite ; and, as a tribute to his memory, he not only built a church over the grave of Gelert, but also erected a monastery near the place as a pious offering of gratitude to Divine Providence for saving his child. In a short time a small hamlet or village was raised, and the place took the name of *Beddgelert*, or *Gelert's Grave*. Travelers in Wales always make this little spot an object of interest, and here procure a guide for Snowdon, the ascent to which is easier on this side than on any other.'

Gelert's Grave is made the subject of some very sweet and tender verses, which conclude the Tales, while Llewelyn, his child, and his dead dog form the subject of a striking lithograph which figures as a frontispiece. The following are some of the verses alluded to:—

- "The weary hunters now were spread
 In troops across the moor;
 'Another day, God will,' they said,
 'We'll make the chase more sure.'
 "And many a merry tale they told
 Of legendary lore,
 Of giants grim and heroes bold,
 That lived in days of yore.
 "In jocund band thus hied they on,—
 'Where is our master, then?'
 Llewelyn seeks his cottage lone,
 Far in the woody glen.
 "Where wife beloved and children dear,
 Sole tenants of the vale,
 Are wont, with smiles and quiet cheer,
 His wish'd return to hail.
 "Llewelyn came—the room he sought
 Where slept his infant heir.
 Ah! hapless man, he little thought
 What change would meet him there.
 "Confusion all—the cradle bed
 O'erturn'd, besprent with blood—
 And, luckless sight! with jaws all red,
 Beside it Gelert stood.
 "'Gelert! hast thou devour'd my child?'
 The frantic father cried;
 Then drew his sword with anger wild,
 And plung'd it in his side.
 "The faithful creature as he fell,
 Lick'd his master's feet,
 Then gave one piteous dying yell,
 That pierc'd the whole retreat.
 "'But what is that soul-stirring noise?
 That shrill awakening cry,
 Like spirit from the dead?—a voice
 That tells of bliss gone by?—
 "Yet hark! Again! It is my boy!
 Where art thou, cherub, where?
 He moves! he lives! What joy! what joy!
 My lost one, art thou there?—
 "Safe and unhurt!—that sparkling eye
 Beams like the blaze of heaven
 On sons of immortality
 When sorrow's chains are riven.'
 "There, where the clothes were lightly thrown,
 In slumber unmolested,

Till waked by Gelert's dying groan,
 The little sleeper rested.
 "Llewelyn's first high transport o'er,
 He search'd with anxious care
 The blood-stain'd heaps that strew'd the floor,
 To find if aught were there
 "That could unveil the mystery;
 When lo! beneath the bed,
 With snarling fangs clench'd horribly,
 A hideous wolf lay dead.
 "' Ah! faithful dog! too late I see
 The tale of bloody strife;
 Thy courage, thy fidelity,
 Have saved my darling's life.
 "A pious monument I'll rear,
 In memory of the brave;
 And passers by will drop a tear
 On faithful Gelert's grave.' "

We have already referred to the plan and the subjects which characterize the "Catechism." It goes back to the most remote historical notices of Wales, bringing them down to the time of Henry the Eighth, when the country was incorporated with England by Act of Parliament. The questions and answers are so applicable and well selected, and the facts dwelt upon, in many cases are so happily illustrated by the Tales, as to render the work both a useful school book, and a parlour study or entertainment.

ART. X.—A Letter on the Annexation of Texas to the United States.

By WILLIAM E. CHANNING, D.D. London: John Green.

WERE the facts and principles which this pamphlet discusses merely of a political character, or confined to a consideration of the relations in regard to international government, as these exist between two republics, we should not do more than give a slight notice of it; in which notice, however, we should feel ourselves bound to speak of the soaring eloquence of thought and of language which distinguishes its reasoning even on the limited subjects referred to. But when it is found that the Letter treats of some of the gravest questions in reference to public and national morals, as well as the first principles of legislation; that it unfolds in a most masterly style certain great and eternal truths, and that it irresistibly pleads in behalf of the clearest interests of humanity, a literary journal would neglect its duty and some of its appropriate spheres, were it merely to announce the publication and the general import of its contents.

In this Letter the powerful intellect and the expansive and enlightened philanthropy of Dr. Channing shine with a breadth of brightness which have never been surpassed in any of his former

efforts. The reading of it affords the mind a noble and exalted occupation, the consciousness of which must ever confer a delight of the most permanent description. The "thoughts on the evils of a spirit of Conquest, and on Slavery," which flow from the author's rich and Christianized soul, are wonderfully beautiful, while many of them are original as to the use to which they are put. Beside these, a good deal is said of the impolicy of annexing Texas to the United States, and also of the injustice of the proceeding, inasmuch as it is a violation of rights both tacit and expressed; to some of the views in the reasoning on these last-mentioned points we shall first of all direct attention.

Dr. Channing arranges his thoughts on the subject of his Letter, which is addressed to the Hon. Henry Clay, under certain distinct heads, in order that his views may be the more clearly and fully understood. His first argument against annexing Texas to the United States, is in the criminality of the revolt which threatens to sever that country from Mexico. "On this subject," says he, "our citizens need light," for a doctrine prevails amongst them that the Texan insurrection is a struggle for freedom, and resembles that of their own in regard to England. He shows, however, that this pretence is hollow, and that the parallel supposed does in no respect exist. Upon the question of grievances, he maintains that a handful of persons belonging to a suburb of London might just as reasonably fly to arms to vindicate certain claims which the great majority of the municipal or national community denied them, as that the Texans, who are only as a drop in the bucket compared with the Mexican population, should by violence sever themselves from the republic. But even this handful of Texans were far from being unanimous as to the revolt. Besides, who were the revolters? Chiefly the citizens of the United States, a nation in amity with Mexico. These foreigners, to be sure, after settling in Texas, might feel their principles at variance on religious questions, for instance, with those established in their adopted country; but what right had they to go with open eyes into such a country and then complain of its laws and institutions? Again, the causes which have led to the revolt are disgraceful; an unprincipled spirit of land speculation, a system of gambling on an immense scale, being the real source of the contest, the injustice, and the bloodshed that has followed.

Among the causes of revolt mentioned and explained by Dr. Channing, there is one which particularly deserves to be considered, and this was the resolution to throw Texas open to slaveholders and slaves. "Mexico," says the author, "at the moment of throwing off the Spanish yoke, gave a noble testimony of her loyalty to free principles, by decreeing 'that no person thereafter should be born a slave, or introduced as such into the Mexican States; that all slaves then held should receive stipulated wages, and be subject

to no punishment but on trial and judgment by the magistrate.' The subsequent acts of the government carried out fully these constitutional provisions." Think of a nation which, like America, boasts of its civilization and its freedom striving to introduce and perpetuate slavery in a part of a republic far behind it in its general enlightenment!—for one of the great incentives to the annexation of Texas to the United States, cherished in those parts of the Union which have been most eager for its accomplishment, viz. the southern and western or slave-holding States, was, that a new market might be opened for slaves, and an extended sphere for slavery. The dismembering of a neighbouring republic, that slaveholders and dealers might overspread a region which had been consecrated to a free population, is a dreadful charge; but is no less just and true than it is dreadful. Connected with this subject, we shall afterwards have more to say and to quote. In the meanwhile Dr. Channing says, with the magnanimous eloquence that he commands, "Some crimes, by their magnitude, have a touch of the sublime; and to this dignity the seizure of Texas by our citizens is entitled. Modern times," continues he, "furnish no example of individual rapine on so grand a scale. It is nothing less than a robbery of a realm. The pirate seizes a ship. The colonists and their coadjutors can satisfy themselves with nothing short of an empire."

Such are some of the ideas which Dr. Channing expresses as to the criminality of the revolt and the parties who have fostered it. He next addresses himself to the question, Are the United States prepared to enter on a career of encroachment, spoliation, and war? for he maintains that the seizure of Texas will not stand alone, and that it will be linked by an iron necessity to long-continued deeds of rapine and blood. Upon this point, as on several others, his arguments are as stinging as they are earnest and cogent. He charges his country with a criminal appetite for extended territory. There is no people on earth on whom the ties of local attachment sit so loosely. Gain! gain! has hitherto been the cry of America; and in its greediness the red man has suffered dreadfully, justice and humanity being alike sacrificed to this avaricious spirit. But the wilderness and its occupants, it would seem, are not sufficient to gorge this craving; for a new proof to the many that exist, that cupidity is not to be appeased by gratification, is offered in the case of the land speculators of Texas, the annexation of which will be but the beginning of conquests, that, unless arrested and beaten back by a just and kind Providence, will stop only at the isthmus of Darien. "Our Eagle," exclaims the author, "will whet, not gorge, its appetite on its first victim, and will snuff a more tempting quarry, more alluring blood, in every new region that opens southward."

If justice or humanity have no weight or value in the eyes of the

Americans ; if Congress is about to receive from her native-born pirates the gift of Texas, in respect of dominion, which so many clamour for, and are at this moment exerting their utmost endeavours to secure, it is to be hoped, and it is probable, that the kind Providence, invoked by Dr. Channing, will raise up on the part of Mexico such opposition and reprisals as may well caution the usurpers ; for the insulted nation is strong enough to make war a dear and bloody game—strong in her hatred, if not in her fortresses and skill. If the United States are insensible to that noble ambition which delights in conquests that consist in pouring in upon a neighbouring nation improvements and knowledge, so as to lift it to an equal pitch of happiness with that enjoyed by the subduing power, it is to be hoped that the less worthy motives which arise from fear on the part of the aggressors for their own safety may operate wholesomely.

Dr. Channing, with his accustomed force and clearness, points out, at the same time, that the legislative annexation of Texas to the United States would embroil the latter with the powers in Europe, especially with England, both on account of her moral and political interests. Part of what he advances on these points is so complimentary to our national measures, whilst others of the circumstances therein suggested are so creditable to his judgment and foresight, that we must quote his precise words.

“ England is a privileged nation. On one part of her history she can look with unmixed self-respect. With the exception of the promulgation of Christianity, I know not a moral effort so glorious, as the long, painful, victorious struggle of her philanthropists against that concentration of all horrors, cruelties, and crimes—the slave-trade. Next to this, her recent Emancipation Act is the most signal expression afforded by our times of the progress of civilization and a purer Christianity. Other nations have won imperishable honours by heroic struggles for their own rights. But there was wanting the example of a nation espousing, with disinterestedness, and amidst great obstacles, the rights of those who had no claim but that of a common humanity, the rights of the most fallen of the race. Great Britain, loaded with an unprecedented debt and with a grinding taxation, contracted a new debt of a hundred million dollars, to give freedom, not to Englishmen, but to the degraded African. This was not an act of policy, not a work of statesmen. Parliament but registered the edict of the people. The English nation, with one heart and one voice, under a strong Christian impulse, and without distinction of rank, sex, party, or religious names, decreed freedom to the slave. I know not that history records a national act so disinterested, so sublime. In the progress of ages, England's naval triumphs will shrink into a more and more narrow space in the records of our race. This moral triumph will fill a broader, brighter page. Is not England, representing as she does in this case the civilized world, authorized, and even bound, to remonstrate, in the name of humanity and religion, against a measure by

which the great work for which she has so long toiled is to be indefinitely postponed.

"But England has a political as well as moral interest in this question. By the annexation of Texas we shall approach her liberated colonies; we shall build up a power in her neighbourhood to which no limits can be prescribed. By adding Texas to our acquisition of Florida, we shall do much toward girdling the Gulf of Mexico; and I doubt not that some of our politicians will feel as if our mastery in that sea were sure. The West Indian Archipelago, in which the European is regarded as an intruder, will, of course, be embraced in our ever-growing scheme of empire. In truth, collision with the West Indies will be the most certain effect of the extension of our power in that quarter. The example which they exhibit of African freedom, of the elevation of the coloured race to the rights of men, is of all influences the most menacing to slavery at the south. It must grow continually more perilous. These islands, unless interfered with from abroad, seem destined to be nurseries of civilization and freedom to the African race. The white race must melt more and more before the coloured, if both are left to free competition. The Europeans, unnerved by the climate, and forming but a handful of the population, cannot stand before the African, who revels in the heat of the tropics, and is to develop under it all his energies. Will a slave-holding people, spreading along the shores of the Mexican Gulf, cultivate friendly sentiments towards communities whose whole history will be a bitter reproach to their institutions, a witness against their wrongs, and whose ardent sympathies will be enlisted in the cause of the slave? Cruel, ferocious conflicts must grow from this neighbourhood of hostile principles, of communities regarding one another with unextinguishable hatred. All the islands of the Archipelago will have cause to dread our power; but none so much as the emancipated. Is it not more than possible, that wars, having for an object the subjugation of the coloured race, the destruction of this tempting example of freedom, should spring from the proposed extension of our dominion along the Mexican Gulf?"

Many statesman-like views on the probability of being embroiled in war not only with Mexico but Europe through the usurpation referred to, are advanced and elucidated by our author, and he concludes this part of the subject by the solemn and impressive utterance, that "A nation provoking war by cupidity, by encroachment, and above all by efforts to propagate the curse of slavery, is alike false to itself, to God, and to the human race."

We have now arrived at that branch of the subject where Dr. Channing enters upon points that particularly deserve our attention, and upon which, with absorbing power and unsurpassed sweep of argument, he expatiates. The strongest of his objections to the annexing of Texas to the United States consists in this, that it tends to enlarge the boundaries of slavery, and to perpetuate its existence. He speaks calmly and plainly; he seems also to feel that his language will give offence to not a few of his fellow-citizens, which is paying them no great compliment. By the annexation, he says,

"Slavery will be spread over regions to which it is now impossible to set limits. Texas, I repeat it, is but the first step of aggressions. I trust, indeed, that Providence will beat back and humble our cupidity and ambition. But one guilty success is often suffered to be crowned, as men call it, with greater, in order that a more awful retribution may at length vindicate the justice of God, and the rights of the oppressed. Texas, smitten with slavery, will spread the infection beyond herself. We know that the tropical regions have been found most propitious to this pestilence; nor can we promise ourselves that its expulsion from them for a season forbids its return. By annexing Texas, we may send this scourge to a distance, which, if now revealed, would appal us, and through these vast regions every cry of the injured will invoke wrath on our heads.

"By this act, slavery will be perpetuated in the old States as well as spread over new. It is well known, that the soil of some of the old States has become exhausted by slave cultivation. Their neighbourhood to communities which are flourishing under free labour, forces on them perpetual arguments for adopting this better system. They now adhere to slavery, not on account of the wealth which it extracts from the soil, but because it furnishes men and women to be sold in newly settled and more southern districts. It is by slave-breeding and slave-selling that these States subsist. Take away from them a foreign market, and slavery would die. Of consequence, by opening a new market it is prolonged and invigorated. By annexing Texas, we shall not only create it where it does not exist, but breathe new life into it where its end seemed to be near. States which might and ought to throw it off, will make the multiplication of slaves their great aim and chief resource.

"Nor is the worst told. As I have before intimated,—and it cannot be too often repeated,—we shall not only quicken the domestic slave-trade; we shall give a new impulse to the foreign. This indeed we have pronounced in our laws to be felony; but we make our laws cobwebs when we offer to rapacious men strong motives for their violation. Open a market for slaves in an unsettled country, with a sweep of sea-coast, and at such a distance from the seat of government that laws may be evaded with impunity, and how can you exclude slaves from Africa? It is well known that cargoes have been landed in Louisiana. What is to drive them from Texas? In incorporating this region with the Union to make it a slave country, we send the kidnapper to prowl through the jungles, and to dart, like a beast of prey, on the defenceless villages of Africa. We chain the helpless despairing victims; crowd them into the fetid, pestilential slave-ship; expose them to the unutterable cruelties of the middle passage, and, if they survive it, crush them with perpetual bondage.

"I now ask, whether, as a people, we are prepared to seize on a neighbouring territory for the end of extending slavery? I ask, whether, as a people, we can stand forth in the sight of God, in the sight of the nations, and adopt this atrocious policy? Sooner perish! Sooner be our name blotted out from the record of nations!

It appears that there are some of the author's fellow citizens who are so infatuated and stultified by their familiarity and callousness

regarding the evils of slavery, as to consider the arguments against them as a mere accident, a temporary gust of opinion,—an eddy in the current of human thought, a fashion to pass away with the present actors on the stage. With such blinded persons he remonstrates strongly, triumphantly maintaining that whoever studies modern history and the face of society with care, must discern a steady growing movement towards one most interesting result, viz., the elevation of the labouring classes. He presses this idea upon his countrymen, and successively appeals to their sense of duty, their reason, their generosity, their pride. He tells them,

“ Our mission is to elevate society through all its conditions ; to secure to every human being the means of progress ; to substitute the government of equal laws for that of irresponsible individuals ; to prove that, under popular institutions, the people may be carried forward ; that the multitude who toil are capable of enjoying the noblest blessings of the social state. The prejudice that labour is a degradation, one of the worst prejudices handed down from barbarous ages, is to receive here a practical refutation. The power of liberty to raise up the whole people—this is the great idea on which our institutions rest, and which is to be wrought out in our history. Shall a nation having such a mission abjure it, and even fight against the progress which it is specially called to promote ?

“ The annexation of Texas, if it should be accomplished, would do much to determine the future history and character of this country. It is one of those measures which call a nation to pause, reflect, look forward, because their force is not soon exhausted. Many acts of government, intensely exciting at the moment, are yet of little importance, because their influence is too transient to leave a trace on history. A bad administration may impoverish a people at home, or cripple its energies abroad, for a year or more. But such wounds heal soon. A young people soon recruits its powers, and starts forward with increased impulse after the momentary suspension of its activity. The chief interest of a people lies in measures which, making perhaps little noise, go far to fix its character, to determine its policy and fate for ages, to decide its rank among nations. A fearful responsibility rests on those who originate or control these pregnant acts. The destiny of millions is in their hands. The execration of millions may fall on their heads. Long after present excitements shall have passed away, long after they and their generation shall have vanished from the earth, the fruits of their agency will be reaped. Such a measure is that of which I now write. It will commit us to a degrading policy, the issues of which lie beyond human foresight. In opening to ourselves vast regions, through which we may spread slavery, and in spreading it for this among other ends, that the slaveholding States may bear rule in the national councils, we make slavery the predominant interest of the State. We make it the basis of power, the spring or guide of public measures, the object for which the revenues, strength, and wealth of the country, are to be exhausted. Slavery will be branded on our front as the great idea, the prominent feature of the country. We shall renounce our high calling as a people, and accomplish the lowest destiny to which a nation can be bound.

"And are we prepared for this degradation? Are we prepared to couple with the name of our country the infamy of deliberately spreading slavery? and especially of spreading it through regions from which the wise and humane legislation of a neighbouring republic had excluded it? We call Mexico a semi-barbarous people; and yet we talk of planting slavery where Mexico would not suffer it to live. What American will not blush to lift his head in Europe, if this disgrace shall be fastened on his country? Let other calamities, if God so will, come on us; let us be steeped in poverty; let pestilence stalk through our land; let famine thin our population; let the world join hands against our free institutions, and deluge our shores with blood;—all this can be endured: a few years of industry and peace will recruit our wasted numbers, and spread fruitfulness over our desolated fields; but a nation devoting itself to the work of spreading and perpetuating slavery, stamps itself with a guilt and shame which generations may not be able to efface. The plea on which we have rested, that slavery was not our choice, but a sad necessity bequeathed us by our fathers, will avail us no longer. The whole guilt will be assumed by ourselves."

By his expressed fears, that the annexation of Texas will extend and continue slavery, Dr. Channing wishes not to be misunderstood as if he had the slightest doubt as to the approaching fall of the institution. Fall it will, and fall it must, he declares, for the world is against it, and the world's Maker. Every day the sympathies of humanity are marshalling themselves in more formidable array against the slaveholders, so that "in the most enlightened countries of Europe a man would forfeit his place in society by vindicating slavery."

Another important argument against the annexation of Texas to the United States is drawn from the bearings of the measure on the National Union, inasmuch as it would increase the share of influence which the South has on the confederacy, an influence that is already too great and disproportioned. Hear him in part on this point, and also on the exasperation of certain feelings which have been for some time threatening the peace of the republic.

"We cannot consent that the south should extend its already disproportionate power by an indefinite extension of territory, because we maintain that its dispositions towards us give us no pledge that its power will be well used. It is unhappily too well known that it wants friendly feelings towards the north. Divided from us by an institution which gives it a peculiar character, which lays it open to reproach, and which will never suffer it to rival our prosperity, it cannot look on us with favour. It magnifies our faults: it is blind to our virtues. At the north no unfriendly disposition prevails towards the south. We are too busy and too prosperous for hatred. We complain that our goodwill is not reciprocated. We complain that our commerce and manufactures have sometimes found little mercy at the hands of the south. Still more we feel, though we are slow to complain of it, that in Congress, the common

ground of the confederacy, we have had to encounter a tone and bearing which it has required the colder temperament of the north to endure. We cannot consent to take a lower place than we now hold. We cannot consent that our confederacy should spread over the wilds of Mexico, to give us more powerful masters. The old balance of the country is unfavourable enough. We cannot consent that a new weight should be thrown in, which may fix the political inferiority of ourselves and our posterity. I give you, Sir, the feelings of the north ; in part they may be prejudices. Jealousies, often groundless, are the necessary fruits of confederations : on that account, measures must not be adopted disturbing violently, unnaturally, unexpectedly, the old distributions of power, and directly aimed at that result.

"In other ways the annexation of Texas is to endanger the Union. It will give new violence and passion to the agitation of the question of slavery. It is well known that a majority at the north have discouraged the discussion of this topic, on the ground that slavery was imposed on the south by necessity, that its continuance was not of choice, and that the States in which it subsists, if left to themselves, would find a remedy in their own way. Let slavery be systematically proposed as the policy of these States, let it bind them together in the efforts to establish political power, and a new feeling will burst forth through the whole north. It will be a concentration of moral, religious, political, and patriotic feelings. The fire now smothered will blaze out, and of consequence, new jealousies and exasperations will be kindled at the south. Strange that the south should think of securing its "peculiar institutions" by violent means ! Its violence necessarily increases the evils it would suppress. For example, by denying the right of petition to those who sought the abolition of slavery within the immediate jurisdiction of the United States, it has awakened a spirit which will overwhelm Congress with petitions till this right be restored. The annexation of Texas would be a measure of the same injurious character, and would stir up an open, uncompromising hostility to slavery, of which we have seen no example, and which would produce reaction very dangerous to union."

But a greater interest than even the stability of the union is at hand, and which affords ground for the last argument urged on the subject of the letter, viz., the cause of liberty and free institutions, a cause more sacred than union. Some home-truths are advanced under this head, which, however unpalatable to Dr. Channing's countrymen, will find a repose in the bosom of many European travellers and observers. He speaks in the following explicit manner,—

"I have said that we shall expose our freedom to great peril by entering a new career of crime. We are corrupt enough already. In one respect our institutions have disappointed us all. They have not wrought out for us that elevation of character which is the most precious, and, in truth, the only substantial blessing of liberty. Our progress in prosperity has indeed been the wonder of the world ; but this prosperity has done much to counteract the ennobling influence of free institutions. The peculiar

circumstances of the country and of our times have poured is upon us a torrent of wealth; and human nature has not been strong enough for the assault of such severe temptation. Prosperity has become dearer than freedom. Government is regarded more as a means of enriching the country than of securing private rights. We have become wedded to gain, as our chief good. That under the predominance of this degrading passion, the higher virtues, the moral independence, the simplicity of manners, the stern uprightness, the self-reverence, the respect for man as man, which are the ornaments and safeguards of a republic, should wither, and give place to selfish calculation and indulgence, to show and extravagance, to anxious, envious, discontented strivings, to wild adventure, and to the gambling spirit of speculation, will surprise no one who has studied human nature. The invasion of Texas by our citizens is a mournful comment on our national morality. Whether, without some fiery trial, some signal prostration of our prosperity, we can rise to the force and self-denial of freemen, is a question not easily solved.

"There are other alarming views. A spirit of lawlessness pervades the community, which, if not repressed, threatens the dissolution of our present forms of society. Even in the old States, mobs are taking the government into their hands, and a profligate newspaper finds little difficulty in stirring up multitudes to violence. When we look at the parts of the country nearest Texas, we see the arm of the law paralyzed by the passions of the individual. Men take under their own protection the rights which it is the very office of government to secure. The citizen, wearing arms as means of defence, carries with him perpetual proofs of the weakness of the authorities under which he lives. The substitution of self-constituted tribunals for the regular course of justice, and the infliction of immediate punishment in the moment of popular frenzy, are symptoms of a people half reclaimed from barbarism. I know not that any civilized country on earth has exhibited, during the last year, a spectacle so atrocious as the burning of a coloured man by a slow fire in the neighbourhood of St. Louis; and this infernal sacrifice was offered not by a few fiends selected from the whole country, but by a crowd gathered from a single spot. Add to all this, the invasions of the rights of speech and of the press by lawless force, the extent and toleration of which oblige us to believe, that a considerable portion of our citizens have no comprehension of the first principles of liberty."

Sentiments and facts like these, coming from such an authority, ought to go far in moderating those general exclamations about American liberty, which are ever in the mouths of some theorists. But our author fortifies his views.

"I may be thought inclined to draw a dark picture of our moral condition. But at home I am set down among those who hope against hope, and I have never ceased to condemn as a crime the despondence of those who, lamenting the corruptions of the times, do not lift a finger to withstand it. I am far, very far, from despair. I have no fears but such as belong to a friend of freedom. Among dark omens I see favourable influences, remedial processes, counteracting agencies. I well know that the vicious part of our system makes more noise and show than the

sound. I know that the prophets of ruin to our institutions are to be found most frequently in the party out of power, and that many dark anguries must be set down to the account of disappointment and irritation. I am sure, too, that imminent peril would wake up the spirit of our fathers in many who slumber in these days of ease and security. It is also true that, with all our defects, there is a wider diffusion of intelligence, moral restraint, and self-respect among us, than through any other community. Still I am compelled to acknowledge an extent of corruption among us which menaces freedom and our dearest interests; and a policy which will give new and enduring impulse to corruption, which will multiply indefinitely public and private crime, ought to be reprobated as the sorest calamity we can incur. Freedom is fighting her battles in the world with sufficient odds against her. Let us not give new chances to her foes."

The author's vindication of himself, as to the contents of his letter, is at once magnanimous, eloquent, and touching. The following are parts :—

"I am aware that there are those who on reading these pages will smile at my simplicity in urging moral and religious motives, disinterested considerations, lofty aims, on a politician. The common notion is that the course of a man embarked in public life will be shaped by the bearings of passing events on his immediate popularity; that virtue and freedom, however they may round his periods in the senate, have little influence on his vote. But I do not believe that public life is necessarily degrading, or that a statesman is incapable of looking above himself. Public life appeals to the noblest as well as basest principles of human nature. It holds up for pursuit enduring fame, as well as the notoriety of the passing hour. By giving opportunities of acting on the vast and permanent interests of a nation, it often creates a deep sense of responsibility, and a generous self-oblivion. I have too much faith in human nature to distrust the influence of great truths and high motives on any class of men, especially on men of commanding intelligence. There is a congeniality between vast powers of thought and dignity of purpose. None are so capable of sacrificing themselves as those who have most to sacrifice; who, in offering themselves, make the greatest offerings to humanity. With this conviction I am not discouraged by the anticipated smiles and scoffs of those who will think, that in insisting on national purity as the essential condition of freedom and greatness, I have preached to the winds. To you, Sir, rectitude is not an empty name; nor will a measure, fraught with lasting corruption and shame to your country, seem to you any thing but a fearful calamity.

"I have now finished the task which I have felt myself bound to undertake. That I have escaped all error I cannot hope; that I may have fallen into occasional exaggerations I ought perhaps to fear, from the earnestness which which I have written. But of the essential truth of the views here communicated I cannot doubt. It is exceedingly to be regretted that the subject of this letter has as yet drawn little attention at the north. The unprecedented pecuniary difficulties pressing now on the country have absorbed the public mind; and yet these difficulties, should they be

aggravated, and continued far beyond what is most dreaded, would be a light national evil compared with the annexation of the Texas to the Union. I trust the people will not slumber on the edge of this precipice till it shall be too late to reflect and provide for safety. Too much time has been given for the ripening of this unrighteous project.

"I take it for granted, that those who differ from me will ascribe what I have written to unworthy motives. This is the common mode of parrying unwelcome truth; and it is not without influence, where the author is unknown. May I then be allowed to say, that I have strong reasons for believing, that, among the many defects of this letter, those of unworthy intention are not to be numbered. The reluctance with which I have written satisfies me that I have not been impelled by any headlong passion. Nor can I have been impelled by party spirit. I am pledged to no party. In truth, I do not feel myself able to form a decisive opinion on the subjects which now inflame and divide the country, and which can be very little understood except by men who have made a study of commerce and finance. As to having written from that most common motive, the desire of distinction, I may be permitted to say, that, to win the public ear I need not engage in a controversy which will expose me to unmeasured reproach. May I add, that I have lived long enough to learn the worth of applause. Could I indeed admit the slightest hope of securing to myself that enduring fame which future ages award to the lights and benefactors of their race, I could not but be stirred by the prospect. But notoriety among contemporaries, obtained by taking part in the irritating discussions of the day, I would not stretch out a hand to secure.

"I cannot but fear that the earnestness with which I have written may seem to indicate an undue excitement of mind. But I have all along felt distinctly the importance of calmness, and have seemed to myself to maintain it. I have prepared this letter, not amidst the goadings, irritations, and feverish tumults of a crowded city, but in the stillness of retirement, amid scenes of peace and beauty. Hardly an hour has passed in which I have not sought relief from the exhaustion of writing, by walking abroad amidst God's works, which seldom fail to breathe tranquillity, and which, by their harmony and beneficence, continually cheer me, as emblems and prophecies of a more harmonious and blessed state of human affairs than has yet been known."

From these extracts our readers must perceive with what propriety Dr. Channing enters upon the subject of his letter when he declares, "to me it is more than a political question; it belongs eminently to morals and religion." How gratifying to behold him rising as it were above himself, and thus pleading for the dearest rights and noblest principles! May such a master spirit of the age long sit as upon a watch-tower to sound the trumpet of truth and of warning, that whenever a tide of error approaches, the people may be stirred to stem its devastating sweep.

ART. XI.—*The Life of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland.* By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. MITCHELL, H. P. London: Fraser. 1837.

ALTHOUGH history has treated abundantly of the remarkable era when Wallenstein lived, and although his character and career have furnished a theme for dramatic writers and popular biographies, Colonel Mitchell has clearly shown that there was not only ample room for a new life of the great warrior, but he has proved himself equal to the task. The dispassionate and candid tone which predominates in these pages is not more creditable to the author's heart, than his penetrating views and philosophic manner of generalization are to his judgment and comprehension. We have felt that he has succeeded in the difficult work of conveying by his narrative a clear outline of the causes and principles that were evoked and came into play during the times immediately connected with the subject of his volume, without throwing his hero to the back-ground, or forgetting that it is the renowned Duke of Friedland and Mecklenburgh he has undertaken to picture. Nay, we award him the praise of rendering the general and biographical narrative reciprocally illustrative, to the production of a very great effect. Along with this the author can with skill point a moral, turn to account a suggested sentiment, or sketch a portrait of any one that comes in his way; so that his episodic pieces, without diverting the attention from the main current of the narrative, are in themselves agreeable things, and in a subordinate capacity constitute finishing strokes to the entire representation.

Some of the facts, as stated by the author in his preface, will, in a compressed form, be a suitable introduction to the extracts which we are about to give to our readers.

Schiller has said that the character of Wallenstein "has been so obscured by the hatred and applause of factions, as still to float unfixed and stationless in history." Several causes are assigned for this uncertainty, which was still greater when the authority now quoted spoke than it has since become. Still, both as regards the private life and domestic habits of Wallenstein, as well as the circumstances that led to his violent death, darkness continues to brood. Twice he retires from the public scene. In early life, after having served for a considerable time as a soldier and tried his fortune as a courtier, he remains ten years out of sight; and then all on a sudden bursts forth like the sun in his strength, without allowing us to see how he sped or waxed bright in the interval. His history, says our author, is therefore "rather a grouping of great events round the principal actor, in the scenes described, than a regular and legitimate biography," during the most memorable period in European history.

The Thirty years' War was unprecedented in various respects;

for not merely was the characters which it called forth numerous and eminent, and the achievements brilliant, but the causes and the consequences of the struggle of permanent and undying interest. These causes are familiar to every reader of history, especially to those who have studied the progress and establishment of Protestantism and its bearings upon the principles of constitutional freedom. Then as to the results of the Thirty years' War, in an international point of view, the subject is not less grand; for it was this fearful contest that first brought the different nations of Europe into direct contact with each other, and established them as members of one community; every state of which was forced to take a deep interest in the fate of its neighbour. Hence the phrases, *the European system, the balance of power*, and such like ordinary forms of speech, express the relations subsisting between the several countries of this quarter of the globe, and which a war in any part of it, however insignificant at first, or feeble the opposing states, is extremely likely, ere long, to embroil the whole.

It is also observed by our author that the protracted and widespread war in question fell upon a period which was remarkable; an era, which divides modern times from the middle ages; and that it stands alone. Towards it preceding ages pointed their rays as to a converged point; from it the future took its tendencies, new impulses being received on a new starting ground. Knowledge was to be purified and advanced; civil liberty was to be developed and understood; Protestantism and Catholicism were to assume their precise forms, and keep within their assigned bounds, till the war of opinion is to settle their several merits, and guide the world to a universal bond of amity and Christian unity.

It was at the period indicated which stands out thus prominently in the course of time, that Wallenstein was the observed of all observers. Is it not strange, then, that his real and complete history has hitherto been so imperfectly known? Many attempts, to be sure, have been made to supply the deficiency, not only in Germany but in other continental countries. "It remained for Schiller," says Colonel Mitchell, "to bring Wallenstein forward as a popular character, by making him the hero of three dramas, and the principal figure in the history of the Thirty years' War. The success of the dramatist ruined, however, the fair fame of the Duke of Friedland. Opinion had before been pretty well divided as to his guilt or innocence; but Schiller, guided principally by the official statement which the Court of Vienna published after the catastrophe of Eger, took the unfavourable view of the question; and the magic of his style not only put his works into every hand, but made him authority with the million, on points, on which he had even expressed doubt of his own accuracy; and Wallenstein was condemned by poetry, before history had fairly tried the cause."

The defence of the famous Duke, however, has not without success been attempted by Doctor Förster, librarian to the King of Prussia, who had for a number of years occupied himself in collecting papers relative to the hero. Part of this collection consists of a voluminous body of letters written by the Duke himself, which are principally addressed to Field-Marshal Arnheim, his second in command. Access to the archives of the war department at Vienna afforded to the learned librarian other documents, which concerned the accusations brought against Wallenstein, but which had been carefully concealed for two centuries. The archives of Prague, Friedland, &c., have also been ransacked by the same indefatigable hand, and the result of the whole has been the authority upon which our author has most relied.

It may be asked, what need was there for the present work?—what more was required than a translation of Förster's book? The answer is satisfactory; for though to the Germans, who are familiar with all the leading particulars of Wallenstein's life and time, such a collection of disjointed documentary evidence may be extremely interesting and valuable, to the general English reader, the hero of the whole, who is comparatively a stranger in this country, ought to be presented not only in full outline but also as a finished portrait, in as far as he has yet been known. "He must come before us," says the author, "as the creator of mighty armies; at once the terror and support of his sovereign: he must come as an all-powerful actor in the most important period of Christian history. It is in connection with the great event that fixed the destinies of Europe, that he must make his first impression upon us: and we must learn to take an interest in his fate, before we can take pleasure in the perusal of documents tending to illustrate events of which we have only a partial knowledge."

In writing the life of the greatest hero in the Thirty Years' War, at least on the one side, our author has preserved a commendable candour of spirit, and has also evinced prudence in abstaining from giving any opinion on the merits of the religious questions at issue; for he treats of the war as a contest for religious freedom, perhaps *ascendancy* would be the more appropriate term. At the same time, while admitting that the rapacity of the reformers was notorious, he maintains that historical facts prove that the usurpations, the cruelties, and the violation of treaties, were more flagrant on the part of the Catholics. Still, while arraigning the conduct of princes, he guards himself against identifying with it the religion they may profess; for, says he, "if we once take to settling the value of creeds, not by the revelation which has been vouchsafed to us, but by the conduct of a few individual sovereigns, the Christianity even of a Constantine may appear to some disadvantage when contrasted with the polytheism of an Aurelian."

Before entering upon the *Life of Wallenstein*, our author briefly sketches the circumstances that led to the Thirty Years' War. The state of Europe at the time when the general war broke out, is clearly and accurately indicated in the following extract :—

" But though most of the European nations had already, in the seventeenth century, assumed a good deal of their present shape and form, they were still ignorant of the practical art, or science of government, which has been so greatly perfected of late years. The theory of legislation was, at least, as well understood two hundred years ago as it is now ; but the art, so to strengthen the hands of government, as to enable kings and princes to collect and wield the power and resources of their respective dominions, was an art or science totally unknown ; and one that subjects were not, perhaps, willing that their rulers should acquire. For mere acts of capricious violence, tyranny or oppression, there were always means at hand ; but for great and permanent objects, whether for good or evil—for national defence or external aggression, strength, proportionate to the territorial resources of the parties engaged, was constantly wanting. The rulers of nations had not yet obtained so firm a hold of the reins of government as they have since acquired. There was no perfect and unbroken chain of authority, proceeding, by regular links, from the cabinet of the sovereign down to the most distant provincial functionary, and carrying the sparks of command, lightning-like, through all the departments of the state.

" In times when the machinery of government is imperfect, without being barbarous, when the general principles of justice are well understood, while their application is uncertain ; individual strength of character naturally shines out, more conspicuously, than in tax-paying and well-regulated police-days, like the present. In the seventeenth century, the wild passions of men had, no doubt, more scope, and led more openly to deeds of evil, than they do now ; but they were far better balanced, by the kindness, generosity and high feeling, that suffering virtue was sure to call forth, than they have ever been since ; whether in the so-called philosophical age of the next century, or in our own more refined and artificial times. Men stood more upon their own ground ; and manly character was brought out, in bolder traits, than it is at present ; the outlines, whether good or bad, were more marked and decided. With more of violence than we now find, there was more of greatness ; less of admired sameness and vaunted mediocrity. And it is this stage of civilization that renders the men of that century so strikingly interesting. The age was not one of ignorance, or barbarism. On the contrary, it was an age when much brilliant light was already abroad : a light rendered more brilliant and vivid, perhaps, by the very darkness against which it was set off, and which still formed the background of the picture.

" Literature, architecture, painting, and the fine arts in general, had attained a height which has not been much surpassed. The moral sciences also were well understood ; but the physical sciences were comparatively in their infancy, though all the great and leading inventions, on which those sciences have since been advanced, had already been made. Tycho de Brahe, honoured and protected in Germany by the Emperor Rudolph, had

been persecuted in his own country on account of superior knowledge ; and his scholar, Keppler, the greatest astronomer of his time, was still valued, more for his supposed skill in astrology, than for his astronomical discoveries. A good deal of splendour and magnificence was displayed by princes and men of rank, and by none more than Wallenstein himself ; but the elegances of life, and what we would now, perhaps, call the art of living, were little known. But, though affluence was confined to few, the excess of poverty, now so frequently seen even in the most prosperous countries of Europe, was of rare occurrence : and if there was less luxury, there was also less misery. Compared to our own, the seventeenth century presents us with a romantic and spirit-stirring state of society ; not always secure and comfortable, perhaps, but robust, healthy and picturesque, and well calculated to call forth talent, genius, and courage.

" During the period, indeed, of which we have to speak, we shall constantly see more effected by individual character, than by the weight of physical force : we shall even find talent and valour taking fairly the lead of imperial decrees and royal ordinances. Private adventurers maintain, in the field, the cause of princes, abandoned by their subjects and relations. The lawless, but chivalrous, Bernhard of Weimar, carries on a war of conquest against the greatest sovereigns of Catholic Germany : the heroism of Gustavus outweighs, at the head of only thirteen thousand men, the strength and resources of Spain, Austria and Italy : and the mere name of Wallenstein calls a formidable army into life, at the very moment when his imperial master, the absolute ruler of kingdoms and principalities, had not a disposable soldier at command."

Wallenstein was born at Hermanic in Bohemia, in 1583. His parents were Protestants, and he received the first rudiments of religious instruction in the same faith. But they do not appear to have been rich though nobly descended. Their boy also laboured under peculiar disadvantages. He was stubborn and averse to study ; consequently he was the subject of parental chastisement, and his father is said to have treated him with great harshness. What was worse, he lost both father and mother before he was twelve years of age. After some time, we find him under the care of a maternal uncle, who was a zealous friend of the Jesuits. This guardian placed the youth at a college which the followers of Loyola had established ; and Wallenstein's latent genius having been discovered by these deep-read scholars in the human heart, he was ere long converted to the Romish faith.

There have been contradictory accounts regarding the university at which he studied, and also the cause of his conversion. He afterwards, along with a wealthy young nobleman, visited England as well as several of the principal kingdoms on the continent. An astrologer and mathematician, Peter Verduno, the friend of Keppler, accompanied the travellers during part of their tour, who probably initiated the future Duke into the mystery of the occult science, which seems ever afterwards to have been cultivated by him. What our author has farther learned concerning his early knowledge is

more important ; for we are told that " he made himself acquainted with the manners and languages of the countries he visited ; studied the nature of their military institutions ; examined into the causes of their external strength, and already inspected fortresses with professional accuracy." He is also described as one who could vary his appearance and demeanour according to the customs of each country which he visited, and as being the very Alcibiades of his time.

There is, however, much obscurity hanging over the early years of Wallenstein ; nor does it clearly appear in what capacity he first served as a soldier. At the siege of Grau, after having been in several campaigns, attached to the imperial army that was contending against the Turks in Hungary, he was promoted to the command of a company of infantry. Following Colonel Mitchell's narrative, we afterwards find the brother-in-law of Wallenstein, Count Zerotin, the companion in arms of Henry IV., exerting himself to obtain for the young soldier an appointment under the Archduke Mathias, in order, as the Count avows, " that his kinsman may have a ladder by which to ascend to fortune." This sort of ladder, however, somehow proved too frail ; and one of a surer nature than favour at court was had recourse to, viz., that bound and built by the heart and hand of a wealthy widow. This lady was so fond of her young husband, as was evinced by her extreme jealousy, that she nearly put an end to his existence by the expedient to, which she resorted with the view of inspiring him with a similar affection ; for she administered to him a love-draught, from which he only recovered after long and severe suffering. But she did not survive the experiments. Wallenstein succeeding to her extensive domains.

After this, and from the year 1607 to 1617, that is, from Wallenstein's twenty-third to his thirty-third year, his biographers completely lose sight of him. During this interval he resided quietly on his estates in Moravia, taking no share in the Fraternal War, as it is called, which was then raging. But in 1617, when Ferdinand of Gratz had some dispute with the Venetians, the widower left his retreat, and at his own expense raised a corps of 200 horsemen. From this expedition Wallenstein's brilliant career is to be dated. At no distant period he again married. His second wife was the daughter of the imperial minister ; and she brought him both great wealth and influence.

" Count Prierato knew her personally, and assures us that she was a lady of great merit and virtue : "*Dama veramente modesta, e di una grandissima purità ;*" but as so excellent a courtier says nothing of her beauty, there was probably nothing to record. Of the peculiar style and manner of Wallenstein's courtship we know nothing, a circumstance to be regretted ; for in all we do know of him, he is so unlike what is generally termed a lady's man, that it would be as interesting, as instructive per-

haps, to see him making love, or only talking familiarly with the countess and his intimate friends: the absence of information respecting his domestic life forms the great blank in his biography. We only know, that his splendid style of living, which had attracted so much attention during the Friuli campaign, was continued during his stay at court; where his liberality and magnificence obtained for him, as usual, both friends and enemies. Soon after his marriage he repaired to Olmütz, and assumed the command of the provincial militia, which had been placed under his orders.

After a number of brilliant services, Wallenstein is created Count Palatine and Duke of Friedland, with a right of striking coin and granting patents of nobility; and ere long the title of Duke of Mecklenburgh is added. Before attaining to the latter dignity, however, we find his wealth to be enormous, his estates and principalities to be splendid, and in every respect a king but as regards the personal exercise of a sovereign's functions. Colonel Mitchell says,—

"From this period of his life, to within a few days of his death, Wallenstein's own letters throw a great deal of light on his occupations and pursuits. At one time he directs a good French tailor to be sent to Gitchin, which he intends to make his future residence. Here the number of his noble pages is already to be augmented; and liveries for fifty servants are to be prepared. Then, again, he issues strict orders for the establishment of schools; preaches up the necessity of education; lectures about the conduct of the clergy, and all but commands the citizens of Leipz to send their children to an academy which he had founded for their benefit and advantage. He is a practical farmer also; gives long detailed orders about draining and planting, and improving the breed of cattle; of horses he is very fond, has a splendid stud, is learned on the treatment of colts; and in a letter to his agent says, "You know that I value a single foal more than two farms."

"The new ruler is stern enough, too, at times; the expelled Lord of Friedland having excited some of his former vassals to revolt, Wallenstein instantly orders a price of 5000 crowns to be put on the head of the intruder, and threatens, with instant death, all who shall presume to join him. This proves, however, but a passing storm, and is noticed only in one or two letters, and he returns immediately to his plans for ameliorating the condition of his vassals, and improving the principalities. He makes roads, builds palaces, brings artizans, architects and instructors from foreign countries; invites men of letters and of learning to his court. Keppler was in his service; and a situation was offered to Grotius: he encourages and establishes manufactories, and gives even, what would now be termed a constitution, to his subjects. This charter still exists; it conferred very extensive privileges on the inhabitants of certain towns and districts, and reflects, when the times are considered, the very highest credit on the head and heart of its author.

"It is in this constant striving to elevate and benefit his subordinates, to import the arts into his country, and to raise up monuments of splendour

and magnificence, amidst the wilds of Bohemia, that the lofty genius of this man is to be discovered. Born to a throne, he would probably have been a great and benevolent monarch : born in an humble station, and raised by his talents to all but regal sway, it is difficult perhaps to say what he really became. But whatever fortune, virtue or ambition made him, nature had certainly endowed him with rare and noble qualities. To a lofty and aspiring disposition, he added a singular ability for the details of business, whether civil or military. It was not, however, from partiality that he entered into the minutæ of ordinary affairs ; but for the purpose of instructing others to aid in the execution of his own views. His genius was of a high caste, and naturally above details ; he seemed formed for the conception of vast and magnificent plans, and saw farther into European politics than any public character that had gone before him ; but this did not blind him to the just proportion and construction of ambition's ladder.

As to his pomp, general bearing, and personal appearance :—

"Six gates conducted to the palace which he inhabited at Prague, and a hundred houses were pulled down to enlarge its avenues and approaches. Similar structures were raised on several of his estates ; and Carve tells us that the palace of Sagan would have been one of the wonders of the world had Wallenstein lived to see it finished. Gentlemen of the best families courted the honour of serving him ; and imperial chamberlains resigned office at Vienna to fill the same situation in Wallenstein's establishment. He had sixty pages who were instructed by the best masters in all polite accomplishments : and fifty chosen yeomen guarded his halls and ante-rooms. A hundred dishes were every day laid upon his table : a hundred carriages, and fifty led horses followed him when he travelled, and his court accompanied him in sixty state coaches.

"The richness of his liveries, the splendour of his equipages, and the decorations of his halls, were all in keeping with the rest of his state. Six noblemen, and as many knights, were constantly near his person, ready to obey the slightest sign or direction. To keep every noise at a distance, twelve patrols performed their regular circuits round his habitation : his ever active mind required stillness ; and he was silent himself as the avenues that led to his presence. Dark and reserved, he was more sparing of words than of presents, and the little that he spoke was uttered in a harsh and unpleasant tone. He seldom laughed ; was a stranger to conviviality ; and the coldness of his temperament rendered him inaccessible to the seduction of the senses. Always occupied in the formation of vast and extensive plans, he shared in none of the empty pleasures with which others cast away the valuable hours of life. A correspondence, extending all over Europe, was conducted principally by himself : and a great many of the letters written with his own hand, in order that he might be as independent as possible of the fidelity of others. Princes and Sovereigns are among his correspondents ; and our own King, Charles I., writes to him in the most friendly terms, and solicits his intercession in favour of the Palatine Elector, Frederick V., Charles's brother-in-law. The king of England styles Wallenstein, "*Illustriissime et celsissime princeps amice et consanguine carissime* ;" and says, that "he is well aware of Wallenstein's great and deserved influence with the Emperor, and how much he is therefore capable of effecting."

"In person, Wallenstein was tall and spare: he had a sallow complexion; dark hair, and small, but quick, penetrating dark eyes. A cold, stern, even repulsive earnestness, was ever fixed upon his high gloomy brow; and nothing but his boundless profusion and liberality kept the trembling crowd of attendants around him."

The portrait after Vandyke, which embellishes the volume before us, corroborates the sketch above given by our author. How far the harshness exercised towards him by his father operated in producing a corresponding severity it is needless to conjecture; but such treatment was not likely to alter the physical conformation of his visage, however much the expression might be modified by habit and external circumstances.

We are not going, by any means, to follow Colonel Mitchell farther in pointing out, even in the most rapid manner, what were the particular achievements by which the Duke of Friedland's renown was won neither is it necessary particularly to allude to the vicissitudes which marked his fortunes—to his alleged avarice or suspected treason. All that we shall now do will be to call the reader's attention to some passages that are particularly striking, not only on account of the subjects of which they treat, but of the skill and taste of the author. Our first extract regards even a greater and certainly a better man than Wallenstein: the professional knowledge evinced in the account cannot escape the eye of the military reader.

"Gustavus Adolphus belongs to the class of men, who appear too rarely on the page of history. Well acquainted with the military institutions of the ancients, he strove, on their model, to render himself independent of the mere power of fortune, which so often decides the fate of battles; and endowed with a high and inventive genius, he devised a system of tactics, not only superior to the one then in use, but in principle much superior also to any which has since been followed. He was the first, so far to do homage to the fatal power of artillery, as to diminish the ranks of the infantry from twelve to six. It was the custom of the period to draw up battalions into large, square, unwieldy masses of mail-clad spearmen, flanked and surrounded by musqueteers, as if to prevent the lances from being used against the enemy. These formations Gustavus broke up entirely: he separated the spearmen from the musqueteers, formed small divisions of each, so as to render them more moveable, and capable of supporting each other, according to the actions of their respective weapons. The divisions were so drawn up, that the musqueteers could file out between the intervals of the spearmen, and again fall back, like the Roman velites, through the same intervals, when the parties came to push of pike. The spears were shortened, from 18 to 14 feet, and the men relieved from the most cumbrous part of their armour. The matchlocks of the infantry were likewise so much reduced in weight, that the soldiers could dispense with fork or *fourchette*, over which the former heavy pieces had alone been fired.

"The system of cavalry tactics was also improved; and the weight of the cavalry appointments lessened: the men were taught to depend more on the sword than on fire-arms. to which the horsemen of the period so

generally resorted. Only a single volley, with pistols, was to be fired by the front rank; and was to be immediately followed by a sword-in-hand charge, at full speed. These just views of cavalry tactics accord ill with the received statements that Gustavus mixed infantry with his horsemen, in the manner of the ancients. The Romans, who were bad riders and rode without stirrups, knew nothing of cavalry action, and certainly resorted to such practices; but Gustavus, who well understood the nature of cavalry action, as certainly did not. That a mixed formation may, on some particular purpose, have been adopted, is possible: but as a regular order of battle, it is a contradiction of which the French under Napoleon, with their slow and heavy masses of cavalry, might have been guilty, but which could never have entered into the head of the gallant King of Sweden. Horsemen tying themselves down to the movements of infantry, tie their horses' legs, sacrifice all their speed and impetuosity, and cease to be horsemen; for they are placed on horseback in order to avail themselves of the speed and strength of the horses. Such a mixed body can neither hurry on from a distance, nor dash in upon the enemy with the full force of cavalry: all that cavalry so situated can effect, is to pursue the enemy, leaving the infantry behind: but then they also leave the infantry behind when they are forced to fly; and in that case, they leave them to certain destruction. Gustavus knew how to combine the action of infantry and cavalry, and the moderns, unable to understand the principle, thought that he mixed up the arms.

"Historians have also asserted, that this great King followed, in his military operations, the course of rivers, though a single look at the map, should have convinced them of the contrary. Had Gustavus followed the course of rivers, the Elbe must have led him into Bohemia; whereas he crossed the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Danube, and generally marched on lines diverging as much as possible from the course of those streams. Gustavus followed the inspirations of genius, for which historians looked in vain on their maps."

The portrait of Gustavus by our author deserves to be placed beside that of Wallenstein, as already given. After stating that both were tall, and that both had high features, but that in other respects no two men could be more dissimilar, and, indeed, that nature seemed to have intended them to be adversaries, the Colonel proceeds—

"In person, the King of Sweden was remarkably stout and full chested; he had a ruddy complexion, blue eyes, light hair, and a pleasing expression of countenance. In character and disposition, he was frank, open-hearted and courteous; and though temperate himself, a friend of conviviality; a good speaker;—master of several languages, and rather fond of displaying his oratorical powers. Kind, generous, humane, easy of access, his affability never failed to gain the hearts of all who approached him; his popularity was therefore universal, and even the enemies of his cause and religion always avowed the highest respect and admiration for the man.

"Unaffectedly pious, he prayed openly before his troops; of fiery courage, he was the first to charge at their head on the day of battle; and the boundless sway which he exercised over the minds of his soldiers, became,

when added to his intrepid temper, the principal cause of his success. It naturally led to the adoption of vigorous and decisive measures: and Alexander and Charles XII. excepted, no great commander seems to have been more fully convinced than Gustavus, that a bold onset in war is already half the battle. But the very qualities, that almost chained victory to his standard, were ominous of his fate. He had received thirteen wounds, during his early campaigns; and this generous prince, the admiration of his own, and of all succeeding time, died at last, on battle plain, the death of a private soldier. He appeared on the dark scene of the Thirty years' War, as the sun when it bursts in splendour through a tempestuous sky; and even as that sun gilds with its parting beams the stormy clouds around, so did the lustre of the great King's fame brighten the black horizon to the last, and throw far aloft the rainbow of hope which continued to animate his followers, long after his gallant course was closed for ever."

The battle of Lützen, at which this glorious king was killed, and his great antagonist, the Duke of Friedland, was defeated, has often engaged the pen of the historian; but we never formed such a clear conception of the position of the contending parties in that celebrated conflict, as on reading our author's soldier-like description of the field and of the combatants. The details are too long for our insertion, but we must find room for a laconic letter from the Duke to Field-Marshal Pappenheim, on the discovery that the King of Sweden, by a sudden and unexpected movement, had the Imperial army almost in his power. In such an hour of danger, and when the alarm had thrown his men into great confusion, the Duke wrote as follows:—"The enemy is marching hitherwards. Break up instantly with every man and gun, so as to arrive here early in the morning. And I remain A. D. of M. P.S. He is already at the pass and the hollow road." "I found this letter," says Forster, "in the archives of Vienna; it was covered with the blood of Pappenheim, who had it in his pocket on the day of battle."

Of the battle itself:—

"About half-past eleven o'clock the sun began to break, with red and ominous glare through the haze: Lützen was discovered to be in flames: it had been set on fire to prevent the right wing of the Imperialists from being turned;—and stray shots, from the advanced parties, told that the expectant foes were gradually gaining sight of each other. The ardent courage of Gustavus could no longer be restrained. Placing himself at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, he ordered the army to advance, and exclaiming, "Now Lord Jesus give us aid; we are going to fight for the honour of thy holy name," led on towards the enemy. The shouts of exulting thousands who, under such a leader, deemed themselves marching to assured victory, replied to the order; and the gallant display of pennons and standards that waved high above the ranks of ancient war, told that the unconquered host was marching to the onset.

"A terrible fire of musquetry and artillery received them as they ap-

proached: it checked not the progress of troops who, on level ground, acknowledged no equal foes. The trenches are passed, but a heavy loss is sustained and much confusion occasioned in the ranks of the assailants. The left wing of the imperial cavalry charged by the Swedish cavalry under the king in person, is thrown and pursued across the plain. Equal success attends the centre: the blue, (the blue brigade was composed of British,) and yellow brigades, after scattering the troops that lined the road and carrying the seven gun battery, fall with determined resolution on the first line of the Imperial infantry. The serried mass of spears bears down all resistance; Wallenstein's musqueteers perish in the shock of the hostile lancers, and his front battalions are broken and forced to fly. The firing continues only near Lützen; the Swedes, masters of a great part of the field, shout victory, and deem the day already gained.

"But on the left they had been less fortunate. Bernhard of Weimar, exposed to a galling fire from the troops posted behind the garden walls and enclosures of the burning village, as well as to the fire of the seventeen gun battery, had been unable to make any impression. Gustavus, informed of the ill success of this wing, hurried to its aid. He re-formed the troops, and again prepared to lead them forward. Wallenstein was similarly occupied: riding from rank to rank, and from regiment to regiment, he brought the fugitives to a stand, advanced fresh corps and made a fierce attack on the brigades of the Swedish centre, who, disordered by their own success, was forced back across the road, and obliged to abandon the captured battery. The ever active Gustavus again arrested the progress of the Imperialists; and having, with uncovered head, returned thanks for the victory he thought already won, galloped forward, accompanied by a few attendants only, to see how the advantage could best be followed up."

"At this moment a musket ball shattered his left arm; and finding himself growing faint from loss of blood, he requested Francis Albert, Duke of Lauenburg, to lead him out of the battle. In attempting to clear the front of their own men, they came too near a party of the enemy, and the King received another shot in the back. 'Take care of yourself, brother,' said the unhappy Prince to the Duke of Lauenburg. 'I have got enough,' and instantly fell from his horse. The foe approached; the attendants fled; and even Gustavus, the great, the generous and the brave was abandoned in his dying moments. A page, the son of Baron Lübeling of Nuremberg, alone remained by the fallen monarch. This young man leaped from his horse and offered it to the King; but Gustavus was too feeble to mount: he only raised his hands, and the page was unable to lift him. A party of Imperialists rode up and asked, 'who was the wounded man?' Lübeling replied that he was an officer. The enemy, not satisfied with the answer, on seeing Swedes advancing, dispatched the King with several sword and pistol wounds. Gustavus, in expiring, said, 'I was King of Sweden.' Lübeling remained, mortally wounded by the side of his master: the storm of battle swept along, and both bodies, stript to the skin, were soon disfigured beneath the hoofs of vaunting enemies."

Such is the account our author gives of the death of Gustavus, in opposition to that which has obtained some footing in history,

ascribing the calamity to treachery. We must hasten to a close, and will make some circumstances connected with the last scene of Wallenstein's career serve as a suitable conclusion.

Suspicious having at last been entertained at Vienna to the prejudice of Wallenstein, and treason being laid to his charge, for which there does not appear to have been any clear grounds, he fled to Eger, to throw himself into the arms of the Allies, having nothing but his name and fame to recommend him to protection for an outlawed life. Nor was this protection readily granted. The particulars, the motives, and the parties connected with the tragedy to be now described, must be sought for in Colonel Mitchell's volume. We now introduce the last scene of all; and to Britons, it is galling to think that men born in these islands were among the most base and guilty of the murderers of Wallenstein, after several of his adherents and faithful followers had become the victims of the same assassins.

"No sooner had the dessert been placed on the table and the servants dismissed, than the signal was given. Geraldine instantly burst in at one door, exclaiming, '*Viva la casa d'Austria,*' while Devereux entered at the other, asking, 'Who are good Imperialists?' Butler, Gordon and Leslie sprung from their seats, drew their swords, and called out, '*Vivant Ferdinandus*;' on which the dragoons rushed at once upon the designed victims, as bloodhounds rush upon their prey. Kinsky was the first who fell; Illo was stabbed through the back in attempting to reach his sword, which hung suspended against the wall; Terzka alone contrived to get his sword, and throwing himself into a corner, resisted with the fierceness of a lion at bay. He reproached Gordon and Butler with their baseness, challenged them to single combat, killed two dragoons outright, disarmed Devereux, and mortally wounded Captain Lerda, before he sunk beneath the blows of the assassin band. Neumann had fallen, wounded, under the table, and in the confusion escaped out of the hall; but not knowing the countersign was cut down by the castle guard.

"The first act of the tragedy thus concluded, the principal conspirators proceeded to hold another council. Long habits of submission and obedience,—the fame, greatness and power of their victorious chieftain,—and the deference with which his subordinates had invariably looked up to Wallenstein as to a being of almost superior nature, awed for a moment even murderers, whose hands were yet dripping with the blood of noble and innocent men. Their council was of short duration. Gordon raised a feeble voice in the cause of humanity; and though he hinted that those might rejoice in the murder who would yet punish the murderers, his scruples were overruled by Butler, who better knew the parties he had to deal with. It was not very clear, indeed, that the Duke could be arrested: but it was evident that he would not prove an acceptable captive at Vienna. As a fugitive outlaw, he was no longer dangerous to the house of Austria; but his escape might be dangerous to those who should connive at it, and would certainly bring them no reward: his death was the

most agreeable service that could be rendered to the Emperor ; and avarice therefore sealed his doom.

Two shots having been fired at one of Terzka's servants, who had escaped from the citadel, Leslie made the soldiers of the main guard renew their oath of fidelity to the house of Austria, admitted a hundred more dragoons into town, and caused them to patrol the streets, and maintain the most perfect stillness. Towards midnight, Butler followed by Devereux and six dragoons proceeded to Wallenstein's quarters ; and as it was not unusual for officers of rank to call upon the General at late hours, the guard allowed them to enter. Devereux, with his party, ascended the stairs, while Butler remained below to wait the result.

"It is said that Wallenstein had, only a few minutes before, dismissed, for the night, an Italian astrologer of the name of Senni, who was then attached to his household, and who declared that the stars still boded impending danger, which Wallenstein himself either could not, or would not see. He had just retired to bed, and the servant who had undressed him was descending the stairs when he met Devereux and his party, and desired them to 'make less noise,' as the Duke was going to sleep ; but this is a time for noise," shouted Devereux, as he pressed on. Finding the door of the bed-chamber locked, he burst it open with his foot, and entered, followed by the soldiers. Wallenstein was standing at the window : startled by the screams of ladies Terzka and Kinsky, who lodged in the house opposite, and who had just learned the murder of their husbands, he had opened the casement, and was asking the sentinel what was the matter at the moment Devereux broke into the room. The sight of his long-honoured and long-obeyed commander, arrested not the hand of this bold and ruthless assassin ; 'Thou must die,' he exclaimed ; and Wallenstein, true to his pride of character, disdained to parley, even for life, with a slave and stabber. Dignified to the last, he threw open his arms to the blow, and sunk without a word or groan, beneath the first thrust of the traitor's halberd, the blade of which went right through his breast. Thus fell a man who, as Gualdo says, 'was one of the greatest commanders, most generous princes, and most enlightened ministers of his own, or of any preceding time : ' and thus ended the work, for the successful termination of which, the Emperor had caused prayers to be offered up in all the churches of the capital."

All this was done by order of the Emperor Ferdinand himself, as is too clearly proved by the snares laid for the Duke, and by the rewards that were showered on the murderers ; the whole being narrated and commented upon by our author in a manner that will gain him much credit.

ART. XII.—*Elements of Mental and Moral Science.* By R. BLAKET.
2 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. London : Duncan. 1837.

In this article we propose to discuss, somewhat in detail, a question which has not yet received its full share of attention from the public, viz., "What is the true foundation of Moral Science, as a branch

of Philosophical Study?" Is the distinction between right and wrong to be referred, as some of our controversialists would seem to intimate, only to the prescriptions of human law, or of public opinion, or even of the written law of God; or is it not rather to be traced back to the very constitution of the human mind? Are we, in order to follow it out satisfactorily in all its details of practical application, to confine our attention to any simply written institutions, to any *special* decisions, of what sort soever; or are we not rather, by a careful analysis of the mental faculties which God has given us, of the relations to each other and to the world around us, to ascertain the great principles of his government,—the leading outlines of his design in the creation of our species? Are we not, by the faithful pursuit of such an inquiry, to derive new confirmation of our faith in revelation; new motives to induce us, with gratitude and hope, to aim at rendering obedience to its commands? If, in the discussion of this question, we should dissent altogether from the positions of some writers on this subject, we yet trust that the general tenor of our views will serve to acquit us of the charge of holding Scripture in any lower esteem than those do who take an opposite view.

We are aware that in proposing such a discussion, we ask attention to a subject which is very far from popular, in regard to which, indeed, there exists a strong and deeply rooted prejudice in the public mind. The question as to the foundation of moral science has not, as we have said, received the share of attention which its importance merits. We may indeed go further, and extend the remark to the whole circle of the mental and moral sciences, and their dependencies. Metaphysical studies, as they have been unfortunately styled, are not the fashion. The revival, that has wrought such wonders for those departments of science which relate to the world without us, has not yet reached them; and our system of intellectual education presents to the reflecting observer a strange mixture of zeal for the diffusion of every other kind of knowledge, as of the utmost value to man, with comparative indifference to, and contempt for, that course of study, by which alone he can acquire a knowledge of himself. Ask the pupil of the modern system to give his attention to any one of what are called the physical sciences, and he will admit, to some extent at least, the propriety of your advice; but direct his notice to the laws of his own mental nature, ask him to observe and analyse his various emotions and processes of thought, to compare his own ideas, feelings, and actions, so far as he may be able, with those of other men; in a word, ask him to study the human mind, and he will plead his want of time to spare from his other and practical pursuits. It is enough for him that he does actually think and feel. As to the *modus operandi* in the case, that is of very secondary consequence. He will compass sea and land

that he may know, and thereby render subservient to himself, the powers of external nature; but self-knowledge, the power of understanding and acting on his fellow-man, the means of gaining that greatest of all victories, self-conquest, this is not at what he aims. The philosophy of the mind is, in his judgment, too abstruse and visionary to be thought of beyond the limits of the college, where the folly of his ancestors unhappily in former times prescribed some little waste of time upon it. Speak to him of the laws of reasoning, of taste, of morals, of the rules by which he may distinguish truth from error, the principles which draw the line between beauty and deformity, between right and wrong. He will tell you that he makes these distinctions well enough for all his purposes, without reference to any such rules or principles. All men make them every day. What need is there of puzzling over a dry text-book of Logic, or dissertations on the sublime and beautiful, or treatises on Moral Science? Mathematical certainty and the practical spirit of the age are contrasted with metaphysical speculations, and the argument is ended.

That this is no exaggerated picture, we appeal to every man's experience of the way in which, even by most of our intelligent men, every attempt to gain a serious hearing for such subjects is treated. *Theorist* is just now a name of magical effect. Does any man appeal from the few crude and casually picked up notions, which form the sum of most men's knowledge of human nature, he is at once set down to be no practical man. He is a visionary and enthusiast. His views are no safe guide for those who would aim at really *doing anything* in the world. For this we want plain experienced men, not dealers in systems, or pretenders to philosophy. As if he were not in truth the more strictly an experienced and practical man, whose judgments are formed not on his own chance observations only, but who has drawn also on the recorded experience of others, who has reflected on and arranged carefully the results of this wide induction, and has followed them out in their applications to the concerns of life. What is a theory, using the term in its true sense, and without the implied reproach which is unfairly connected with it, but a systematized, straight-forward statement of the results of long continued observation? Why are a comparatively few facts on any subject, collected by a single observer, more valuable than a far larger number, if brought forward as the result of many men's experience? Why is the knowledge of them to make a man a safe and valued counsellor, so long as they remain "without form and void," the burden of a treacherous memory, and to disqualify the same man for the same duties, so soon as, by the exercise of the higher powers of his understanding, he has reduced them to order, and it may be, written them in a book? When we are choosing an architect or engineer to construct our houses or rail-roads, or a gardener to

experiment on our flowers and vegetables, or a farmer to improve the breed and training of our cattle, we never think to stipulate that he shall not have gathered any of his knowledge from others. The more he has read or learned of his profession, or, in other words, the wider has been his field of observation, and the more closely and thoroughly he has explored it, the better for our purposes. Why is our course different when we are choosing a school-master for our children, or a religious and moral teacher, or a legislator, for ourselves? The principle is the same in the two cases. If limited knowledge is better than none at all, is not extended knowledge better still? So says common sense in every other case; so says not popular opinion in this.

Unpromising, however, as may seem the attempt to divert this current of public sentiment to its right course, the attempt itself must not therefore be given up. The present state of things in this respect is not one to whose continuance we can look forward with any satisfaction. We must call for the protest, and for the efforts of our directors of education, against it. Its results are to be seen in every direction, and the language in which they address us is sufficiently emphatic. Here the philanthropist, who seeks to improve the condition of his race, and who, in pursuit of this end, has to make war on any of the habits or institutions of society, is met with a triumphant appeal to existing laws and customs, to the opinions of distinguished men, or to that most absolute of all autocrats, the will of the public. To all his bright anticipations of the future, there is opposed a summary and unreflecting reference to the past. The saying of the wise man is wrested against him, and he is assured that "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun." To all his reasonings, drawn from the nature and prospects of man, to all his appeals to our benevolence and moral feeling, the contemptuous sneer of his opponent gives for answer, that what he is condemning has the sanction of the law, the authority of precedent, the support of public opinion. And this reply passes current with the majority of those to whom it is addressed.

The limits of a review do not allow us to trace the results of this all-pervading defect in our system of instruction, as they affect the controversies which are carrying on between the various sects into which the Christian world is divided, and to show how much their number, as well as their acrimony, is to be traced to this as a cause. We must pass on to a remark or two on the nature of the remedy for the evil.

On this head, our views are soon stated. The cause of the evil must be done away. Our course of education, so far as it tends to produce it, must be altered. Whatever be the defect in the early

training of the young, or in the later operations of society and its institutions on the adult, it must be supplied. In seeking to ascertain this defect, we must look below the surface. It is not enough that we redouble our exertions to teach well and universally what is already taught. Men may read and write, may even be profound in their acquaintance with the whole circle of the sciences, as fashionably taught, may be sound lawyers, dexterous as politicians, learned in theology ; and yet when weighed in the balances, may be found wanting as men and citizens, in the highest and most essential features of the character. The root of the evil is not, that the public in general, nor that our various classes of innovators and anti-innovators, moral, political, or religious, know too much or too little, talk too loudly or too slightly of the law, or of public sentiment ; nor yet that they are too well or too ill informed on general topics, or on the technicalities of religion. It lies deeper. It is that they know too little of themselves ; that they are not enough versed in the great principles which are at the foundation of all these controversies ; that they have not that which alone can serve them as their compass or pole-star, in the otherwise bewildering inquiry after truth. This knowledge we must give them, not indeed in the place of any other of the branches of what we rightly designate as "useful knowledge," but in addition to them all. They must learn the laws of the external world, so far as those laws can be ascertained, whether they relate to the abstract properties of space and number, which form the subject of demonstrative science, or to the simply observed phenomena of inorganic, vegetable or animal existence ; but they must not be left in ignorance—no, not even in *comparative* ignorance—of the laws of nature, as they act upon the highest of those existences to which our powers of direct observation reach, as they are manifested in the phenomena of the human mind. They must be made acquainted with this subject, not superficially, not as a matter of curious and interesting speculation merely, but as the great end and aim of all their previous studies, as the great business, we had almost said, of their life. Other knowledge they must be taught to regard as useful, highly useful ; but useful mainly, inasmuch as it may be made to minister to this. To construct rail-roads, to facilitate the intercourse of nations, to render the most fearful of the powers of nature ministers to our will and contributors to our power ; all this is well, is to be desired, and to be attained. But there is a higher object yet for our exertions, one which will yield us a far richer and more enduring reward, without which indeed all our other attainments will have rendered but half their blessings ; and this is the bringing of *ourselves* into that condition, individual and social, for which our nature is designed, the effecting, in the world within us, changes as striking, as miraculous, we might almost say, as those which our discoveries

in physical science have enabled us to bring to pass in the world without. We do not call in question the indirect influence which the spread of general information exerts towards this result, nor yet the more direct agency which the government of law, the restraint of private by public will, and the existing institutions of religion, have in producing it. But we want something more than this. We are not contented with anything short of *direct* knowledge in regard to any other branch of science. The farmer does not trust to a mere geologist the management of his crops, nor yet does he expect simply by his own practical knowledge of soils and their vegetable productions to make himself a successful rearer of cattle. Yet geology is found to contribute to the improvement of the soil, and therefore of the harvest; a knowledge of husbandry in general, is a help to the improver of cattle. So too with man. Every kind of knowledge will do something for him; but it is the *direct* knowledge of himself that will do most. It is on this, that he must base his laws, by this that he must form and estimate public opinion, by this that he must in no slight degree test his interpretations of that revelation whose provisions are all suited and addressed to himself. When he has done this, the great problem of human improvement will be solved.

But we shall be perhaps reminded that in our colleges this study has been long proscribed, and asked why these grand results of which we speak have not already ensued from it, if indeed it possess the high rank we award it? To this we answer, not by a denial of what any man may quote our college catalogues to prove, but by a brief comparison of what they state to be done in this matter, with what a true estimate of its importance, and a practical man's calculation of what is needed to render it efficient, would require. What then is the testimony of these witnesses? Some months, no doubt, are given, more or less, completely to mental and moral philosophy. But the time is much shorter than that devoted to the classics or mathematical departments, nay, often less than is allowed to the modern languages and the natural sciences. And it should be borne in mind, in making this comparison, that while both the ancient languages and the elements of mathematical and natural science are made the business of our preparatory schools; and while, with the exception of the classics, all the other branches we have named are regarded with favour, and very commonly pursued as studies after the college course is ended; there is no preparation made for the studies connected with the human mind before the student enters on them with his class, and scarcely ever the idea presented to him of continuing them for himself, when his daily recitations cease. Nor must we forget that the atmosphere of the college is not a little affected by that which prevails out of doors, and that our students mostly enter on this portion of their course with pretty unfavourable impressions as

to its utility, impressions which the common regulations of the course itself are little likely to remove. In general, the undergraduate finds his text-books on the two subjects almost wholly unconnected with one another. A philosophy of the mind is presented to him, which makes but very poor provision for any practical moral applications, and a philosophy of morals, which has as slender a foundation in any acknowledged theory of mind. Logic and Rhetoric also are in the same predicament ; neither the rules which profess to guide the mind in the search for truth, nor those which prescribe for the modes of its communication, being provided for by his mental science, or referring ever so remotely to it. Nor after he has left college, does the tenor either of professional and literary, or of more active life, tend to correct this idea. Law, medicine, criticism, are all pursued and carried on independently, or very nearly so, of the philosophy he has learnt. The duties of the man of business, of the teacher, of the citizen, are commonly performed without a reference to it. If we take into view all these facts, and they all bear on the question whether the human mind is studied as it should be, even in the course of what we call "a liberal education," we think there can be no doubt of its being at once decided in the negative. That under all these disadvantages, this study should nevertheless for the time force itself on the attention of our students so considerably as it does, and should be so highly estimated as it is by the few who continue to it that attention, is no slight evidence of what it might and would effect, were the influences which now act unfavourably upon its usefulness, displaced by others of an opposite character. This change, in our mode of education would render harmless the efforts of restless and interested men, of whom, unhappily, there are too many, both in this and other countries, who resolve every thing they dislike into nuisances which should be hated and abolished, whose reforms, if carried out, would level all institutions in a common ruin. The past and present are with them the subject of unqualified abuse. A futurity of endless change is their element. You warn them of the danger of sweeping and premature innovation ; of the necessary inferiority, in all that ought to constitute the citizen and ruler, of that uneducated class, to whose worst passions they are appealing ; of the immoral and destructive tendencies of many of their favourite and most popular doctrines ; of the difficulty even now, the impossibility ere long, of arresting the career into which they are urging the community. What is all this to them, or to those on whom they act ? The past abuses of aristocracy, the march of the human mind, the supreme and infallible decisions of the public will,—these are their watch words, irrelevant to be sure, but not therefore the less effectual for their objects. We are not stating here what has merely happened once, nor even what is now occasionally occurring. We speak of the prevailing feature of almost all our moral and political

controversies ; of the utter want of any commonly admitted principles of action, or tests of truth. Is this as it should be ? Ought not they, to whom these questions are committed, and by whose voice the settlement of them is for the time determined, to be aware that the terms "legal" and "moral," "popular" and "right," do not always mean the same ; that the enactments of human law, and the decisions of popular caprice, are often at variance with the dictates of that moral law, of which, so far as they go, they ought to be the exact transcript ; and that in all such cases, it becomes the faithful citizen to labour, by all right means, for their correction ? Let all such proposed changes, whether of law or of opinion, be canvassed, as minutely as their enemies can desire, but let their ordeal be a fair one. Let not those who contend on either side, by arguing on wholly different grounds from one another, and before umpires who cannot set either of them right. That this is so much the state of things at present, reflects no credit on the modes which have been adopted for the education of our people.

Nor is the effect of this system better on our religious controversies. The infidel raises a laugh at the follies of former days, and calls on men to reject for ever the religious systems, which have been in all ages so fruitful of them. It is in vain that the moral purity of Christianity itself is contrasted with the impure doings of its possessors. The scoffer is a sceptic about all this. He has not been brought up to draw such distinctions, and it is no wonder that his moral vision is too imperfect to perceive them clearly. The proof of the being and attributes of a God, offered by the noblest of his creations, the mind of man, and its adoptions to his other works, is too seldom and too slightly urged for him to give it much attention. The whole subject, indeed, is an obscure one. Is not the mind, with all its powers, the result of accident ? Have not even philosophers so considered it ? Has it really any constitution, properly so called, and if it has, what are its elements ? If there be indeed, as some think, a natural power of the understanding, whose office is to force on our minds the necessary connexion of effects with causes, and by enabling us to trace it in all things, to bear witness to that great *first* cause, to whose action all around and within us is to be ascribed, he has yet to learn its existence. If there be in the heart of man naturally implanted dispositions, leading him to do involuntary homage to whatever is above himself, to place unhesitating faith, nay, sometimes to take pleasure in truths which are yet incomprehensible to him, to "hope even against hope" for future happiness, these evidences of his inherent fitness for religious life are still unregarded by him. If, again, in the natural instincts of humanity to "do justly and love mercy," there is to be found an evidence of the justice and goodness of Him who made man in his own image, these instincts are not acknowledged by him. The divine enlarges on the

internal evidences of revelation, its harmony with human nature, its adaption to human wants ;—to what purpose ? The grounds of his reasoning are not recognised. Human nature and human wants are with most minds literally unknown quantities, and cannot be made an available standard. Perhaps, indeed, by some of his shrewder opponents, he may be reminded of the positions assumed in regard to this argument by certain even of his own class ; and the ex-cathedra declaration of others, that all systematic inquiries into human nature, have led more or less to anti-scriptural results, may be cited against him, as an evidence of the unreasonableness of his creed, or else of the utter emptiness of his argument in its favour.

And the people, in the meantime, whose judgment in this question is of so much moment, how stands the case with them ? Are they better fitted than the disputants to follow out these trains of thought, and in so doing, to avoid those sources of error which have thus misled the disputants themselves ? We know that most men never give a serious thought to such considerations at all. And yet to a mind that has ever reflected on them, they present by far the strongest and most unanswerable evidence of religious truth. The historical argument is a long one, and makes some demands on an unlearned man's *belief*, (and in the sense in which we here use the term, most men are unlearned,) in the *statements* of him who presents it. Every link of the chain has to be examined separately, and an impudent antagonist may easily, by a few well-chosen assertions, make the uninstructed quite incredulous as to its whole fabric. This, on the other hand, is an argument that comes home to every man who has but the preliminary knowledge of his own nature. There is no gainsaying its conclusions. "He that runs may read it." And can we hope, knowing as we do, how much more powerful with many a sneer is than *any* sober argument, that the defender of natural or revealed religion can succeed against the sneer of the sceptic, while he is himself unable to use with their full power, and his opponents and his hearers are alike unable to appreciate, his most convincing class of arguments ? We do not wonder at the rapid growth,—we will not say, of avowed atheism, because that form of infidelity is not just now prescribed by fashion, but we do say,—of a practical and indefinite scepticism, a disposition neither to believe nor to deny any point in morals or in religion,—a disposition which, if unchecked, may lead to almost worst effects than the noisiest and most open infidelity, by tending to abolish the land-marks, if it be possible, between truth and error.

It being our wish in presenting to those who desire the success of the great efforts at popular improvement, which are now making, the claims of the mental philosophy to be considered one of the most essential departments in the education of every class of men, we consider that a careful study of human nature as now manifested in

its various stages of comparative vice and virtue may and indeed will lead us, so far as it will lead at all, to right results as to its true character ; just as a careful study of any other portion of God's creation, will enable us to ascertain much that is true concerning it, and needs not conduct us to anything that is erroneous.

Man has been truly called an enigma. In one man we see the powers of understanding equal to almost any amount of observation and reflection, discovering truth and detecting error as if by intuition, while in another we find them hardly capable of exertion at all. Here we are struck by the perfect taste displayed in the conceptions of the poet or artist, there by the perfect incapacity of the multitude to do them justice ; here by the display of enlarged benevolence, strict integrity, and enlightened devotion, there by the indulgence of absorbing selfishness and revolting irreverence. The powers of the mind, like the organs of the body, produce mingled good and evil. Was this the object of their creation ? Was it designed, that what is believed by one man, should be either not understood or not believed by another, that what is beautiful in this man's eyes should seem devoid of beauty or perhaps deformed to his neighbour, that what we look upon as our duty to God or man should not be so regarded by those around us ? Or are we to suppose that these opposite results are traceable to any general rules of the Creator's government, one class of them springing from their being rightly observed, and the other from their being more or less infringed upon ? If so, what are these laws, and what would be the results of perfect obedience to them ? What are the proper sources of human belief, the rules by which we should distinguish truth from error ? What are the true principles by which man should be guided in his admiration of the beautiful ? And what, again, should be the general state of his dispositions towards his Maker, and towards his fellow-creatures ? The pursuit of these investigations leads us to the speculative sciences which relate to the constitution of the human mind. When we are seeking to learn the proper field of operation designed for the Intellectual Faculties, individually and collectively, that is to say, when we are engaged in the inquiry for the principles which should direct us in the formation of belief, we have entered on one of them. We may here give it the name of Logic, premising, however, that the sense in which we use the word, is much wider than is really allowed to it in our text-books, which profess indeed generally to explain the principles of reasoning, but mostly confine their attention to what is in fact but a trifling fraction of the whole field belonging to their science—the theory and practice of the Syllogism. The philosophy of taste is another of these sciences, having for its object the discovery of the laws, by which both the understanding and feelings should be guided in their estimation and admiration of the beautiful and poetic, whether in art or nature. Moral philosophy

is that other sciences falling into the same class, which treats of the balance that should subsist between the several powers of our intellectual and affective nature, in order to the right discharge of our duties to those beings, whatever their relations to ourselves, to whom our states of mind or outward actions, may have any reference. Setting out with the admission of the existence of conflicting tendencies to action in the human mind, and of the vast variety of views in regard to duty existing amongst men, it aims at showing the relations which these several tendencies should bear to each other in the mental economy, at deciding which of these various views should be adopted as correct. These sciences which we have named, may not perhaps be all that could be referred to this class. We do not here attempt to give a full catalogue of them. Any such attempt would belong to a work on the subject, rather than to an incidental notice. Our object is to show the position we conceive moral philosophy to occupy ; not to offer a classification, in some respects new, of other sciences. Logic, or as we might with our definition term it, the philosophy of belief, and the philosophy of taste, we have here referred to, rather in illustration of our views in regard to the philosophy of morals, than with any other design.

The "practical" part of the sciences which relate to human nature, is, we need hardly say, synonymous with the science of Education, taken in its widest sense ; the examination of all the means which can be employed to render man, in every respect, both in his bodily and in his mental constitution, what, from our previous inquiries, we conceive he ought to be. These means, of course, are various ; some acting solely on the organs of the body, others designed to affect the mind in one way or another. Education, in this view of it, is a vastly different affair from a mere theory of school-keeping. Every influence, the slightest as well as the most powerful, which, from the cradle to the grave, in the nursery, in the school-room, the college, or in after-life, may be exerted, no matter by what agent, on the bodily or mental condition, falls under its investigation. It aims not merely, as some would seem to think, at devising the best methods of communicating information, or of preserving discipline in a school, but at showing how we may produce the perfect and harmonious development of all the powers of the body and of the mind ; how we may put an end alike to the diseases which shorten and embitter life, and to the errors of judgment and of heart which endanger the well-being of the individual and of the community.

He only, as we all admit, can hope to succeed in the training of the body, who has become master of the sciences which teach the structure, functions, and design of its several parts. He only can be considered perfectly, that is, properly qualified to discharge his duties as a practical educator of the minds of his fellow-men, (and *all*

men *must* discharge them, well or ill, from the very fact of their being members of society), who has become acquainted with the powers of the mind and with the means by which they may all be conducive to the general good. Is it not time that more should be done to give men generally this knowledge?

We are aware that by some this statement of the province of Moral Philosophy may seem to be unnecessarily refined upon. What is moral science, they may ask, but the science which teaches us what we ought, and what we ought not to do? If by the word "do," be here meant all that is really comprehended in the idea of a "*moral action*," we are ready to adopt the definition; but if the word be used, as it most commonly is used, in its popular sense of "*doing*" as distinct from "*thinking*," or "*intending*," we cannot assent to it. Christ's epitome of the moral law refers to motives wholly. *Love* to God and man, is its precept; not mere prayer, or alms-giving. Even the older and less comprehensive epitome, given in the decalogue, has the same reference to the disposition. "*Honour thy father and thy mother*," and "*thou shalt not covet*," are among its injunctions. Virtue is not, as Dr. Paley defined it, simply "*the doing good to mankind*." A man may be highly virtuous, and yet not succeed in really doing good in any proportion to his virtue; or again, he may happen to be the greatest benefactor to his race, and yet not at all merit, from that fact, the character of a virtuous man. Expedient and inexpedient are the terms we should apply to actions, viewed separately from their motives; virtue and vice are qualities predicable only of the motives themselves. In common language, to be sure, we speak of virtuous "*actions*;" but in all such cases, our idea of the action so designated, if rightly formed, includes within it the intention of the act, as fully as the act itself. Our limits do not allow us here to enter on the discussion of what we deem the true theory of virtue.

To the formation of any clear view of the proper balance of the different powers of the mind with reference to the idea of right and wrong, it is of the utmost consequence that we have a clear conception of *what those powers really are* in their original constitution, which are concerned, directly or not, in the production of that idea. Nay, further, to the *satisfactory proof* of those fundamental doctrines of moral science, the real existence of any naturally implanted power of thought or sentiment having that special object, and the consequent authority of such power in the mind, it is almost, indeed we should be inclined to say, absolutely necessary, that by the researches pursued in the physical department of the science of mind, the power or powers themselves should be distinctly set forth and analysed, and their unity or plurality, their similarity or diversity of function, clearly shown. Thus, to explain our mean-

ing, the doctrine of the "moral sense," as it is called, is objected to on the score of the non-universality of the feeling which it supposes to be—an essential attribute of humanity. It is for the mental philosopher to show, that universality is not requisite to the establishment of its existence among the natural instincts of the heart, any more than the universality of sight among men is necessary to the proof that man was created with such a sense, or that of the faculties which discern the musical relations of sound, or lead us to abstract reasoning, to prove the natural power of man in the abstract to judge of music, or trace the connexion of cause and effect. The very existence of the words "right" and "wrong," establishes the natural existence of some power or powers of mind which have relation to them, just as that of the words "light" and "darkness," "harmony" and "discord," "cause" and "effect," proves that man was naturally made to see, to discriminate between sounds, and to pursue abstract reasoning. But again, it is objected, that men's judgments in the premises differ, that duty with one man is not the same duty with another. Here, too, the moralist must refer to the results to which the physical science of the mind will lead him. May not what he calls "the moral sense," be a result of the action of several powers, differing in their separate functions—of a feeling which simply prompts men to desire justice and to admit the obligation of duty, and of intellectual powers which discern, or seek to discern, those qualities of actions in which their propriety or impropriety consists? Nay, more, may not this combined result of impulse and reflection, be further modified by other natural impulses of the mind, more or less in particular cases at war with the direct influence of the moral feeling? If so, he may admit, to the fullest extent of the objector's wishes, that the strength of men's moral feelings, and the clearness of their moral perceptions, and the violence and peculiar character of their antagonist dispositions, vary greatly; that some men have hardly any conscience in their dealings, that others are sadly mistaken in their views of right; and yet he may insist and prove, that nature no more necessitated or designed these aberrations, than she did the want of sight or understanding in the blind or idiotic.

No degree of acquaintance with this analysis of a moral sense of any class of mental phenomena, can be too minute for the guidance of the constructor of a sound and comprehensive theory of Morals.

Before closing our remarks, we may be allowed to repeat the expression of our belief in and reverence for Scripture, as a communication of truth, moral as religious. We believe it to contain "*the only philosophy*," we believe it to communicate "*the wisdom of 'the only Wise,'*"; we desire not to see it make its obeisance to the chair of human science.

Still, while making these concessions, we have something to urge against the mode of applying them by some writers, to the case in question. Instead of resting satisfied, that truth as drawn from the careful study of the works of God, can only harmonize with that which is by a like process elicited from his word, and thereupon setting themselves in good faith, as we would have all men do, to develop the analogies which must subsist between the results of these two processes, these writers prefer to assume, that all who study the works of the Creator, and seek by that means to learn the laws of his natural government, unless they are willing, in so many words, to bind themselves to depart in no iota from the ideas of other men, as deduced from the *mere* study of the expressions used in the written law, are seeking to exalt "the dictates of their own sagacity" above the authority of the written law itself. The "science falsely so called," whose summary rejection by an apostle is insisted on by these kind of writers, had, indeed, no higher authority than that of human sagacity. It was the "wisdom" in which the Greeks of his day delighted, for which they looked in vain in the simple and pure morality of the Gospel; and which is not to be found any more in the book of nature by the philosopher, than it is to be traced in the writings of the apostle by the critic. That the student of nature should also be a student of revelation, is true enough; and it is equally true, that the student of revelation ought to be likewise an inquirer into nature. When the doctrines of Galileo, in regard to the solar system, was declared to be absurd and philosophically false, because it appeared to be contrary to a passage in the holy scripture, the mere study of revelation was proved to be insufficient to make men philosophically acquainted with the external universe.

Granted, that scripture treats far more directly of mind and its phenonema, than it does of the material world; granted, that whatever it states on these subjects is, and ever will be, absolutely authoritative:—does it therefore follow, either that it is designed to give us a full and complete account of all that man can profitably know in regard to them, or that, even as far as it goes, it presents to us the facts which it makes known, in the most systematic form, and in the most philosophical language? The truth is, that scripture throughout uses the terms in common use at the periods when its several portions were composed, as well in its statement of facts bearing on the mind, as of those which relate to matter. It was no more its design to unfold the philosophy of man in all its parts thoroughly, and in precise, defined, and unambiguous terms, than it was to perform the same task for any other branch of science. Its true object was to reveal to man, what he could not, but by revelation, have learnt with any certainty; and not at all to dispense with that necessity, which is laid upon him by the whole constitution of the world he lives in, to improve his state and prospects, bodily and

mental, by the use of all his powers of mind in acquiring every kind of knowledge of which they are capable. Suppose that, instead of the simple assertions which we find scripture to make, in popular language, of such detached facts and principles respecting the mind and moral truth in general, as were essential to its great design of making known the will of the Creator, a future world, and other mysterious and undiscoverable truths, it had taken the other course, and had attempted to reveal *all* that man could require to know of himself, and of his duties and interests here, as well as hereafter ;— what could it have been at its first appearance but a sealed book to those who were (as almost all then were, as too many are even now,) entirely unprepared by their previous knowledge for any such information ? What could it have been, in all ages indeed, but a standing contradiction to the course of divine providence in regard to every other branch of humanly attainable knowledge ? We have no sort of doubt that all the incidental statements which it does make, are in full accordance with what the true philosophy of man, as learnt by observation, has to disclose. And this belief is to our mind only a stronger motive to the faithful and independent study of that philosophy. The harmony of Scripture with itself, the truth and fitness of its representations of man, the force and meaning of its moral precepts, cannot be fully seen, until the nature of man and the laws of the universe as they bear upon it, are fully known.

Of Mr. Blakey's work, if we have not spoken so much at length in this article as its merits might seem to require, it is because its character precludes all hope of doing justice to it by any analysis or direct criticism, either of the whole or of any detached portions. We have preferred to vindicate the propriety and importance of the treatise, and to offer some remarks on the proper mode of pursuing it. If, by this course, we can induce our readers to study the work for themselves, we shall have done them a better service, than we could by any extracts or detached criticisms. As a whole, without making ourselves responsible for every one of its conclusions, we may say that we consider it a highly valuable work. We could have wished to find in it a greater amount of illustration, not only for the sake of giving interest to the work, but also as an essential in some cases to its full comprehension by merely casual readers. The author of such a work, it is to be presumed, will be far the best illustrator of his own views, and he should not therefore leave the task, in any considerable degree, to others. Future editions, of which we hope there may be many, might be advantageously enlarged in this respect.

ART. XIII.—*Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote.* By the Late H. D. INGLIS, Author of "Spain," &c. &c. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Whittaker. 1837.

IN the preface it is stated, that a small portion of this work appeared some years ago in the *Englishman's Magazine*. After the discontinuance of that periodical, and early in the year 1835, the manuscript of the whole, we are farther told, was prepared for the press; but before the printing could be begun, a mortal disease had seized upon the author, which prevented that superintendence on his part necessary to the publication of the volume. His widow has at length, however, sent forth the work; and in so doing will revive many regrets that the hand which could with such consummate skill wield the pen as these *Rambles* exhibit, should now be cold in the grave.

The work on Spain by Mr. Inglis, which has for years, and indeed ever since it first appeared, obtained great repute, being considered by some competent authorities as the most faithful account of that country which has been published in late times, especially as regards the social life of the people, must have prepared every one on learning that an entirely new volume was forthcoming, connected with the same field, and by the same writer, for a book of no ordinary interest and value.

It is mentioned in the preface, that this was not merely the author's last but his favourite production; and we think deservedly so. In it not only are the most characteristic features of Spanish life pictured with extraordinary clearness, and the *Don Quixote* felicitously illustrated, as well as finely criticised, but even as a book of sketches, both of character and scenery, it possesses uncommon merits; while the whole, whether it be in the shape of narrative or dialogue, exhibits a rare combination of ease, grace, and truth. The volume, in short, though small in size and unpretending as to the purposes contemplated by it, is quite worthy of the matured taste of such an accurately informed traveller and experienced delineator as Mr. Inglis is universally allowed to have been. The animation which he throws into the description of whatever his eye or fancy alights upon, these descriptions being one and all the faithful copies of first and warm impressions, forces the reader, at the very outset, to identify himself with the author, and so wins the attention that all along the two seem perfectly to understand one another, to see with the same eyes, and to participate in the same emotions. It is thus that we feel as if we had listened to the guides, muleteers, and others, with whom Mr. Inglis conversed during these *Rambles*, and mark with him in a manner never to be forgotten the national traits that his observant eye detected, which, however, by the generality of travellers, would either be unnoticed, or erroneously deciphered.

The passages about to be extracted will sufficiently show how truthfully Mr. Inglis could seize upon the characteristic features in the manners of the Spaniards, and how naturally he could dramatise them, so to speak, by making the colloquists, in the many conversations that occur, evolve and exhibit to the reader the precise points that had attracted his own attention, and which he wished to hold up to others. His sound admiration and happy appreciation of Don Quixote will also become manifest, while his criticisms and illustrations cannot fail to enlighten the literary world upon some obscure and nice matters which during his studies of that matchless work, and his Rambles in the supposed footsteps of its hero, occupied his discriminating powers.

The author finds himself in the ancient and truly Spanish city, Toledo; and one day, while looking towards the Toledo mountains, he remembers that La Mancha, the country of Don Quixote, lies beyond. Upon this, all the vivid and delightful recollections instantly started into being, which had been felt on first reading that imperishable monument of genius, and which had ever since been accumulating. He sees the tall spare figure of the courteous knight erect upon his Rosinante, and behind, in comic contrast, the square figure of Sancho, jogging on his dapple, the knight and the squire carrying on the while one of those dialogues which are the best of all comedies. A hundred other grotesque and vivid images start up and people La Mancha; and the next thought was about the pleasure it would afford to follow in the footsteps of the Don.

In this way the Rambles are very pleasantly introduced; yet in all the little connecting links or smoothing approaches which the author creates to give effect to the more important points to be illustrated, he never forgets that he is on Spanish ground, or to make use of those minor descriptive touches which prove his mastery over his subject and all its natural adjuncts. Thus on the morning that he started to cross the mountains, after having slept and fought by turns among mosquitoes and many other more silent enemies, he was soon mounted and, under the guidance of a muleteer, past the gates. But *past the gates* put him in mind of an occurrence, which illustrates the enthusiasm felt in Spain in relation to Don Quixote. He has no passport to go beyond Toledo, having intended to return to Madrid; therefore "when I applied to the dispenser of passports to cross the mountains to La Mancha, my request was met by a direct refusal. 'But,' said I, 'my only object is to visit a country hallowed by the genius of Cervantes; I am going to travel in the footsteps of Don Quixote.'" The revulsion in the functionary's feelings was instantaneous, and he granted the favour asked like one who thought himself favoured.

The muleteer who accompanies and conducts the Rambler, is a *character* of course, and is made to serve Mr. Inglis as a peg upon

which to hang a number of national traits. We must give this *worthy* precisely as represented by the author, together with the man's story, to show the important use that has been made of him.

"While slowly ascending the mountain, I had leisure for the first time to think of making acquaintance with my guide, and was ready with a couple of segars to secure his goodwill ; but he chanced to be at that moment busily employed, like a good Catholic, in heaping stones upon a cross—a record of murder, that stood by the way side ; I can hardly say *stood*, because it was laid prostrate by the weight of the stones that were heaped upon it. No where in Spain, that I recollect, are these crosses so frequent, as among the Toledo mountains ; and if one is to be murdered at all, it is fortunate to be murdered in the neighbourhood of so devout a city as Toledo ; for if every prayer that accompanies a stone laid upon the cross wipes off a year's punishment, as every good Catholic believes ; he must indeed be a very wicked man who is not speedily prayed out of purgatory. When my guide had finished his act of devotion, I entered into conversation with him. He was a slight young man, of three or four and twenty ; and it was evident that his dress by the profusion of silk cord and gilt buttons that covered his jacket and waistcoat, and by the open gaiters and white stockings, and crimson sash, that he was no native of Toledo, but an Andalusian.

" ' Si Señor,' said he in answer to my question, ' I am an Andalusian.'

" ' And how,' I continued, ' can you live elsewhere than in your own delightful country, with its delicious fruits and wines ?'

" ' There are reasons for most things,' said he, expressing this in the words of a Spanish proverb which I have forgotten.

" I was curious to know the reason of the muleteer, and so dismounting from my mule, and giving him a poke with my stick which sent him trotting on, I walked up the mountain path with my guide : two segars had already opened his heart, and two more completed the conquest ; and as we walked leisurely forward, he gave the following account of himself :

" ' I am a native of Malaga ; my father was drowned in the bay, while smuggling some tobacco ashore, and at seventeen I was left heir to his brown cloak, and his *Guadix* knife, the only two things he had left at home. It is an easy matter to live in Malaga ; a fine melon costs no more than a quarto, and four quartos will purchase as much wine as serves to wash down a dinner of melon ; and as for oil, it may be had for the asking.

" ' Things went on well with me for five years, and then all went wrong. Upon the day of the Feast of the Virgin of Rosalio ; I went with the only two quartos I had, and purchased a candle to carry in the procession. This I thought was only laying out my money to interest ; for I had speculated this way before, and had always been presented with a few *reals* by the friars, for increasing the respectability of their procession. As the procession was crossing the *Plaza Real*, a small puff of wind blew out my candle, and I held it to my next neighbour to light it again. This fellow happened to be a scoundrel who had served me a bad trick before, and whenever I lighted my candle he slyly blew it out ; till at last, one of the friars, thinking I was playing off a jest, told me I was a good-for-nothing fellow, to get about my business, and not disgrace the procession of the Virgin of Rosalio—and all the while, the rogue who blew out the candle laughed in my face ; but I put an end to his laughing ; I gave him my knife.'

" 'How,' said I, interrupting the muleteer, 'did giving him the knife put an end to his laughing?'

" 'I see,' continued the muleteer, 'you do not understand the *Andalus* manner of talking; I stuck my knife into him.'

" 'What! murdered him for blowing out your candle?' said I.

" 'Oh no, I gave him the knife for making a jest of me. It was a long Guadix blade, but I did not remain to see what happened; for I had no money to bribe the *Escribano*, and if the rogue died, I must have been hanged: whether he died or not is more than I can tell; but to make all sure, I have since paid for twelve masses for his soul, with some money of which I eased a merchant of Alicante; and so got good absolution for whatever might have happened. The friars were too busy with the procession, and the crowd was too much occupied looking at it, to notice an accident of this kind; so I got away unperceived, and concealed myself two days in the ruins of the castle, till all was forgotten, and then I left Malaga, and begged my way to Madrid. There I gained a few *reals* by sprinkling every one that entered the church of *San Isidro* with holy water; but in my zeal I was so lavish of it, that the door-keepers thrust me out and spoiled my trade; so that leaving that profession, I doubled my fortune by sitting near the *Prado*, with a bit of lighted rope for the use of the *Caballeros*, who wished to light their segars.'

" 'I had now amassed as many *reals* as bought me a basket and a couple of glasses, and I set up a crier of *agua fresca*. This is a good trade; the water cost nothing, and I got so many quartos that I never wanted for bread and grapes, or wine; and on feast days, I sometimes treated myself with a *puchero*: but this was too good to continue.

" 'One day after I had filled my cask, I lay down under the shade of the wall that surrounds the fountain of *Puerto del Sol*, and fell asleep; for it was the time of the *siesta*. A great many others lay about the fountain also, and the one who was stretched next me, I knew well had a grudge against me, because I wore a crimson sash and an embroidered jacket; and suspecting he meditated some mischief, I was almost as much awake as asleep. He was a sly rogue, a Biscayan; but he did not know that he had to do with an *Andalus*. I caught him making a hole in my case to let the water out; and *picaro*! I was not long in giving him my knife. The *Escribanos* in Madrid are not so easily bribed as in Malaga; and although I was not without money, I took advantage of the *siesta* to get out of Madrid without any one seeing me, which was no difficult matter, as everybody was asleep; and, before night, I reached Toledo. This mule I picked up by accident. Weeding some pepper, a few months ago in a garden close by the Tagus, I saw the mule swimming in the water, which was much swollen by the rains: this seemed a good opportunity to mend my fortune, and so by the aid of the Blessed Virgin I helped him out of the river, and I have made my bread by him ever since.' "

• A person may read half-a-dozen of recent tours without being able to apprehend one half so much of Spanish character and life as is impressed upon the mind by the animated sketch and dialogue now quoted. •

Mr. Inglis will have it that Miguel Estevan is the village in "a

certain corner of La Mancha," where "there lately lived one of those country gentlemen who adorn their walls with a rusty lance and a worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the skeleton of a horse to course with a starved greyhound." Here the Rambler falls in with a barber, who is no unworthy representative of Master Nicholas, and must, in fact, be the descendant of that veritable personage. This barber, in short, is a shrewd and lively fellow; and so enthusiastic in regard to the Don that the reader might go through several volumes with him, and be sorry at the end to lose sight of him, such wit, adventure, and taste are displayed in the course of his story. Before giving any specimens of its details, we cite some account of La Mancha and its natural productions.

"The olive is almost the only tree found in La Mancha, and La Mancha is undoubtedly one of the ugliest countries under the sun; let nobody be deceived by the words of the song, 'O remember the time in La Mancha's shades,' for there are no shades in La Mancha.

"The character of La Mancha may be thus briefly given: wide, unin-closed, and sometimes swelling plains covered with scanty crops of grain, interspersed with saffron fields. Often the eye ranges over extensive reaches of sand, bearing no crop. Olive trees, sometimes planted in line, sometimes scattered, form the only shade from the scorching sun, that before the summer has far advanced, drinks up the scanty waters of every rivelet, and turns the herbage from green to brown. The river Guadiana, indeed, traverses La Mancha, and always flows a respectable river; but all its tributaries are small; and in summer, carry no tribute at all.

"As for the wine of La Mancha, in which, Sancho Panza found a solace for many of his hardships, its goodness depends altogether upon the skin in which it is carried; for unless the skin be old and well-seasoned, the best *val de penas* acquires an unpleasant flavour. But it is impossible that the wine of La Mancha should be carried otherwise than in skins; the roads are only fitted for mules, and skins can be more easily and more safely carried across mules than casks; but indeed casks are out of the question in a country in which there is scarcely any wood. It is no contemptible art, that of drinking out of a wine-skin without spilling the wine and drenching the bosom; the wine-skin is held horizontally, one hand supporting its rotundity, and by the pressure of the fingers, the wine is thrown forward to the neck, or narrow part of the skin. When, in the translations of Don Quixote, we meet with the word *bottle*, we must substitute skin, otherwise the sentence will sometimes be unintelligible; as for example, when, after the adventure with the windmills, we find Sancho visiting his *bottle*, and discovering that it was much more *lank* than it was the night before."

Now for some portions of the barber's story, and a few specimens of illustration and criticism.

This worthy is a native of La Mancha; the son of a porter to a Dominican convent, and who in the course of his endeavours to better his fortune, and that he may have the frequent pleasure of tasting savoury viands, is ambitious to get into the service of some dignitary of the church. It is not long before he is engaged by a

certain *cura*, and already fancies himself transferred to the domestic establishment of an Archbishop. Under the *cura*, however, he smells rather than tastes of the stews, the reverend pastor choosing that only his housekeeper shall share of the dainties of his house. In these circumstances, the aspirant every night found his way to his master's storehouse, and by nibbling round the bread, cheese, and bacon that was there preserved, not only satisfied his appetite, but escaped being suspected of theft, the rats and mice bearing all the blame. But this was not all, for the *cura* after abusing the little thieves, always pared off all the nibbled parts, and handed them to his man, saying, "eat, Lazaro, you rogue, rats are clean things."

But Lazaro is an ingenious lad, and is resolved to lose no opportunity that may offer him an advantage.

"One day, about this time, after I had been employed in cleaning the ornaments on the *major altar* in the church, I stole on tiptoe into the sacristy; God forgive me for my intention,—a slice of salted ood for breakfast, had made thirsty, and the sacramental cup I knew was brimful. I had scarcely entered the sacristy, when I heard the footstep of the *cura* pass through the church, and I had only time to hide myself under the petticoats of the virgin of St. Pilar, (the image of the virgins and female saints in the convents and churches, are arrayed in garments so ample that an excellent shelter might be found where the barber sought it,) when my master entered the sacristy, accompanied by a stranger dressed as a pilgrim, who, after the door had been shut, produced from below his habit, a small wooden box, which he opened, and put into my master's hand.

"You perceive," said the stranger, "that it is as withered as the ear of an antiluvian ass—it would deceive the very devil."

"Hush," said the *cura*, "recollect where you are," at the same time glancing towards the virgin of St. Pilar, whose petticoats slightly moved, and crossing himself,—it is not necessary that it deceive the devil, if it but deceive the Superior of the Carthusian convent."

"How much am I to get for it?" said the pretended pilgrim.

"That must depend," said the *cura*, "upon the value set upon it by the superior of the Carthusians; put up the ass's ear, and we will go together to the convent,—surely an ear of the ass that made the triumphal entry into Jerusalem must be worth half the convent treasury; and as my worthy master so delivered himself, he turned towards the virgin, as was his usual custom on leaving the sacristy, made his genuflexion, and crossed himself. Whether it might be the ludicrous contrast between the sanctified face with which my master, from habit, paid his respects to the virgin, and the smile and roguish wink with which he had received the box from the pilgrim, that roused my risible faculties, I am not able to tell; but I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. At first my master trembled from head to foot, and crossed himself as fast as ever thumb could move; but common sense soon came in place of superstition; for if the virgin of St. Pilar had thought fit to show her displeasure by laughing, the laughter would certainly not have proceeded from under her petticoats. In short, the *cura* discovered all; and dragging me from my hiding place, and telling me to remain in the sacristy till he returned, he went out and locked the door.

"I expected nothing less when he returned than an unmerciful beating; and was therefore greatly and agreeably surprised, when, again entering the sacristy he addressed me thus, 'I perceive Lazaro, that thou art an ingenious, as well as a gluttonous youngster; for thou not only makest the rats and mice hide thy delinquencies, but even the petticoats of the virgin of St. Pilar cover both thee and them; thou hast heard what passed betwixt me and the pilgrim?'"

"I heard all," said I, "and saw"—"No matter what thou sawest," interrupted he, "I may have occasion for thy services; be discreet and secret; henceforth thou shalt dine at my table every day," and so saying he walked out of the sacristy.

"This was the most agreeable change in the world; the *cura's* stews, though scarcely equal to those of the *Duque de San Carlos*, were delicious to one who had been obliged to nibble for six months like a mouse; my master loaded me with kindness; and one day, when we were in the sacristy together, he made me his confidant.—'The monks of the Carthusian convent,' said he, 'are making a collection of relics; the superior, *'tiene mas dinero que ingenio,'* has more money than brains.—and we, who are wiser and poorer, diminish his treasury, and stock his relicary. Harkee, *Lazaro*,' continued he, 'the fool is not yet satisfied; thou art not wanting in wit; my invention is nigh exhausted,—the *aas's* ear was a last effort, and proved a hit; but if thou canst think of any thing new, half the profits shall descend into thy empty pockets,'"

"This was encouragement, and I set my brains to work forthwith. One day passing through one of the streets on the outskirts of the city, I saw a cock standing upon the wall of the Franciscan convent garden, and I said to myself—'Que alegria,' for a happy thought struck me. When it was dark I stole from my master's house, and making my way to the garden of the Franciscan convent, I surprised a cock in the hen-roost; and next day finding myself alone with my master, I produced a cock's tongue, and said, 'what will hinder you from placing this in the relicary of the Carthusian convent, as the tongue of the cock that drew to St Peter?'"

"'Tis too fresh and too red," said the *cura*.

"Put it in the stew pan," said I—'twill frizzle as dry as if it had not crowed for a century.'

We are not exactly pleased with some points of the humour of this passage; nor is it agreeable to the reader to find certain most solemn associations brought into contact with broad farce, as they are here done, however descriptive the supposed incidents may be of the superstitions and trickeries meant to be illustrated. We progress with the Rambler.

Mr. Inglis says that all the women of the lower orders in La Mancha, wear the skirts of their petticoats thrown over their heads; which explains a passage in Don Quixote. When Theresa, Sancho's wife, is informed by her husband what honours await her, she replies that she would not have those who knew her in her humble condition say, should she dress herself as a countess, "Mind Mrs. Pork-feeder, how proud she looks, it was but yesterday she toiled

hard at the distaff, and went to mass *with the tail of her gown above her head instead of a veil!*" In farther proof of the accuracy of the pictures left by Cervantes; the maids of La Mancha are, in respect of looks, extremely plain. Accordingly no where in Don Quixote, are higher expressions employed in describing their personal recommendations, than calling them "hale" or "buxom."

In reference to the popularity of the Don Quixote in Spain, the following notices are illustrative:—

"It is certainly a curious fact, but one well worthy of being recorded, that of the eight or ten muleteers with whom I shared the stew in this posada, not one of the number was ignorant of Don Quixote and his doings—nor of the claims of Cervantes to the veneration of his countrymen. In a country where book learning is so scantily diffused, and where so few of the lower orders are educated, one might imagine that anything like minute knowledge of the work of Cervantes would be a miracle. It is true, that there is no English novel so bound up with the manners and scenery of the country,—none so powerful in genius,—none of such brilliant invention—so rich in all that stamps a work with immortality, as this production of Cervantes; and that in all this, no proof can be offered so strong, as that which arises from the fact I have stated—the more universal and more intimate knowledge of the adventures of Don Quixote, which is found to pervade all ranks in Spain, than any similar kind of knowledge existing among the peasantry of perhaps any other country in Europe. I never omitted an opportunity,—not in La Mancha only, but in other parts, remote from the scene of Don Quixote's exploits,—of ascertaining the existence of this knowledge; and I believe I may safely say, that I never mentioned Don Quixote to a muleteer, or a peasant of any condition, without finding myself understood; an ignorant stare was never the answer I received; and I think I may even go so far as to assert, that I never found any one unacquainted with the name of Cervantes. I should certainly say, that the popularity of any other author, in any other country, is absolutely nothing, in comparison with the popularity of Cervantes in Spain.

There is a great abundance of rosemary in La Mancha, which elucidates a passage in Don Quixote. Sancho, when the Knight abides in the goat-herds' shed, speaks of the wound which the windmills inflicted, and wishes for a balsam to cure it; and this balsam is prepared, being made of the leaves of rosemary, "which grew plentifully around the shed." Besides, it is stated, that to bruise the rosemary-leaf, and to mix it with oil is a usual remedy in the province for such injuries as the Don had sustained in his encounter with the windmills.

"The herds spread upon their skins great quantities of acorns," which led to the Knight's famous eulogium upon the golden age. How is this, since these oak-trees are seldom or never met with in La Mancha?

"Scarcely anywhere on the plains of La Mancha, have I seen any other trees than olives; but the reader requires to be informed, that the acorns

spoken of in the translations of Don Quixote, are not the acorns of our English oak, which is rarely found in Spain, but the ilex-nut or fruit of the ilex, which is sometimes called the evergreen oak: and this name as well as the similarity in the appearance of the two fruits, may excuse the translation into the word acorn. The goat-herds were not singular in spreading these acorns upon their table; wherever the ilex is abundant, its fruit forms an article of sustenance for both man and beast. In all the markets of Andalusia as well as La Mancha, baskets full of ilex nuts are exposed for sale, and almost every peasant has a pocket half filled with them, though indeed, in the date districts, dates take the place of ilex nuts. Sancho it appears was not neglectful of the acorns, for while his master delivered his harangue, 'he kept his teeth employed upon the acorns.'"

We now introduce a sample of the criticisms in which the Rambler and the Barber frequently indulge themselves.

"As we have just mentioned the adventure of the fulling-hammers,' said I, 'and are even now near to the spot where it took place, I will disburden myself of a thought that I have had about this same adventure; and if thou can'st help me to an explanation of my difficulty, I'll be thy debtor.'

"Your worship is welcome,' said the barber, 'to all my poor stock, if aught I know or think can help us in a difficulty.'

"It seems to me, said I, 'that it is an error in Cervantes to make his hero conscious of his delusion: which, in the adventure of the fulling-hammers, he is; for when the morning dawned, and they discovered that the sounds which had so terrified Sancho, and so elevated the chivalrous hopes of the knight, were occasioned by six fulling-hammers, and when Sancho gives way to laughter, at the expense of his master. Don Quixote says, 'I will not deny that that which has happened to us, is ridiculous enough;' now why in this instance, should the knight be represented as yielding his senses to the same evidence as that to which the senses of other men surrender, when he has not done so, in any of his previous adventures. When for example, he has been vanquished by the wind-mills and when Sancho, distressed at the bruised condition in which he finds him, says, 'did I not assure you that they were no other than wind-mills? I believe, nay am certain, that the sage Freston, who stole my closet and books, has converted those giants into mills in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow.' Then again, when after the adventure with the flock of sheep, when the knight is in the most grievous plight, and when Sancho, 'beholding with amazement, the madness of his master,' and coming to his assistance, says, 'did not I warn you signor Don Quixote to turn, and assure you that those whom you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent sheep?' 'How strangely,' replies the knight, 'can that miscreant enchanter, who is my enemy, transmogrify things to thwart me; the malicious wretch who persecutes me, envying the glory I should have gained in this battle, doubtless metamorphosed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep.' Now, in the adventure of the fulling-hammers, can'st thou friend give me any reason why Don Quixote should not in place of admitting the thing to be ridiculous, and

that he had been deceived, have ascribed what he saw to the machinations of the enchanter his enemy, and have asserted, that the fulling-hammers had been something else than fulling-hammers ?'

" 'Your worship,' said the barber, 'has started a difficulty that did at one time occur to me also ; but I think it can be made clear, that nothing can in this be charged against Cervantes, or the consistency of the character of the knight, or of his adventures, one with another. Don Quixote never refuses at any time, to receive the evidence of his senses ; and on no occasion does Cervantes carry his delusion to such a length, that we are forced to conclude his hero to be insane. His madness is on all occasions a madness that the reader has some sympathy with. In the adventure of the windmills, he has just sallied forth, eagerly looking for adventures, and it must be recollected that the adventure of the fulling-mills differs from the adventures which your worship has just instanced, wherein he did not admit that he had been deceived : and indeed, the fulling-mills ought not to be called an adventure at all. In the adventures of the windmills and the flock of sheep, the delusion of the knight is carried to the utmost length to which Cervantes could safely carry it ; his mental delusion does not vanish with the discovery that he has been attacking windmills, and slaying sheep ; he yields to the evidence of his senses indeed, in admitting them to be windmills and sheep ; but the same delusion that led him to fancy the windmills giants, and the sheep armies, suggests to him, that like other knight errants, he has supernatural enemies, and that the windmills and the sheep which he now sees, are the work of enchantment : but in the adventure, as it is called, of the fulling-hammers, the knight has never been under any positive delusion ; he has never asserted even, what the nature of the adventure is, in which he is about to be engaged. He and Sancho are in a thick wood on a dark night, and singular sounds are heard ; and the knight, his head as usual running on adventures, fancies one to be at hand ; but he gives no hint of what he expects it to be, nor ever once explains to Sancho the causes of the sounds they hear. If, contrary to the advice of Sancho, Don Quixote had spurred Rozinante amongst the fulling-hammers, first telling him that these sounds were occasioned by giants, or by any thing else upon which his fancy chanced to run, then there is no doubt that when morning dawned upon the discomfited knight, he would have told Sancho, and would have believed, that he had encountered giants or enchanters, and the fulling-hammers now before them were so by the power of enchantment ; but after Don Quixote had remained quietly in the wood during the whole night, and when the day-light discovered the occasion of the sounds they had heard, it would never have done to have made the knight affirm that these had been giants or enchanters ; for in this case, he had never been under any delusion, and had never acted upon any delusion. To your worship or myself caught in a thick wood, on a dark night, the sounds of the fulling-hammers would have appeared as singular as they did to Don Quixote and Sancho.'

" 'I perceive friend,' said I, 'thou hast thought upon this to some purpose ; and thy explanation has greatly assisted in clearing away my difficulty ; and besides, as thou hast already told me, the exploits of the knight are not to be regarded as the sole purpose and interest of the book. Some

adventures are necessary to bring out the characters of the knight and his squire, and the ludicrous contrasts between them. The bravery of the one, and the cowardice of the other, are forcibly displayed while they rest in the dark wood; the knight sitting on his steed, desiring his squire to straighten the girth, that he may be prepared, and the squire fast embracing his master round the leg, fearful of moving an inch from his stirrup."

We must return to the Barber's story. The pilgrim whom the *cura* had sent to the Superior of the Carthusians with the relic, returns with a large sum as the price of it, which Lazaro contrives to appropriate chiefly to himself. Stealing up to his garret, and leaving his master asleep, he there begins to count over the amount, planning a thousand projects for extracting enjoyment from the sum, when suddenly the door is closed behind him, and the key turned in the lock. Here he is left till hunger wrings his stomach. At last the *cura* returns, but refuses to liberate the prisoner excepting upon certain conditions.

" 'Master,' said I,

" 'Listen to me, Lazaro,' said he. 'I'll starve thee to death, as sure as thy name is Lazaro; no one can ever hear of thee more; I'll have thee dried when thou'rt dead, and sell thy carcass to the Carthusians as a relic; but if thou wilt push the pieces of money one by one below the door, and if, when I reckon them, I find that thou hast fairly accounted to me, thou shalt dine upon the most savoury stew that ever descended into thy stomach.

" 'The temptation was scarcely to be resisted, but I was in hopes of a better bargain, and answered nothing: the *cura* saw my hesitation, and took advantage of it. I heard him leave the door, and in a few minutes he returned.

" 'Now, Lazaro,' said he, 'I have brought thy dinner: here is beef, and pork, and a rich gravy, and *garbanzos*, and bread. I will make this agreement with thee: I will give thee of the stew in spoonfuls, underneath the door; and for each spoonful thou receivest, thou shalt shove me one piece:' at the same instant, I saw the spoon filled with steaming stew, pushed towards me.

" 'This first spoonful thou shalt have for nothing,' said Cirillo, 'but if thou would'st have a second, it must be paid for.' The temptation was not to be resisted; one scanty spoonful after another, descended into my stomach, while an equal number of pieces descended into the *cura*'s pocket; and so outrageous was my appetite, and so excellent the stew, that I was soon eased of the greater part of my treasure."

The illustration by George Cruikshank, of the process of barter carried on between the *cura* and his man underneath the door, is like all his other efforts, exceedingly comic, and true to character at the same time.

The *cura* liberates Lazaro after he finds that the pieces of money had all been transferred from the inside to the outside of the door. The youth thinks it high time to pursue his fortunes elsewhere. He

soon obtains employment as a barber in a convent; for though the friars wore at times long beards, they were artificial appendages; and therefore the under growth had to be kept in due subordination. In remuneration for the performance of his important duties, the barber was to be well fed, and also to have sufficient wages; but as this latter item in the bargain was to be laid out in the purchase of masses for the young man's soul, it seemed to him that it was taking, on the part of the friars, with one hand and giving with the other. However, trusting to his ingenuity he entered into office, and had reason to thank his stars afterwards for his fortune.

"Well may I bless the day that led me to the Franciscan convent; for had Providence otherwise disposed of me, I should have remained for ever ignorant of the adventures of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha: nor should I otherwise have ever followed the calling of my ancestors in the village of Miguel Esteban.

"I observed that among all the reverend fathers, no one was so studious as the friar who had brought me to the convent. Not content with the hours that were set aside for devotional exercises, a book was never out of his hand. There was only one occasion upon which he ever intermitted his studies: and that was, when his chin was under my management; but one day so deeply engaged was he (as I then thought) with his devotions, that he placed the book upon his knee, and with downcast eyes continued to read whilst I performed my duties; and judge of my amzeement, and I may even say affright, when just as I was putting the last polish upon his chin, the friar burst into the most immoderate fit of laughter that ever was heard within a convent walls; and so ungovernable was his mirth, that even the sight of his own blood appeared rather to increase than to diminish his risibility.

"In the name of God, Reverend Father,' said I, 'what has befallen thee?'

"Canst thou read?' answered the friar, 'for if thou canst, 't will save me the trouble of telling thee the cause of my laughter.

"Luckily, Sir,' said I, 'I am able to read; that accomplishment was taught me by a Domin——.'

"No matter who taught thee,' interrupted the friar: 'read there, while I attend to the cure of this wound, which has not been occasioned through thy fault.'

"It was this moment that first opened up to me that treasure of knowledge and delight that is contained in the work of Cervantes: that moment will never be forgotten by me. The friar had intended to open the book at the page where he had been reading; but ready to drop down with laughing, he could only put the book into my hand. For my own part, I began at the beginning; half the friars went unshaved that day; and when my patron returned from the refectory, he found me still deeply engaged with his book.

"I perceive, Lazaro,' said he, 'that thou art worthy of my care,' and so much satisfied was he with some reflections I made upon what I had read, that he affectionately embraced me; and sitting down, explained to me the spirit and object of the book, and descanted upon its perfections.

One observation I well remember. 'When I laugh,' said he, 'it is at the contrast between Don Quixote and his Squire, not at the adventures; these make me sad; for it is melancholy to see the noble-minded knight always the dupe of his own illusions.' "

In this way does the Rambler and his guide discourse of every thing that may be supposed to come in their way, while treading the footsteps of Don Quixote. The plan of the work admits of every sort of discussion, and abounds with digressions and stories, all of them, however, bearing upon the main points, which are the exhibition of Spanish life and character, and the elucidation of the most celebrated of romances. Whoever sits down to read an account of the Don's wonderful adventures and exploits, should end with a perusal of these Rambles, which is sure to equip him for a renewed study of the same inimitable production; which renewal will in consequence of such preparation, be far more delightful than the first reading was felt to be. Mr. Inglis's name and his Rambles in La Mancha, will descend together, and be admired when the present generation is no more.

NOTICES.

ART. XIV.—*First Report of the Metropolis Churches Fund, June 23, 1837.* London: Clay.

THE Report states that, in the month of April, 1836, an address was put forth by the Lord Bishop of London, calling the attention of the friends of the church to the great and increasing want of church-room in the metropolis, and urging upon them the duty of making a combined and vigorous effort to supply it. It was at the same time proposed to raise a fund, sufficient to defray the expense of erecting at least fifty new churches or chapels in the metropolis; and this appeal has been most promptly and liberally responded to. It is stated that even before any specific proposals for the distribution of the fund were issued, spontaneous offers of subscriptions were sent in to the amount of upwards of 30,000*l.*, and the amount of subscriptions up to 20th June instant, which is rather within twelve months since the establishment of the fund, is 117,423*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Much more, of course, requires to be contributed before the objects contemplated can be attained. But the general amount, and a sight of the individual subscriptions, show that on the part of very many of the middle classes in the metropolis as well as of the higher orders an earnest and strong attachment exists towards the establishment, as well as a sincere desire that the people at large may have access to religious instruction and privileges.

ART. XV.—*Considerations on the Vital Principle; with a Description of Mr. Crosse's Experiments.* By JOHN MURRAY, F. S. A., &c. London: 1837.

CONSIDERABLE noise has been made regarding certain experiments pur-

sued by Mr. Crosse, by which it is alleged that he has discovered not only that the Galvanic agent or electricity is the vital principle, but that he has been potent enough to exhibit the operations and results of this principle, he being its director. No other meaning can be attached to this pretension than that he believes himself capable of creating organized beings; and if such power and skill be his that he can make the smallest animalcule, we do not see why the like manipulations might not by an extension or modification of the same means, to use Mr. Murray's ideas and words, form an elephant or rhinoceros, or even man. The consequences of all this must be an unqualified atheism; for it substitutes material means over which man has controul, for an eternal, invisible, omnipotent, and omniscient cause.

Similar vagaries and dreams have long occupied the minds of certain French and other continental speculators, and are even at this day openly promulgated. Nay, in our own country, theories and assumptions of a kindred nature have of late obtained ground to some extent, to the alarm of many. To all such we recommend a perusal of these "Considerations," assuring them, that whether they be scientific persons or otherwise, they will find themselves re-assured and built up in that faith which makes the good and the wise rejoice. Mr. Murray's pamphlet is really a pithy weapon in behalf of the most sacred truths, and deserves to be recognised as a permanent authority.

ART. XVI.—*A Descriptive Account of the Palo de Vaca, or Cow-tree of the Caraccas. With Chemical Analysis of the Milk and Bark.*

By JOHN MURRAY, F. S. A. &c. London: Wilson. 1837.

AMONG the many wonderful vegetable substances which the Almighty has created for the sustenance and to delight the eyes of man, none is more worthy of admiration than the Cow-tree. Hear a part of what the author of the present "Account" says and quotes concerning this extraordinary production.

"Among the magnificent spectacles of tropical forests, and their glorious architecture, there is none, methinks, that so rivets to the hallowed spot our feelings and sympathies as the wonderful 'Cow Tree.' The excellences of the sublime and beautiful here mingle together; and there being not only 'what is beautiful to the eye but good for food,' the sentiment of gratitude mingles in the affections, and gives a new pulse to the 'genial current of the soul.' 'Abest invidia' I would wish to say, but I must needs confess that I envy the happy feelings of Baron de Humboldt and Sir R. K. Porter, at the sight of this magnificent tribute of creative good. Dr. Wallick in genuine enthusiasm, 'leaped for joy,' at the spectacle of the *Amherstia nobilis*, with its vermillion canopy of dazzling blossoms; Sir Stamford Raffles stood astonished when he contemplated the flower of Sumatra, that bears his name, and displays a disc of nine feet circumference; and the great and gifted Linnæus knelt down on first beholding Albion's beautifully blossomed furze!—but what a train of exalted associations are kindled by the peaceful grandeur and lofty majesty of the *Palo de Vaca*! Fountain trees, whistling trees, and cannon-ball trees, all must wane before the 'Palo de Vaca.'

"Humboldt describes the 'Palo de Vaca,' or 'Cow Tree,' as growing on

the shores of the Cordilleras, and found most plentifully between Barbula and the lake of Maracaybo :—“ On the barren flank of a rock,” says this interesting writer, “ grows a tree with dry and leather-like leaves ; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried ; yet as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sun-rise this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then to be seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at the surface. Some employ their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice for their children. This fine tree rises like the road leaved star apple. Its oblong and pointed leaves, tough and alternate, are marked by lateral ribs : some of them are ten inches long. We did not see the flower. The fruit is somewhat fleshy, and contains a nut—sometimes two. The milk, obtained by incisions made in the trunk, is glutinous, tolerably thick, free from all acrimony, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of the tatuno or calabash tree. We drank a considerable quantity of it in the evening, before we went to bed, and very early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest injurious effects. The viscosity of the milk alone renders it somewhat disagreeable. The negroes and free labourers drink it, dipping into it their maize or cassava bread.”

Mr. Murray has applied his chemical knowledge to the “ Analysis,” in a most interesting manner ; and has found that this singular tree, which grows to a prodigious size, possesses extremely valuable properties in respect of the “ feast it provides “ in the wilderness.”

“ The ‘ Palo de Vaca,’ whether considered in reference to its ‘ MILK,’ or rather *cream*, or its BARK, affords phenomena among the most remarkable of the wonders of vegetation. Both the ‘ milk’ and bark contain the elements of nutritious and wholesome food for man, and BREAD formed of its bark would be almost equal to the *cereal*ia, or that made from corn,—‘ the finest of the wheat ; ’—for the immediate or proximate parts of wheaten flour are found in the bark of the *Cow Tree*—so that the ‘ Palo de Vaca’ yields both BREAD and MILK.

The “ Descriptive Account” of this wonderful natural production presents to the reader in a narrow space a beautiful, eloquent, and deeply-impressive specimen of scientific and popular knowledge ; while the pious and adoring sentiments of the author must find a welcoming response in every well-regulated or cultivated mind.

ART. XVII.—*The Students' Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts. Nos. 23, 26, & 27. Edinburgh: Olark.*

THE selection of treatises that have hitherto appeared *seriatim* under the above title, shows that the conductor of this remarkably neat and cheap publication is well acquainted with the numerous, and to ordinary students concealed, quarters where some of the tersest and most practically useful pieces may be found that have, under some happy impulse, been coined by the human mind in this or in foreign countries. The three numbers before us are in no respect unworthy of this high character. The first of them is

on extemporaneous preaching, by Henry Ware, jun., D.D., Professor of Pulpit Eloquence in Harvard College. The work has been well received in America, and ought to be carefully studied by every one who aims at the greatest pastoral usefulness; and it treats of a subject which happens not to have obtained the attention it deserves from writers on the ministerial office. We are happy to have it in our power to state, however, that the want has been ably and with great caution and clearness supplied by Dr. Ware. The advantages of the style of preaching recommended are not more plainly set forth, than are the dangers and abuses to which it is liable; but if the student follow the suggestions offered by the author, the attempt to acquire the enviable talent described cannot possibly be made without bequeathing some most salutary results, moral and intellectual.

The second of the above tracts is a Discourse on the Importance to Practical Men of Scientific Knowledge, and on the Encouragements to its Pursuit, by Edward Everett; compiled from several addresses delivered in America by that gentleman. The manner in which he has illustrated and enforced his positions is highly creditable to his own mind, showing that it is deeply enlightened, while it is well calculated to awaken similar ardour in others to that which he must have experienced ere being able to acquit himself in discourse so excellently as he has here done.

Sir Joshua Reynold's Discourses to the Students of the Royal Academy, occupy the last number before us; and although we might cavil about the title tract being applied to these popular and elegant effusions, the cheapness and portable form of this edition of them should insure a very extensive sale.

ART. XVIII.—*The Biblical Cabinet; or Hermeneutical, Exegetical, and Philological Library.* Vol. XXI. Edinburgh: Clarke. 1837.

THE present volume contains a translation of Dr. Gustav Billroth's Commentary on the Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians. The work exhibits great learning, as well as an unusual comprehension and depth of mind. We will not trust ourselves, however, to give any particular opinion of our own, respecting a commentary upon such subjects as those which are here handed, but will rather quote part of the translator's preface. "The work of Professor Billroth," says the translator,—the Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, "of which a translation is now presented to the theological public, is constructed upon the principle of applying the rules of a scientific hermeneutic to the one simple object of eliminating from the words of the apostle the sense he intended them to convey. Hence the author contents himself with discovering the meaning of Paul's sentences, elucidating the connexion of these with each other, and pointing out the general train of remark or reasoning which pervades the whole, without either stopping to argue in defence of the doctrine he may have brought out, or to endeavour to impress it upon the feelings or convictions of his readers. If there is thus less of that general observation and reflection which some are disposed to regard as the main charm of a commentary on Scripture, and more of what have been somewhat contemptuously styled 'the dry bones of criticism,' than are often presented by works of this nature, especially in this country, there will be found, at the same time, in the steadfastness and honesty of

purpose with which the author prosecutes his avowed design, what will be held as far more than a compensation for this, by every intelligent and principled student of the Bible."

Dr. Billroth was professor of philosophy in the University of Halle, and died, while but comparatively young, in 1836, after the highest expectations of him had been awakened by his early lectures and writings. The present volume, however, will remain a permanent monument of his abilities, which biblical scholars will ever regard with admiration.

ART. XIX.—*The Authors of England. A Series of Medallion Portraits of Modern Literary Characters, engraved from the Works of British Artists.* By ACHILLE COLLAS. With Illustrative Notices, by H. F. CHORLEY. 4to. pp. 105. London: Tilt.

HAVE we have Mrs. Hemans, Sir Walter, Byron, Southey, the Countess of Blessington, Coleridge, Bulwer, Lady Morgan, Shelley, Moore, Lamb, Miss Mitford, Campbell, and Wordsworth, from engravings after models by Mr. Weeks and Mr. E. W. Wyon. These profile busts are according to the process of M. Collas, set in a rich arabesque work. We need not now enter into the merits of the medallion process exemplified in these portraits. The House of Commons was not long since engaged in hearing evidence for and against it, and to what was said and done in relation to the matter at that time we refer our readers. In our opinion the engravings are exquisite specimens of art, while the biographies, though flattering and complimentary, are written with animation and breathe a genial feeling.

Of the plates, it must be said that though they give us a new view of the personages figured, the likeness in every instance is not striking. This is the case in the portrait of Lady Blessington. Byron and Moore do not appear to advantage, while Scott and Wordsworth have all the distinctness and delicate contour which belong to their busts by Chantrey, from which their portraits have been modelled. Southey has a face that deserves a profile picture, although his nose appears unnecessarily romanized. The volume, however, is both valuable and splendid, and ought to rank among the foremost and most desirable of picture books. We shall now quote a few sentences from the letter-press. The extracts treat of Campbell, and his earlier days as a student and an author.

"He was sent, when thirteen, to Glasgow College. He remained there for six sessions, going successively through the classes of Latin, Greek, Logic, Natural and Moral Philosophy. He writes thus unaffectedly of his University achievements. 'In some of the classes,' says he, 'I was idle, and bore off no prize at all, and being obliged by my circumstances to give elementary instruction to students still younger than myself, my powers of attention were often exhausted in teaching when I ought to have been learning. Nevertheless, I was not undistinguished at college; when but thirteen, I gained a bursary after a hard and fair competition, before the whole faculty, in construing and writing Latin, where I was pitted against a student twice my age.'"

After finishing his studies at the university, he spent about a twelvemonth in the Highlands, and pursued the study of the law. He afterwards maintained himself by private teaching. At intervals he produced

poetical pieces, and in 1799, the "*Pleasures of Hope*" appeared, which put money in his purse and enabled him to indulge his desire of seeing foreign parts.

"Crossing over from Leith to Hamburg, he proceeded into the interior of Germany. The war between France and Austria was at that time raging; and he made two attempts to cross the district where it was carried on; once in his way towards Vienna being stopped at Landsbut, from the walls of which town he witnessed an engagement between the French and Imperial armies; and retiring thence to Ratisbon, which narrowly escaped bombardment,—a second time only relinquishing his design of passing over into Italy, viz. the Tyrol, on finding it impossible to proceed. In the spring of 1801 he returned to Hamburg, and was there thrown among some of the banished leaders of the Irish Rebellion, a chance which, joined with his fearless wanderings in the midst of encountering armies, being laid hold upon, by a spy, subjected him to some momentary suspicion on the part of the government authorities on his return to Scotland. But it was worth while to be suspected, for the sake of an association which had suggested a poem so exquisite as the '*Exile of Erin*;' and this was written at Hamburg. Thirty years afterwards the poet was again suspected—this second time not of disaffection, but of reaping where he had not sown: an impudent claim to the authorship of this song being advanced by the editor of an Irish newspaper on the part of one George Nugent, who had died many years before, and was known as having written poetry."

While at Hamburg, the prospect of a Danish war produced "*Ye Mariners of England*." A few notices more, and we close this superb volume.

"After a sojourn of some weeks at Hamburg, Mr. Campbell took his passage for Leith: but the vessel being chased by a Danish privateer, was driven into Yarmouth; and the poet, so near London, could not resist the temptations it held out. After a short stay in the metropolis, he returned to Edinburgh, where, during his subsequent residence of at welvemonth, he wrote '*Lochiel*' and some other of his poems. But the attractions of London were so pleasantly remembered that he was again drawn thither in the year 1803, with the intention of making it his home. In the autumn of the same year he married his second cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, a lady endowed with every good gift save those of fortune. A series of vicissitudes on the part of Mr. Campbell's family, added to the usual responsibilities of a love-marriage, compelled him for some subsequent years to coin his talent as diligently as he could; to become a literary labourer for the market. We are told of a *History of England* (most probably a continuation to Hume and Smollett's work) executed by him during this period; and of a large variety of anonymous labours for the periodical and daily press. * *

"In the year 1809, however, brighter days began to dawn. Mr. Campbell's health was re-established, he wrote his '*Battle of the Baltic*.' (perhaps the most spirited of his lyrics), '*Lord Ullin's Daughter*,' and '*Gertrude of Wyoming*.' They were published in the same year, with a success which has rather increased than diminished, many editions having been rapidly called for, to one of which a new interest was given by the addition of '*O'Connor's Child*.' * *

"Shortly after the publication of this volume, Mr. Campbell was invited to deliver a course of lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution. So highly were these esteemed, that their author was immediately engaged by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, to undertake his selections from criticisms upon the British Poets."

ART. XX.—*Chemistry of Nature*. By HUGO REID, Lecturer on Chemistry to the Glasgow High School.

As a popular exposition of the chemical constitution and relations of natural objects, and as a general introduction to the study of chemical science, this little work is not surpassed by any elementary book connected with any science that is to be met with. Its classification is explicit, its matter is comprehensive and sound, and its illustrations of facts and principles are striking. The lecturer's habits as an instructor of the young in one of the most interesting departments of nature, have evidently harnessed him for the admirable performance of the task embraced by the title of the book before us. It will, no doubt, become a universal favourite in schools and among beginners in chemical studies.

ART. XXI.—*The Chess-Board Companion; containing the Laws of the Game: the Value and Power of the Pieces: Remarks on the most approved Methods of Beginning the Game: with numerous Examples, &c. Written expressly for the use of Beginners, &c.* By W. LEWIS, pp. 111. London: Bailey. 1837.

EVERY chess-player, be he a tyro or considerably advanced in his knowledge of the game, will deny himself the aid of an extremely useful and judicious assistant if he goes without this companion. Mr. Lewis, we believe, is one of the greatest proficient in that is anywhere to be met with, in respect of the most scientific of pastimes. It may be expected, therefore, that while his instructions on the subject are plain, his enthusiasm in its behalf will be such as to make his pen impart a similar warmth to his directions; and the expectation will be completely verified by all who will consult his pages.

ART. XXII.—*Gems of Beauty, &c.* By E. T. PARRIS; with Fanciful Illustrations by the COUNTESS of BLESSINGTON. London: Longman.

LAST month we had space only to speak in general terms of this superb volume, and therefore we promised to return to it. Of the Designs it must be said, that they are very characteristic of the style of Mr. Parris, which is saying little less than that they are original: original, where the subjects could scarcely be supposed susceptible of any new light. Here we have the twelve honest passions, most of them figuring in feminine guise, and conveying with more or less fidelity and force, the soft and tender conditions of human emotion, as well as the rugged and stern. The artist has very successfully introduced certain adjuncts, that greatly enhance the interest and speaking power of his figures. Thus Jealousy is associated with the moon in its wane, and Affection presents a group, where a dog adds finity to the sentiment of the design. In Anger, which appears to us to be

the most happily treated of all the twelve, a pouting girl and her duenna are associated. The light-house in Hope, and vessels in the distance, serve by simple yet expressive signs to raise the idea intended, and to guide the mind to trains of thought that make up a poem. But if *Beauty's Gems* as conceived by Mr. Parris are brilliances, what term shall we find that will do justice to the Illustrations, one and all of which possess the charm, which genius alone can throw around the least manageable subject? There is a playfulness and a pith in several of the pieces, which Lady Blessington seems never at a loss to unite, and that suits her purposes so well, that one cannot believe that any other range of thought or style of treatment could have been half so felicitous; and yet, it is impossible to feel otherwise than that the same powers and fancy could return again and again to the theme, every time varying their tone without exhaustion, and on each occasion, for the time being, seeming superexcellent. Such is the fertility of her muse, such the triumphs of genius. We offer some specimens, and shall confine ourselves to the agreeable side of humanity.

Take a few lines from the verses on Affection.

"Affection!—seek her in a mother's heart :
 There dwells she shrined, from worldly guile apart :
 Each impulse guiding, governing each feeling,—
 New, tender secrets every hour revealing :
 No selfish thought comes near—no paltry care,
 Her breath is incense, and her voice is prayer !
 "A mother's love! O holy, boundless thing !
 Fountain, whose waters never cease to spring,
 Falling, like dew, when all beside is sleeping,
 The flowers around in life and beauty steeping,
 O love ! the lord of many springs thou art ;
 Thy deepest, purest, in a mother's heart !"

These lines must come home to many a mother's bosom, because they are the offspring of feeling, and are true to nature. The poem on *Hope*, is perhaps still more striking, and yet there cannot be a more common-place subject.

Hope.

Whither, Siren, roamest thou,
 With bright eye, and open brow,
 Leading infancy along
 With thy sweet, entrancing song ?
 Fair deceiver ! dost thou go
 To the mourner, murmuring low
 By his bed of care and pain,
 "Sleep, the spring shall come again !"
 Send'st thou o'er the angry sea,
 Dreams of hamlet, field, and tree—
 Say'st thou, "Droop not ! home is near !"
 To the storm-worn voyager ?
 Tellest thou Love of sunny hours,
 By calm lakes, in garden bowers,

(Far away Contempt and Pride,
With the peerless at his side?
Or in clarion-music loud,
Dost thou call to warrior proud,
"Lo! thy fame?"—or miser cold
Startlest with the chink of gold?
Or for him, who all his nights
Keeps a vigil shared by sprites,—
The pale Poet—through the gloom
Build'st thou up a laurelled tomb?
Dreams—all dreams, yet who could say
Flatterer, thy false music stay?
Who could break thy wand?—not I—
Cheat me, dear one, till I die!

Lady Blessington's command of appropriate imagery, and the beautiful creations which she has transplanted to these pages, may be farther seen to great advantage in the following lines on Cheerfulness.

"Spirit with bright and gladsome mien,
(That seldom art in cities seen,
With eyes that shine, and cheeks all glowing,
And robes in careless drapery flowing,
And silken locks, where breezes sly
Linger and sport, and love to sigh.
Thy time of joy is early dawn,
Thy mates the deep-eyed startled fawn,
Or timid hares, that lightly pass
With feet that scarcely bend the grass,
And the glad birds, whose song begun,
Ends with the empire of the sun.
Thy garland—herbs besprent with dew;
Thy mirror—waters deep and blue;
Thy pleasure-ground, those nooks unseen,
Where even old shepherds scarce have been.
Health bounds triumphant at thy side,
And rich Pomona, like a bride
Crowned with earth's luscious treasures, brings
To thy white feet, her offerings.
Fain would I leave my cares behind,
And lured on by the balmy wind,
Seek out thy haunts remote and green,
And share with thee thy joy serene,
Spirit of bright and gladsome mien!"

ART. XXIII.—*Bathurst's Notes on Nets*. London: VAN VOORST. 1837.
WHO would have expected that so much could have been said about nets, as is to be found in this volume; or that a man of rank and a clergyman, even the Honourable and Reverend Charles Bathurst, could have been so deeply versed in not only the science but all the arts connected with net-making? Yet so it is, for he has written an exceedingly entertaining and

useful work on the subject. We presume that the museum of nets which he has formed, belonging to different nations and ages, is the largest and richest in the world. This curious collection, of course, has enabled him to treat in a systematic manner of the subject, which he does by showing the importance of nets; by writing their history; by recounting the technical terms, and explaining the implements connected with their manufacture; by showing how to construct a new net, or make an old one look as well as new; and by telling the reader how practically to use them. He has also displayed learning and ingenuity in regard to the philosophy of the subject, by explaining how art has found an instructress in nature; throughout the whole of the disquisition introducing amusing or grave reflections as well as facts, and furnishing one proof more of how much an enlarged and well informed mind, can aptly and strikingly erect upon a narrow, or apparently barren foundation.

Few of our readers however, we dare say, are aware of the real extent and importance of nets in England. But some idea may be formed of the matter from the following statement. "Let the reader" says Dr. Bathurst, "go on to Hastings—it is the fashion to go to Hastings now—and there he will find the beach completely carpeted with nets of different shapes and sizes lying to dry; or trawls, hanging from the masts of seventy or more vessels, and waving in the breeze, may be seen torn and wounded, after being engaged in their perilous voyages, in search of that great article of commerce which adorns the shops of our *Groves* and *Goters* at the *West end*. The nets alone of Hastings cost the owners 3000*l.* per annum. The mackerel nets extend two miles in length, and those for herrings one mile. Their twine is procured from Bridport, and other distant places; added to this, there are boats, and wages, and losses, and *wear and tear*, to be taken into the account; so that when we look into the matter, we shall find there is some *ado* to get a dish of fish."

See how much our author can make of one branch of his favourite subject, viz. net-mending. By amateur netters as well as others, this part of the art seems generally passed by unthought of and unheeded. The *owners* of fishing-nets, on the contrary, entertain great respect for a good mender, as the saving to them is enormous.

"These observations lead me to a very interesting subject, as affording one of those little *indirect* proofs of the authenticity of the Gospel, which it is agreeable to trace when opportunity offers, although not perhaps of great importance. It is mentioned incidentally, Matt. iv. 21., that our Lord, walking along the sea of Galilee, 'saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother in a ship, with Zebedee their father, *mending* their nets.' From what has been said above, we see that *mending* is little thought of by persons in general—even by those, who one would imagine, from their having paid some attention to net-making, might have had their minds more alive to its usefulness; whilst the owner and the fisherman are fully impressed with its necessity. It would then I contend, never have occurred to the inventor of a fictitious tale to mention this trivial circumstance—trivial to a person who is *not* engaged in fishing, but a most essential and natural occupation for one who *is*, to be found in, had it not really happened. An artful forger might perhaps, have said that James and John were *making* their nets, or *casting* their nets; but *mending* would have escaped his attention, or have been considered unworthy of notice in so important a work."

INDEX

TO THE

THIRD VOLUME OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW, FOR 1837.

A.

AARON, tomb of, described, 163
Aboukoff, cholera treatment at hospital of, 518
Abu Bekr, some account of, 40
Accommodation paper in America, nature of, 131
Adelaide, virtues of Queen, 290
Admetus in *Alcestis* of Euripides, character of, 419
Affection of the Eastlanders for their offspring, 18
African nations, interior compared with those on the coast, 45; ancient and modern, 45
Agriculture, Spanish, how oppressed by the laws, 405
Alcestis of Euripides, Major's edition of the, 416
Alligators for sport, how used in India, 433
American Indians, Mrs. Sigourney's, 436
Analysis of the moral sense, minute acquaintance with recommended, 596
Anatomy and phrenology, 77
Anatomy of Conduct, review of the, 181
Ancient classics, how affected by the modern, 417
Animal organs, Raspail on membranous substance of, 499
Appeals to poets, an author's, 475
Azara, Pezzer's views of the law of, 403
Archæological research respecting the Gospels, 50
Architecture of the Heavens, Nichol's, 118
Arithmetic, curious specimen of elementary, 256
Arnot, Hugo, notices of, 372
Arrest and imprisonment for debt, flagrant results of, 210
Asiatic cholera, characters attributed to, 511
Assassination, account of a dastardly, 503
Attic tragedy, requisites for commenting on, 418

VOL. III. (1837.)

Auber, his British Power in India, 537
Auscultation, advantages of, 344

B.

BADEN, life at, 85; balls at, 86; cheap amusement at, 89
Banking, contradictory theories on, 128
Barber turned painter, instance of a, 364
Basque Provinces, E. B. Stephens', 1; productions in the, 4
Basinadoc Arab, gratitude of a, 342
Bath in Egypt, description of a, 152
Bathurst's Notes on Nets, 619
Battle-field on paper, specimen of a, 530
Beatrice and Benedick, family resemblance to, 412
Bedford and its vicinity, much indebted to Miss Mitford, 22
Beethoven, Bettine's account of, 390
Belfast, Ritchie's account of, 424
Bell, Andrew, account of, 369
Bennet, J., his Book of Lines, 446
Bentinck, Lord Wm., his governorship of India, 543
Bernard's Case on the 43rd Elizabeth, 304
Biblical Cabinet, vol. xxi., Clark's, 614
Bilbao, sketches of, during its siege, 9
Birmingham Political Union, opinions concerning, 247
Biscayans, superior qualities of the, 6
Bitterness of spirit alien to scientific works, 496
Blakey, R., his Moral Philosophy, 584
Blomidon crystal, how prized, 361
Board of Education, observations concerning a Central, 263
Bokhara, exports from Russia to, 114
Boll, mineral springs at, 92
Bolton, state of education in, 333
Book of Gems, Hall's, 425
Bombardment in the dark, splendid effect of, 11
Bows and Arrows, tale about, 549
Brain, organs of the, how phrenologically estimated, 76, 78

U U

- Bramhall, his deplorable account of the Irish church, 223
 Brewster, Sir David, and inhabitants of the moon, 125
 Britain, absurd Spanish restrictions concerning staple commodities of, 405
 British Association, Seventh Meeting of the, 327; objects contemplated by the, 328
 Bronchial respiration, remarks on, 348
 Brougham, Lord, his scheme of educational improvement, 462
 Bess, harsh speech of Queen, to the Commons, 400
 Buffalo and a tiger, combat between a, 435
 Bull-fighter's eye, accuracy of, 382
 Burton's Lectures on Entomology, 500
 Busby, Stanhope, his Lectures on English Poetry, 166
 Buttercups and Daisies, poem about, 428
- C.
- CABINET pictures, illustrative of education among the working classes, 263
 Cactus found in sandstone, 360
 Cadiz, Huber's description of, 373
 Cairo, an American at, 151
 Cambridge 'Crepuscular Diversions, 448
 Camoens, Cervantes likened to, 232
 Campbell, Capt. R., notices of, 546
 Canterbury Tales, celebrity of the, 100
 Carne, J., his Syria and the Holy Land, 450
 Carthage, outrage at Modern, 340
 Carver in wood, an eccentric, 367
 Casanova, Memoirs of, 266
 Catalan contrabandists, interesting account of, 409
 Catalonian manufactures, absurd attempt to protect, 407
 Catholicism to Protestantism in Ireland, change of, under Elizabeth, 222
 Caubul, Masson's account of, 111, 115
 Central Model School, account of an examination in the National Society's, 259
 Cerebral mass, opinions on the, 501
 Ceremony, amusing description of an interesting, 164
 Cervantes, Spanish enthusiasm about, 600, 606; condition of, 237
 Charity-school system, injurious working of the, 250
 Charlotte, illness and death of Queen, 289
 Channing, Dr., On Annexation of Texas to United States, 559
 Characteristics of Whitefield, 441
 Charles I., how implicated in the Great Rebellion in Ireland of 1641, 225
 Chase, a heroine's description of the, 415
 Chaucer, Busby's glance at, 163
 Chaucer, the epoch of, 92; coincidences between Shakspeare and, 100
 Chelsea Hospital, Gleig's Traditions of, 486
 Chess-board Companion, Lewis's, 617
 Chest, Gerhard on diseases of the, 344
 Child, Goëthe's Correspondence with a, 386
 Choice of a Profession, Skelton on the, 192
 Cholera Morbus, theories concerning, 505
 Christmas Library, Mary Howitt's, 426
 Churches of London, Part X., 446
Cinco Propositiones, Febrer's, 402
 Circulation of the blood, opinion as to the mechanism of, 503
 Circumstantial evidence in behalf of the gospels, 47
 Civil war, a scene in, 384
 Clarence, private habits of the Duke of, 292
 Classical learning, its estimation in present times, 416
 Clemens Alexandrinus, his notices regarding hieroglyphics, 533
 Clergymen spared by the cholera at Sligo, 423
 Coal formations in Nova Scotia, 358
 Cobequid Chain of Mountains, notices of, 356
 Cobham, sketch of John, 27
 Coke, Life of Sir Edward, 392
 Cold, use of, in cholera, 519
 Collectorate of the Deccan, Sykes on the British, 331
 College education, how to be corrected, 416
 Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education, 461
 Commodore's harangues, specimen of a, 313
 Companion, account of a provoking, 276
 Compiler, usefulness of a, 98
 Composition of the blood, effects of cholera on, 514
 Condition of the working classes in certain English towns, 336
 Confiding love, instance of, 381
 Conformation of the chest, how to be ocularly examined, 347
 Contrabandists, account of Spanish, 407
 Conversations on the Human Frame, 454
 Coquetry, qualities of feminine, 323
 Corner's Questions on the History of Europe, 303
 Cornwallis, Lord, at Seringapatam, 539; his character and services, 540
 Correspondence, curious specimen of, 387
 Cosmogony, Nichol on nebular, 121

- Cotton goods in Spain, how affected by foolish laws, 406
 Country Lodgings, Miss Mitford's sketch of, 23
 Courage, personal, of the Greeks, how affected, 481
 Courtship and Marriage, Philosophy of, 182
 Crawford, Col., his historical introduction about Spain, 375
 Credit-system in England, remarks on, 213
 Critics, English, of Don Quixote, 291
 Cromwell's military taste, probability concerning, 393
 Cuckoo, W. Empeon's lines to the, 198
 Cumberland coal basin in Nova Scotia, features of, 359
 Curtis's Observations on the Preservation of Hearing, 304
- D.
- DART Highland Laird, Kay's, 365
 Dahlia, story of The Lost, 33
 Daisy, beauties of the, 553
 Dance of the Greenlanders, 14; important use to which it is put, 15
 Daughter, sacrifice of a, to ambition, 397
 David Hume, offensive reference to, 440
 Davidson, the traveller, letters of, 43
 Davis, letter of Th., to his wife, 493
 Debt, arrest and imprisonment for, considered, 209
 Deccan, inhabitants of the, condition of, 331
 Delpech, J., his nervous doctrine of cholera, 505
 Desolate Hall, Miller's, 430
 Desolations wrought by war, 5
 Devil's dumplings, description of, 314
 Dhu, account of John, 367
 Diagnosis of Diseases of the Chest, On the, 344
 Directors, snug things for bank, 129
 Disciples of phrenology, account of the literary, 80
 Disciplinarian, specimen of a, 342
 Discrepancies in the Gospels considered, 54
 Divination, instance of Casanova's, 275
 Divine attributes, consequences of meditation on the, 466, 476
 Divorces in Greenland, manner of, 18
 Doctor's puffs, lodging-house keepers benefited by a, 84
 Dogmatism of political economists, 128
 Doing and Thinking not to be disjoined in Moral Science, 595
 Dolores, a last glimpse of the unhappy, 385
- Down and Connor, Bishop of, specimen of his sermons, 227
 Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, Fisher's, 450
 Dress, science of, 185
 Drunkenness in London at different times, 64
 Dryden and Chaucer, 101, 106
 Duff, account of Jamie, 367
 Duke of Cumberland, anecdotes of, 283
 Durango, gymnastic sport witnessed near, 7
- E.
- EARL HAROLD, a Tragedy, 147
 Early English Literature, Hippisley on, 97
 East India Company, charges against, glanced at, 545
 Eastlanders, manners and dress of the, 17; their marriages, 18
 Edinburgh Portraits, 362
 Edward Donellan, some account of, 40
 Eichhorn, the school of, concerning the Gospels, 49
 Election contest, illustrations of an, 320
 Elementary education, objections to it being left to charity, 251
 Ellen Revis, portrait of, 311
 Ellis, Wm., his Christian Keepsake, 449
 Embryonic tissues, Raspail's ideas of the, 502
 Emphysema of the lungs, remarks on, 348
 English fair, beauties of the, 312
 Englishman, bearing of, to a Spaniard, 377
 Ennui, absence of, in the East, accounted for, 494
 Ernest Maltravers, Bulwer's, 325
 Ethel Churchill, Miss Landon's, 321
 Evidences of Prophecy, Keith's, respecting Edom, 159, 161
- F.
- FARRY Queen, Busby's notice of Spenser's, 171
 Fair ones of Glasgow, insult to the, 164
 Falcon, use made of the history of the, 426
 False imprisonment, remedy for, considered, 210
 Families, pecuniary advantages enjoyed by large, 324
 Fancy fair, caricature of a serious, 317
 Farren's Key to Statutes affected by enactments of reigns of George IV. and William IV., 306
 Fashions in Politics, how shown by an Old M. P., 243.
 Fathers of German literature, early works of, 308
 Fate, decree of, Euripides' use of, 419
 Feast in Egypt, account of a, 155

Fête in London, description of a fashionable, 321
 Fictional debts, arrests for, frequent, 210
 Figs and raisins, filthy processes in packing, 488
 Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1836, 448
 Flood, proof of the Mosaic, 356
 Forget Me Not, Shoberl's, 436
 Fogs, an account of London, 63
 Formation of new words, Nichol on the, 120
 Fossils in a coal basin, 359
 Fourth Institute, Coke's eloquent conclusion to his, 401
 Frances Coke, her letter to her mother, 399
 Freedom of speech, Coke's proofs of, 398
 Free school, erection of a, evil results of, 251
 French Government, foolish and inhuman measures of, 408
 Friedland, Wallenstein created Duke of, 577
 Friendship's Offering, review of, 429
 Fulling-hammers in Don Quixote, criticism about the, 607

G.

GALATHEA of Cervantes, notice of the, 235
 Gall, Dr., the success of his phrenological experiments, 79
 Gallic literature, extravagance of, 308
 Galway waiter, notice of a, 527
 Garrick's statement concerning Whitefield, 444
 Gastronome, Dr. Granville as a, 91
 Geese-slaughtering, striking account of, 525
 Gelert's Grave, poem on, 558
 Gems of Beauty, reviews of, 438, 617
 Genuineness of the Gospel, Norton on, 46
 Geology of Nova Scotia, opportunities for its study, 354
 Gerardin and Gaimard on Cholera, 505
 Gerhard, W. W., on Diseases of the Chest, 344
 German literature, reactions in, 309
 Gesner, A., his Geology of Nova Scotia, 353
 Giggart, eulogy of Dr., 87
 Gin, spirit of, remarks on, 65; the compounding of, 66
 Giving a man the knife, meaning of the phrase in Spain, 602
 Glasgow Educational Society's Normal Seminary, Third Report of, 461
 Gleig, his Traditions of Chelsea Hospital, 486
 Gluttony, extent of, in London, 67
 Godwin's Churches of London, 142
 Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, 386

Gold, as a standard of property, 124
 Gordon's present state of Controversy between the Protestant and Catholic Churches, 301
 Gospels, books of the, were they written by the persons to whom they are ascribed? 48
 Government, national education a question for, 249
 Graah, Captain, his Expedition to Greenland, 13
 Grammar of Hieroglyphical Writing, observations on, 536
 Granville, Dr., on Spas of Germany, 81
 Gravier, his theory of Cholera, 509
 Greek ladies, plain looks of, 480
 Greenland, Graah's Expedition to, 13
 Grizzel, Goethe's love for, 389
 Grocer's apprentice, a King likened to a, 479
 Guizot on European Civilisation, 139
 Gustavus Adolphus, sketch of, 579

H.

HALL, Mrs., her Uncle Horace, 311
 Hampden, mistaken account of, 394
 Hampden in the 19th Century, supplement to, 461
 Hand-book for Travellers in Southern Germany, 302
 Hanson, Mr. Joseph, the puffing haberdasher, sketch of, 29
 Harrington, J., account of his canvass in 1640, 401
 Hatton, Lady, her letter to Buckingham, 399
 Hawke, Admiral, notices of, 284
 Head, Sir G., his Home Tour, 521
 Health, supported by a tripod, 57; in London, 58
 Heraud, J. A., his Memoirs of Wm. Robinson, 337
 Hero, notices of the life of a Christian, 522
 Hervé, F., his Residence in Greece and Turkey, 478
 Hieroglyphics, Sharpe's Vocabulary of Egyptian, 530
 Hippiusley, J. H., on Early English Literature, 97
 Hogarth's satire, suggestive subjects of, 64
 Hogg, John, his London As It Is, 56
 Holiday appearance of Cadiz, Huber's account of the, 378
 Home Tour, Head's, 521
 Honor O'Callaghan, sketch of, 33
 Honours of the Table, Mr. Trumler Redivivus', 183
 Hor, ascent of Mount, 165
 Hotel in Ramsey, sketch taken at, 523

Household book of the Percy family, evidence from, 68
 Housings of a Sultan's stud, description of, 486
 Howard, F., his Sketchers' Manual, 453
 Huber, his Stories of Spanish Life, 374
 Hunters of the Prairie, Irving's, 310
 Hurley, cruel imprisonment of Mr., 213
 Hydryotes, similarity in the looks of, 482

I.

ICELANDIC colonists in Greenland, notices of, 13
 Inconsistencies of men of great minds, 464
 Imprisonment for debt, inefficacy of, 214
 Incidents of Travel in Egypt, &c., 149
 Independence, instances of Coke's undaunted, 396
 Individuality in Phrenology, description of, 76
 Indus, Trade and Navigation of the, 107, 117
 Industrious Classes, Schools for the, 249
 Infant schools, curious specimens of Alphabets used in, 261
 Influenza, report on the late epidemic, 330
 Inglis, H. D., his Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote, 599
 Ingratitude, striking instance of a government's, 229
 Insolvent Debtors' Court, reference to the, 215
 Interior of Africa, state of the, 39
 Intermittent monetary states in America, 182
 Internal literary evidence in behalf of the Gospels, 52
 Invalids, advice to, 83
 Inverness, travellers to, 526
 Ipecacuanha in Cholera, successful application of, 519
 Irish, bigotry of the lower, 425
 Iron ore, immense bed of, 356
 Irving, Treat, his characteristics as a novelist, 310
 Ishmael, customs of the descendants of, 157, 163
 Islands, account of some curious, 361
 Isle of Man, scenery of the, 522

J.

JACOBI, Bettine's sketch of, 390
 Jarvis, Ch., his Don Quixote, 230
 Jasper, interesting discovery of, 361
 Jenkya's on the Extent of the Atonement, 306
 Jesse Cliffe, sketch of, 26
 Joan of Arc, Southey's notices concerning the composition of, 459
 Johnson, C. W., his Life of Coke, 392

Joint-stock Banks, objections to, 133
 Jordan, Mrs., her benevolence and quickness, 285

K.

KAY's, J., Edinburgh Portraits, 362
 Kames, notices of Lord, 370
 Kate Welch, story of, 489
 Kindness in Women, Bayley's, 319
 Kiting system of Banking, observations on, 130, 132
 Knowles, J. Sh., his Love-Chase, 411

L.

La Mancha, some account of, 603; women in, 605
 La Venta de Cardenas, Huber's description of, 379
 Ladder to fortune, surest, 576
 Ladies' Science of Etiquette, notice of, 182
 Lancasterian Schools, state of education in, 257
 Land carriage in India, expenses of, 117
 Lazaro, the barber, sketch of his life, 604, 609
 Lectures on English Poetry, Busby's, 166
 Lesions observed in cholera, summary of, 515
 Letter-writing, My Book on, 190
 Liberty, effects of Texan annexation to America on, 567
 Liverpool, state of crime in, 334
 Llewellyn and his dog, story of, 556
 Logs and Letters of a Midshipman, 337
 London As It Is, Hogg's, 56
 Londoners, diversified appearance of, 58
 Long, sketch of Mr. Th., 29
 Love-Chase, review of the, 411
 Love-draughts, danger of, 576
 Luther's Parents, Landor's, 205
 Lützen, sketch of the battle of, 581
 Lyons' Hebrew and English Spelling Book, 301

M.

MAGNA Charta, imprisonment for debt alleged to be opposed to, 216; how violated, 218
 Mahmoud the Second, portraiture of, 485
 Majendie, M., his doctrine of cholera, 506
 Major, Rev. J. R., his Alcestis of Euripides, 416
 Man-of-war bird, notices of the, 552
 Manchester, rate of mortality in, 60
 Marine animals in iron ore, instances of, 356
 Marquis of Hastings, his changed tone about India, 540
 Marsh, Bishop, concerning the Gospels, 49
 Martial sports of the Biscayans, 7

Masque, character of Milton's, 177
 Medallion Portraits of Modern Literary Characters, notice of, 615
 Meiningen, account of, 290
 Member of Parliament, advice to a young, 241
 Memorials of Cambridge, Le Keux's, 460
 Memory, Lord Northampton's sonnet to, 197
 Men of genius, Bulwer's opinion of, 465
 Meningitis, concomitants of, 352
 Messiah's character distinct from that of all men, 52
 Metaphysical studies not in fashion, 585
 Metropolis Churches' Fund, First Report of the, 611
 Microscope, advantageous application of, in chemistry, 496
 Migrations of animals, stories about the, 554
 Military execution, account of a, 491
 Miltonian era of poetry, view of, 175
 Mineral waters, publications on, 63
 Misfortunes of Cervantes, 232
 Mitchell, Col. J., his Life of Wallenstein, 571
 Mitford, M. R., her Country Stories, 22
 Modern novels, classification of, 310
 Monarch, hereditary, compared to an elective President, 245
 Monbodo, Lord, notices of, 371
 Monetary system, remarks on, 127
 Monitors in schools, advantages and disadvantages of, 257
 Moon, Wordsworth's stanzas about the, 196
 Mortality in British army, rate of, 60
 Mourners of Earth, Lady E. Wortley's, 455
 Murray, J., his Considerations on the Vital Principle, 611
 Music, Beethoven's remarks about, 392
 Mute Courtship, notice of Moore's, 195
 My Book, Skelton's, 187
 Mystics, to whom the term is applied, 463

N.

Narrow escape, description of a, 32
 National School Society, amount of education communicated by the, 255
 Nautical novels, surfeit of, 313
 Navarrese, sketch of the, 3; their industry and products, 5
 Navigation of the Indus, practicability of, 107
 Nelson, Prince William's first intimacy with, 284; anecdote of, 285
 Nervous system, Raspail on the structure of the, 500
 Newgate, account of a visit to, 477
 Nichol, Professor, his Architecture of the Heavens, 118
 Northcote and the Duke of Clarence, 295
 Norton, A., his Genuineness of the Gospels, 46
 Nova Scotia, Geology, &c. of, 353

O.

Old Commodore, review of The, 312
 Old Frau Bath, name given to Goethe's mother, 387
 Oriental Annual, Caunter's, 433
 Organic Chemistry, Raspail's, 494
 Owen, Mr., an affecting address by, 477

P.

PALO de Vaca, Murray's account of the, 612
 Panic in 1825, immediate cause of, 134
 Panoramic view of London, 57
 Papias, testimony of, respecting the Gospels, 54
 Parsons, sketch of John, 30
 Pebrer's Financial Propositions, 402
 Peerage, hereditary, arguments in behalf of a, 246
 Perceval, Mr., alleged cause of his assassination, 211
 Perilous situation, description of a, 278
 Pestalozzi's system of education recommended, 469
 Peter Parley's Wonders of the Earth, &c. 305
 Petra, notices of the city of, 160
 Phenology, Sewall's Lectures on, 72; history of, 73; principles of, 74
 Pictures, account of double-sided, 431
 Picturesque Annual, Ritchie's, 422
 Picton, anecdote of Sir Th., 428
 Peace-making tribunals in Greenland, singular forms of, 15
 Poetry illustrative of contemporary history, 167, 177
 Political parties in England, present state of, 248
 Pompey's Pillar, dimensions of, 340
 Poor Poet's Purse, Lord Northampton's, 197
 Porter, Mr., his Memoir on Trade between Britain and America, 332
 Preaching, Whitefield's, 444
 Predicting events, curious mode of, 267
 Presbyterian Church in Ireland, Reid's History of, 221
 Prison-House Unmasked, Runnymede Secundus's, 209
 Prosperity, Clibborn on American, 127
 Public Man's Manual, by an Old M. P., 240
 Pughe, Dr. W. Owen, Letter of, 555
 Pyramids of Egypt, threatened destruction of, 150

Q.

- QUAINTNESS of expression, objections to, 414
 Quaker ladies and the Duke of Clarence, 296
 Queen's Bench Prison, enormities connected with, 213
 Quixote, notices concerning the composition of the Don, 236; Spanish literature prior to the Don, 238

R.

- RAGE, Th., his Sketches from Life, 144
 Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote, Inglis's, 599
 Recollections of the last days of King William the Fourth, 296
 Reform Bill, alleged objects of the, 242
 Reid, Hugo, his Chemistry of Nature, 617
 Religion and worship of the Eastlanders, 20
 Remedies in cholera, examination of, recommended, 517
 Residence in Greece and Turkey, Hervé's, 478
 Resources, natural, of Spain, 404
 Riego, the betrayal of, 586
 Robinson, Wm., Memoirs of, 337
 Rosetta stone, value of, to interpretation of hieroglyphics, 535
 Royal family of England, endearments and trials in the, 287
 Ruins of Alexandria, notices of, 150
 Rydal Water, Miss Landon's, 452

S.

- SANITARY cordons, futility of, 513
 Saunders' Portraits of Political Reformers, 146
 Schoolmasters' rank, elevation of, recommended, 472
 Scotch banking, observations on, 131
 Seaton Reid, his History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, 221
 Sewall, his Lectures on Phrenology, 72
 Sharpe, S., his Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics, 530
 Slavery, arguments against, not temporary, 565
 Silver money, singular aversion to, 369
 Simpson, D., his Plea for Religion, 462
 Sinde, Captain Burnes' sketch of, 110
 Smuggling in Spain, enormous extent of, 407
 Song of Dreams, Miss Browne's, 437
 Southey, his Poetical Works, Vol. I., 456
 Spain, uniform condition of, 375
 Spanish Life, stories of, 374, 383
 Spas of Germany, Dr. Granville on the, 81
 Statesmen, The School for, 240
 Steingalt, Memoirs of Chevalier, 266
 Stephens, E. B., his Basque Provinces, 1

- Stokeshill Place, Mrs. Gore's, 319
 Stone-throwers, the Greeks the most expert of, 482
 Students' Cabinet Library, Clark's, 613
 Sunday Schools, statistics connected with, 251; objections to, 252; limited education at, 253

T.

- TALKS about Wales, 546
 Tambourine of the Greenlanders, 14
 Tariffs, England's cause of jealousy concerning, 402
 Telescope, powers of the, 125
 Tender Passion, luxuriant descriptions of the, 413
 Texas, Dr. Channing on Annexation of, to United States 559
 Thames, elevation of London above the, 62
 Thirty Years' War, Wallenstein identified with, 572; brief sketch of European history previous to, 574
 Three Experiments of Living, 305
 Tides, Discussion of Observations on the, 329
 Tilt's Almanacs for 1838, 455
 Tombs of the Kings of Golconda, Miss Landon's, 415
 Trap district in Nova Scotia, features of, 361
 Treaty, commercial, between England and Spain, its recommended features, 404
 Trench's Terrace, some account of, 71
 Tribute, review of The, 194
 Tripoli and its inhabitants, notices of, 329
 Trollope, Mrs., her Vicar of Wrexhill, 315
 Tunia, Sir G. Temple's description of Amphitheatre at, 45

U.

- UGLY King of Greece, Otho called the, 480
 Ulster, when colonized by the Scotch, 223
 Uncle Horace, Mrs. Hall's, 311
 Unpublished Poems, edited by Lord Northampton, 194
 Upton Court, sketch of, 23
 Urquhart, Mr., on localities of the plague, 333

V.

- VANDYKE's portrait of Wallenstein, 579
 Vere, A. J. De, his verses to Love and Sorrow, 199
 Versions of the Gospels, wonderful agreement among the, 50
 Vicar of Wrexhill, Mrs. Trollope's, 315
 Vicissitudes of literature, 308
 Village squabbles, picture of, 31
 Visionary, interview with a supposed, 463
 Voltaire and Casanova, conversation between, 267

- W.
WACKSMUTH, W., his *Historical Antiquities of the Greeks*, 447
Waghorn, Th., his *Egypt as it is in 1837*, 447
Walker, Mrs. A., on *Female Beauty*, 184
Wallace, a *Historical Tragedy*, 147
Wallenstein, Mitchell's Life of, 571
Water, advantages to which it might be applied in London, 69
Wellesley, Marquis of, remarks on his administration in India, 541
Whittle's History of the Borough of Preston, 306
Whitefield, Philip's Life of, 439
Wildbad, mineral waters at, 89
William the Fourth, Life and Reign of 281; birth of, 282; promptitude of, 288
Wilson, his *Little Conchologist*, 453
Winter the composer, notice of, 390
Winter-residence in Greenland, description of a, 16
Working People of England, present state of Education among the, 249
Wortley, Lady E., her *Fragments and Fancies*, 454
Wright, G. N., his *Life and Reign of William the Fourth*, 281

Y.

- YORK**, state of Education in, 334
Yew Trees, Tale about, 548

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